



ROCKET TO NEW WORLDS WITH "TOMMY TOMORROW"

JULY No.134

Ten Cents



ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

YIPPEE!
NEW THRILLS
IN THE OLD WEST
WHEN

SUPERMAN
BECOMES A
SUPER-COWBOY!



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SUPERMAN

LOOK AT HIM RIDE, LOIS! THOSE WILD BULLS CAN'T THROW HIM!

WHY NOT? AFTER ALL, HE'S A SUPER-COWBOY!

SUPERMAN IN THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST? YES—FOR WHEN PERRY WHITE ANSWERS THE CALL OF AN OLD NEWSPAPERMAN, THE MAN OF TOMORROW FINDS HIMSELF IN THE PIONEER LAND OF YESTERDAY, WHERE HE SOON BECOMES A ROOTIN' TOOTIN'...

SUPER-COWBOY!



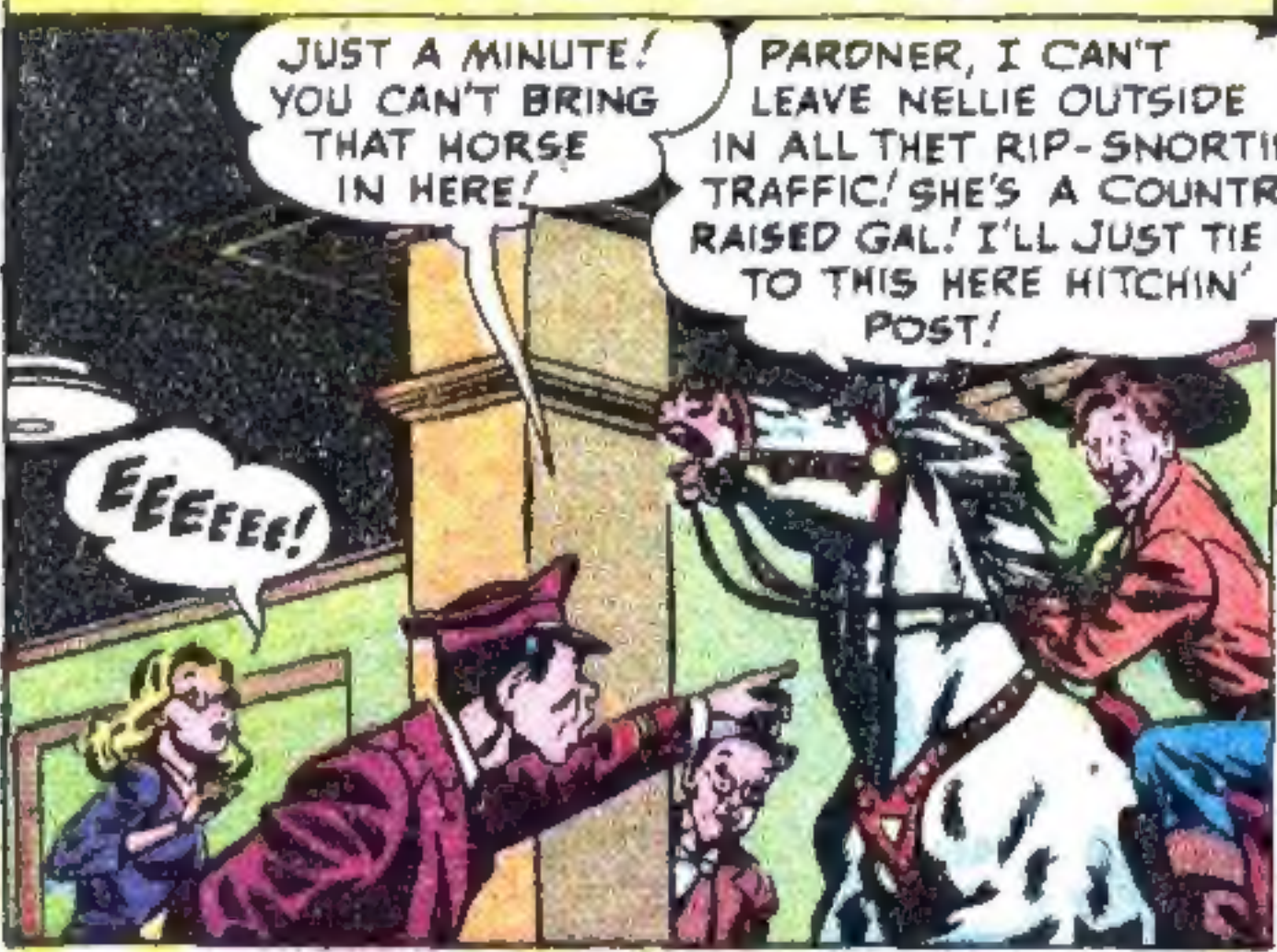
ON A TYPICALLY BUSY DAY IN TEEMING METROPOLIS, A STRANGE SIGHT GREET'S THE EYES OF THE INHABITANTS...



YIPPEE-Y'AYYY!
I'M A LONE COWHAND...

GET A LOAD OF THAT! WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS - BUFFALO BILL?

STRAIGHT INTO THE LOBBY OF THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING RIDES THE WHOOPING COWBOY...



JUST A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T BRING THAT HORSE IN HERE!

PARDNER, I CAN'T LEAVE NELLIE OUTSIDE IN ALL THET RIP-SNORTIN' TRAFFIC! SHE'S A COUNTRY-RAISED GAL! I'LL JUST TIE HER TO THIS HERE HITCHIN' POST!

EEEEEE!



I DON'T RECKON YUH WANT TO START ANY ARGYMENT, DO YUH?

WHO M-ME? IT'S NONE OF MY B-BUSINESS! I J-JUST WORK HERE!



I'M SLIM DAWSON AN' I'VE GOT A HANKERIN' TO SEE YORE EDITOR, MA'AM! HOMBRE WHO GOES BY THE HANDLE OF PERRY WHITE!

J-JUST A MOMENT-- I'LL SEE IF HE'S BUSY!

SECONDS LATER, IN PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE, THE LANKY COWBOY UNFOLDS A HARROWING STORY--

...SO WHEN NORMAN BURWICK STARTED WRITIN' EDITORIALS IN "THE PIONEER WEEKLY" DEMANDIN' THAT WE RUN THE RUSTLERS OUT O' TOWN, THEM ORNERY CRITTERS BLEW HIM UP, PRESS AND ALL!

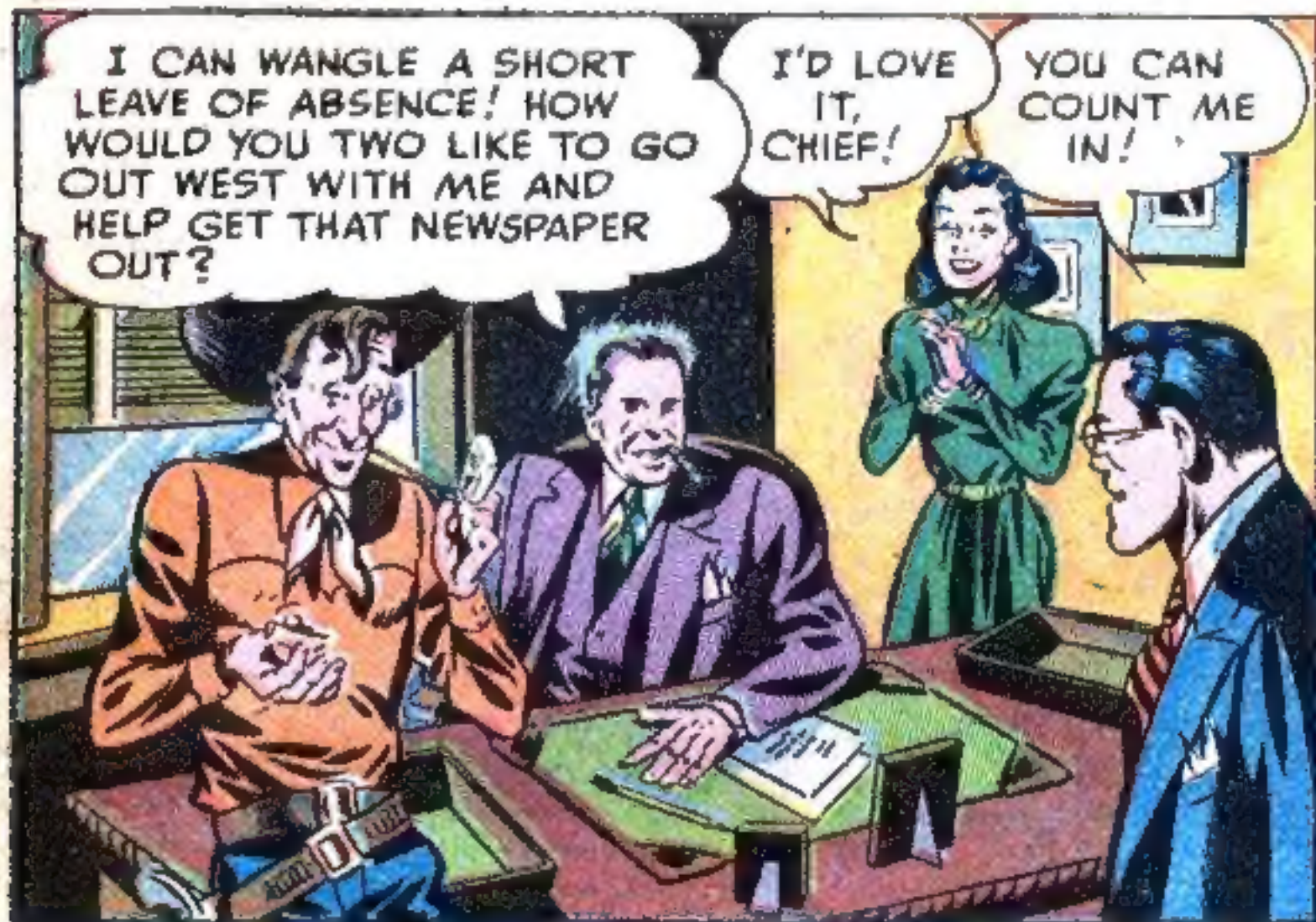
DON'T TELL ME THAT MY OLD FRIEND NORMAN IS-DEAD!



NOPE! RECKON OLE NORMAN'S GOT THE SKIN OF A BUFFALO! BUT HE SHORE NEEDS SOMEONE TO RUN HIS NEWSPAPER WHILE HE'S LAID UP!

HMM! NORMAN AND I WERE CUB REPORTERS TOGETHER YEARS AGO! HE WENT WEST TO RUN A SMALLTOWN NEWSPAPER-- I STAYED HERE! I CAN'T LET HIM DOWN!





I CAN WANGLE A SHORT LEAVE OF ABSENCE! HOW WOULD YOU TWO LIKE TO GO OUT WEST WITH ME AND HELP GET THAT NEWSPAPER OUT?

I'D LOVE IT, CHIEF!

YOU CAN COUNT ME IN!



ALL RIGHT! THEN IT'S ALL SET-- LOIS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WE HAVE TO LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!

I'M JUST GOING TO BUY A FEW THINGS, CHIEF! SOME SUITABLE CLOTHES FOR ROUGHING IT OUT WEST!

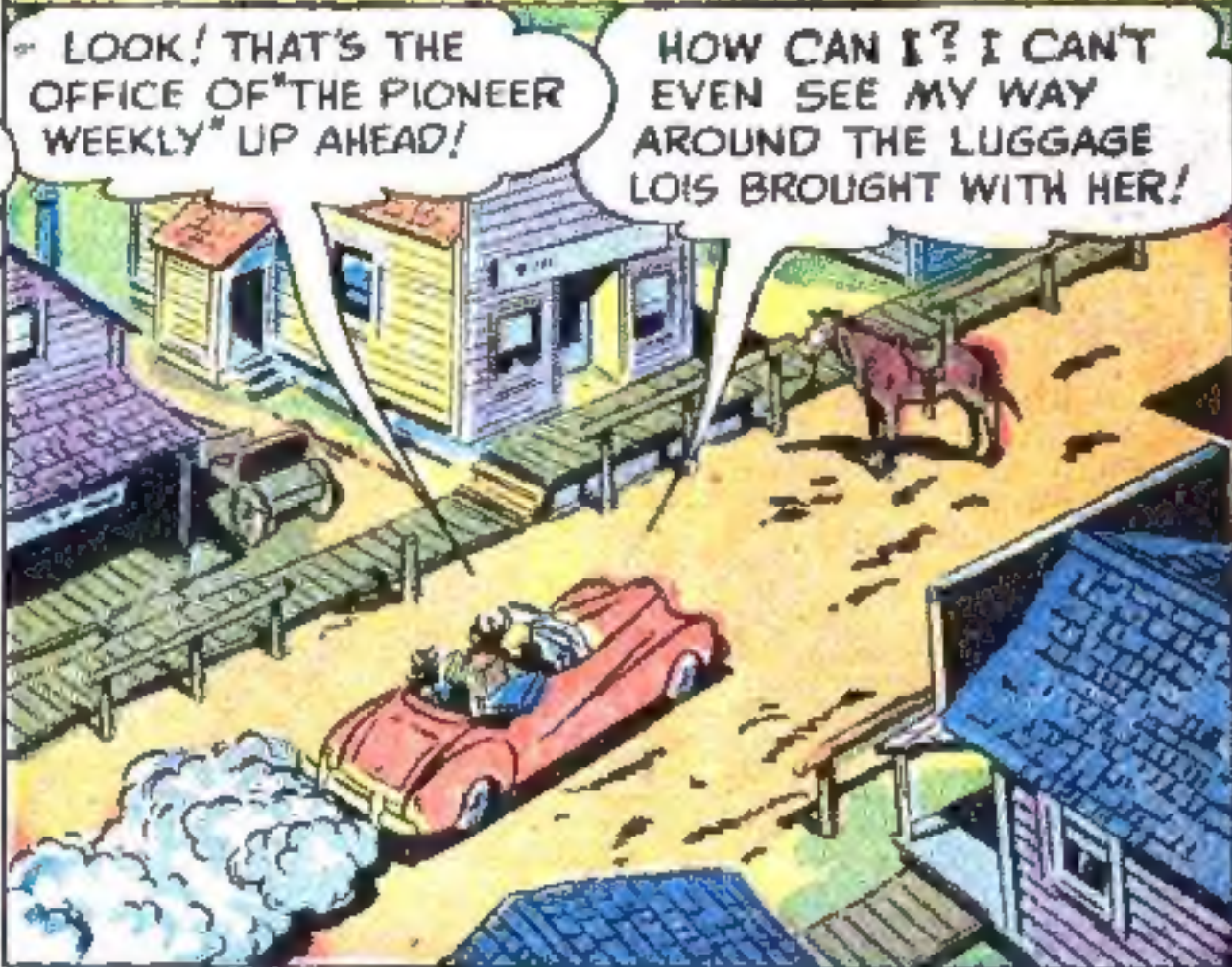
A HALF HOUR LATER, AFTER LOIS HAS PICKED UP A "FEW THINGS"...



YAHOO! I'M READY NOW, BOSS! JUST SET THOSE PARCELS DOWN ANY PLACE, SON!

LOIS! (GROAN!) IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL ROUGHING IT? OH! (GROAN!) COME ON, CLARK-- LET'S GO!

TWO DAYS AND A THOUSAND MILES LATER, APPROACHING THE TOWN OF POWDER VALLEY...



LOOK! THAT'S THE OFFICE OF "THE PIONEER WEEKLY" UP AHEAD!

HOW CAN I? I CAN'T EVEN SEE MY WAY AROUND THE LUGGAGE LOIS BROUGHT WITH HER!

SOON, IN NORMAN BURWICK'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE...



THIS HERE IS ALL THET'S LEFT O' THE PRINTIN' PLANT, MISTER! RECKON WE'LL NEED A NEW PRINTIN' MACHINE!

IT'LL TAKE WEEKS AND A LOT OF MONEY TO GET A NEW PRESS SHIPPED TO US! AND THE PAPER'S DUE TO GO OUT TOMORROW! WHEW! WHAT A PREDICAMENT!

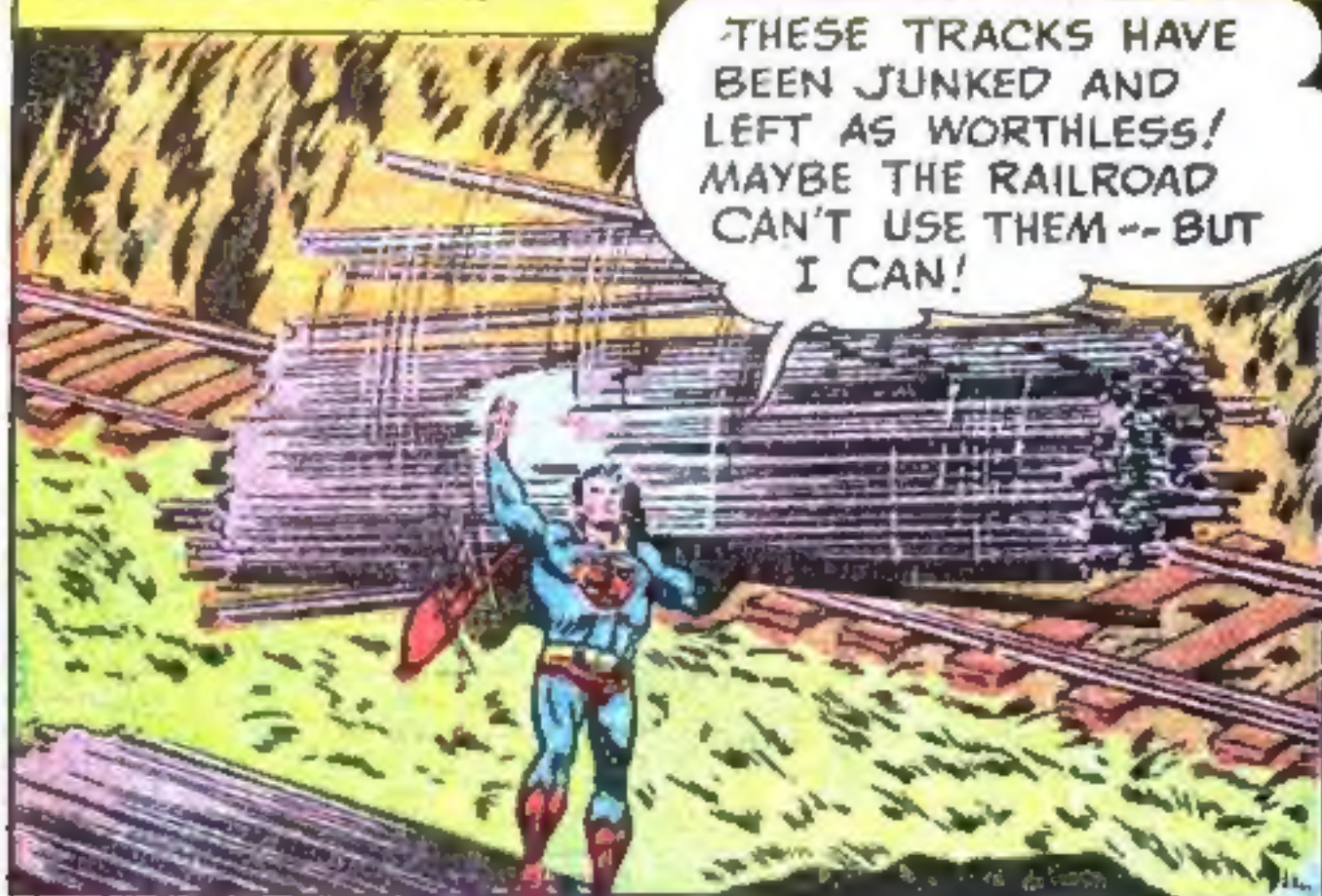
HAVING QUIETLY OBSERVED THE SITUATION, CLARK KENT SLIPS OUT UNOBTUSIVELY...

IF PERRY DOESN'T GET A LITTLE HELP, "THE PIONEER WEEKLY" WILL MISS ITS FIRST EDITION IN 20 YEARS! CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN! THEY NEED AN ASSIST FROM SUPERMAN!





WITH SUPER-SPEED, THE MAN OF TOMORROW FLIES TO A NEARBY STOCKPILE OF DISCARDED RAILROAD TRACKS...



APPLYING TERRIFIC PRESSURE, THE MAN OF STEEL BENDS THE METAL RAILS TO SUIT HIS OWN PURPOSES...



WITHIN SECONDS, SUPERMAN ASSEMBLES AN UP-TO-DATE ROTARY PRESS, A PERFECT COPY OF THE PRESSES USED BY BIG-CITY NEWSPAPERS!



LATER...

I KNEW WE COULD RELY ON YOU, SUPERMAN! AND WE CAN REALLY USE THAT PRESS, IF WE'RE GOING TO STEP UP THE CIRCULATION!

SAY! WHUT'S GOIN' ON HERE??

NORMAN BURWICK! YOU OLD RASCAL! LOOKS LIKE THOSE RUSTLERS LET YOU OFF MIGHTY EASY!

SHORE THING, PERRY! AN' WITH YOU HERE TO RUN THE PAPER FER ME, I'LL BE FIT AS A FIDDLE IN NO TIME! TOO BAD THEM RUSTLERS GOT ME AFORE I COULD GIT THEM!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THOSE RUSTLERS, NORMAN! SUPERMAN HAS GIVEN ME A GOOD IDEA ABOUT HOW TO CATCH THEM! JUST WATCH THE NEXT EDITION OF "THE PIONEER WEEKLY!" IT'LL SET THIS WHOLE TOWN ON ITS EAR!

AND PERRY'S PREDICTION IS CORRECT—FOR THE NEXT DAY, IN PAUL STRONG'S BLACKSMITH SHOP...

DID YUH SEE THE PAPER, PAUL? SAYS HEAH THEY'RE RUNNIN A BIG CONTEST, OFFERIN' MONEY PRIZES FOR CLUES LEADIN' TO THE CAPTURE O' THE RUSTLERS!

RECKON THEM CITY PEOPLE HAS LATCHED ON TO A PURTY GOOD IDEE THAR!

WITHIN A FEW DAYS, THE CONTEST IDEA DRAWS A BIG RESPONSE—AN OVERWHELMING ONE!

GOOD GRIEF! I DIDN'T THINK WE'D GET *THAT* MANY LETTERS! WHY, IT WILL TAKE US A *WEEK* TO READ THEM!

PERRY'S IN A SPOT! BY THE TIME HE GETS THROUGH THAT MAIL, THE RUSTLERS MIGHT STRIKE AGAIN! HE CAN USE A LITTLE HELP FROM **SUPERMAN!**

USING HIS X-RAY VISION, CLARK RAPIDLY SCANS EVERY LETTER IN THE OVERFLOW PILE, AND...

MOST OF THEM ARE JUST CRANK NOTES OR SILLY SUGGESTIONS! THERE ARE ONLY THREE LETTERS THAT CONTAIN WORTHWHILE CLUES! BUT HOW CAN I BRING THEM TO PERRY'S ATTENTION?

THEN, UNNOTICED, CLARK USES HIS SUPER-BREATH TO STIR UP THE MAIL, WINNOWING OUT THE THREE LETTERS SO THEY FLOAT ABOVE PERRY'S DESK!

OH, GLORY! THE BREEZE IS BLOWING THESE LETTERS ALL OVER THE ROOM! SHUT THE WINDOW, CLARK!

THE THREE LETTERS WILL LAND ON PERRY'S DESK FOR HIM TO SEE!



WAIT A MINUTE! THESE THREE LETTERS LOOK VERY PROMISING! WE CAN EACH TRACK DOWN ONE OF THESE CLUES, AND THEN SPEND THE REST OF THE WEEK CHECKING THE OTHER LETTERS!

GOOD MY LITTLE SCHEME WORKED!



SOMETIME LATER, AT THE DUNHILL RANCH...

LOIS HAS HER CLUE, I'VE GOT MINE - AND HERE'S YOURS, CLARK! NOW GET BUSY!

"DID YOU KNOW THAT THE DUNHILL RANCH IS THE ONLY ONE OF THE BIG FOUR RANCHES THAT THE RUSTLERS HAVEN'T ROBBED?" GOSH! I'LL GET RIGHT OUT THERE!

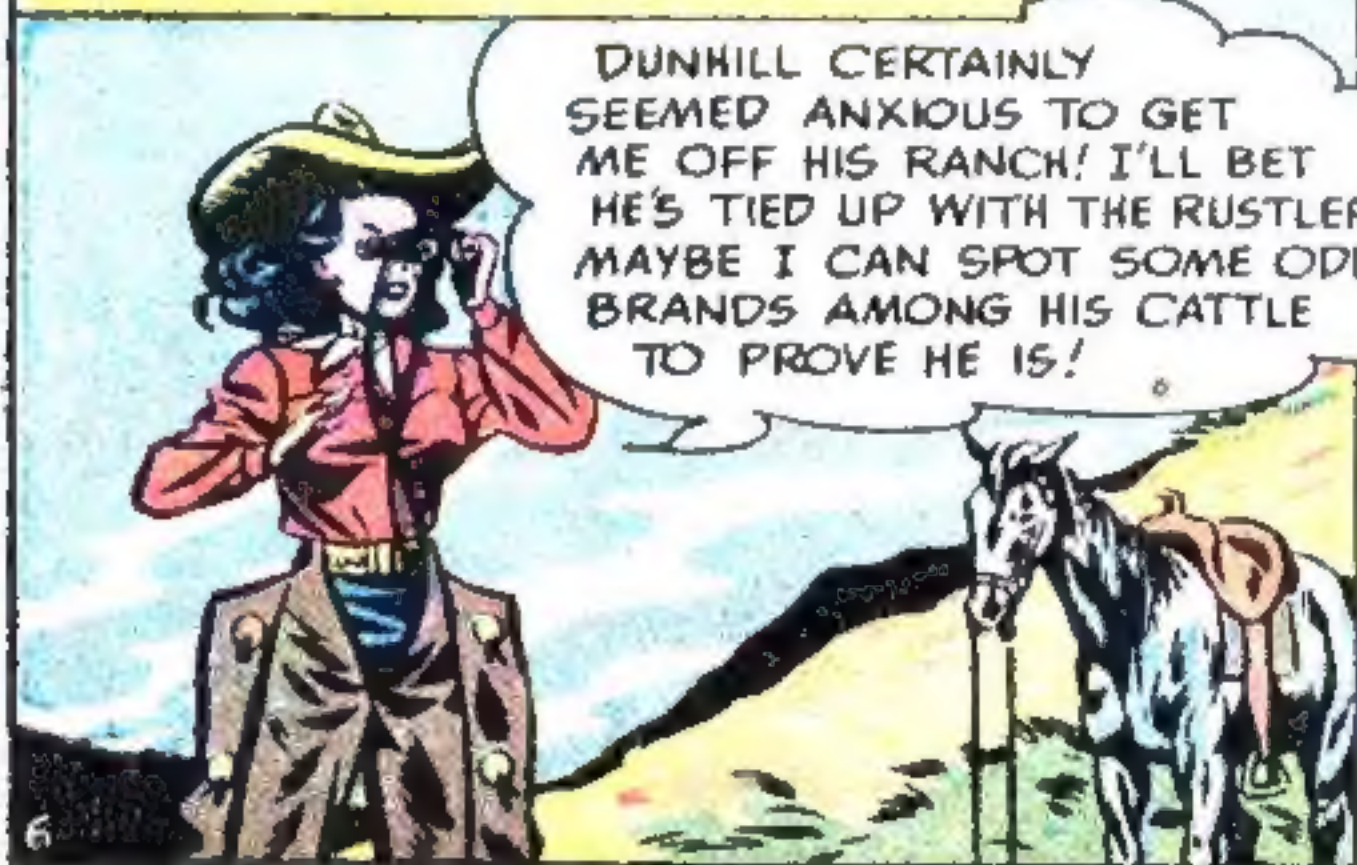
I'M FROM "THE PIONEER WEEKLY," MR. DUNHILL! AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY **YOUR** RANCH HASN'T BEEN BOTHERED BY THE RUSTLERS!

I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' ABOUT IT! WHUT'S MORE, I'M BUSY NOW! GOOD DAY TO YOU!



BUT LOIS DOES NOT GIVE UP EASILY! A FEW MINUTES LATER...

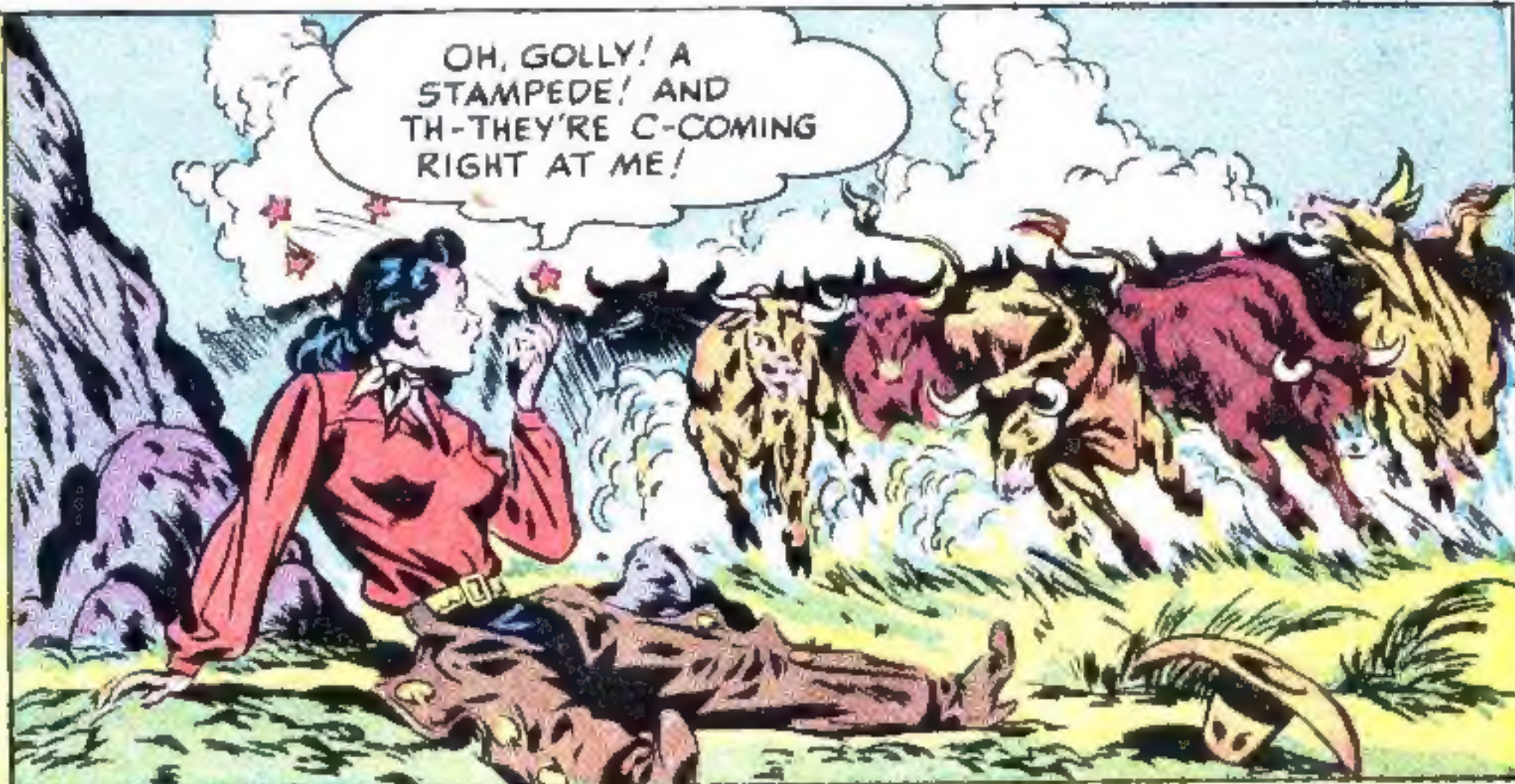
DUNHILL CERTAINLY SEEMED ANXIOUS TO GET ME OFF HIS RANCH! I'LL BET HE'S TIED UP WITH THE RUSTLERS! MAYBE I CAN SPOT SOME ODD BRANDS AMONG HIS CATTLE TO PROVE HE IS!



SUDDENLY, THE EARTH BENEATH HER STARTS TO GIVE WAY, AND...



THE
MINIATURE
LANDSLIDE
CARRIES
LOIS WITH
IT - AND
THE GRAZING
CATTLE SHIFT
NERVOUSLY -
THEN BREAK
INTO A
WILD
STAMPEDE!



ONWARD CHARGES THE RAGING HERD, TEARING
MADLY AHEAD IN A BLIND RUSH OF TERROR!

EEEEEEE!



AT THAT MOMENT...

OH, **SUPERMAN!**
AM I EVER GLAD
TO SEE YOU!



EAST IS EAST, AND
WEST IS WEST - BUT
YOU GET INTO
TROUBLE IN **BOTH**
PLACES! I'LL GET YOU
OUT OF HARM'S WAY -
THEN TRY TO STOP THAT
STAMPEDE YOU STARTED!

LUCKY FOR LOIS
I DECIDED TO KEEP
AN EYE ON HER WHILE SHE
FOLLOWED UP HER CLUE! NOW
TO SLOW DOWN THIS HERD
SOMEHOW!

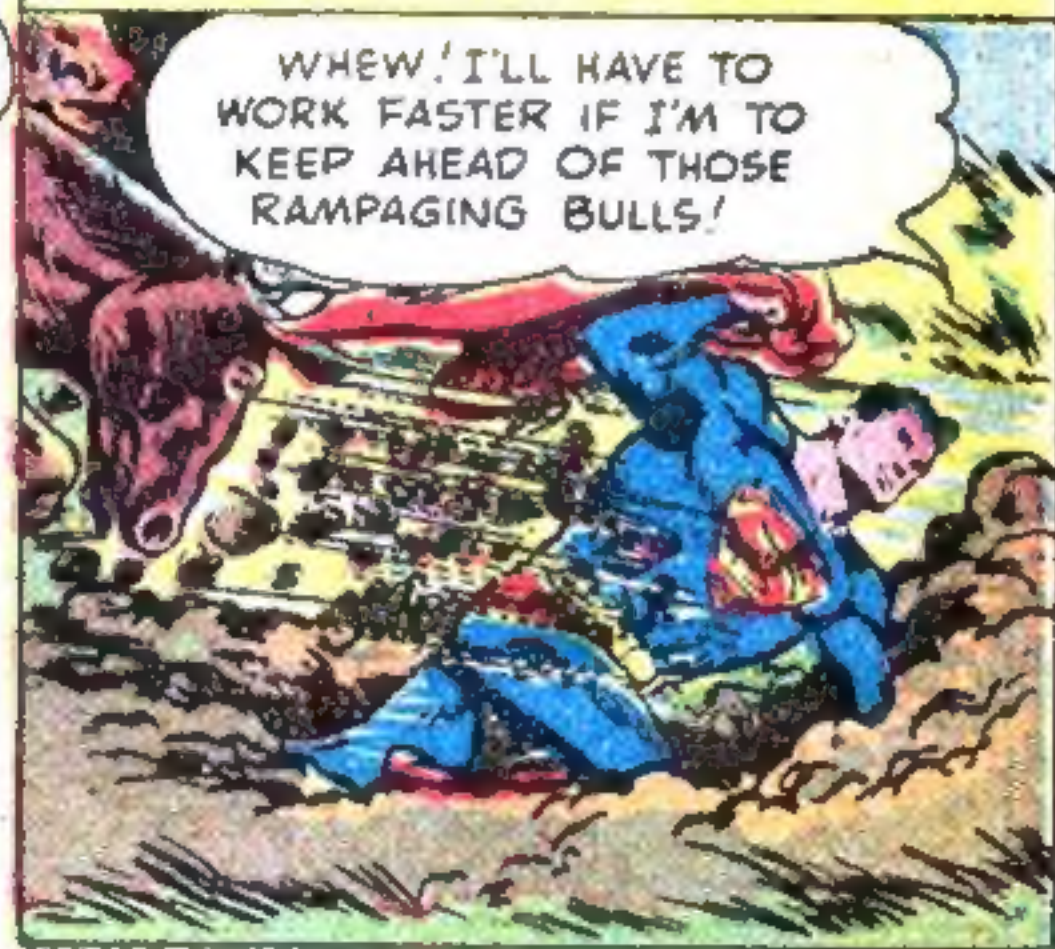


AHEAD OF THE HERD, SUPERMAN STOPS ABRUPTLY AND WHIPS OFF HIS CAPE...



TIME TO PLAY THE ROLE OF A SUPER-BULLFIGHTER! COME ON, FELLAS! STEP THIS WAY!

KEEPING MERE INCHES AHEAD OF THE WILD HORDE, SUPERMAN BURROWS INTO THE GROUND...



WHEW! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FASTER IF I'M TO KEEP AHEAD OF THOSE RAMPAGING BULLS!

WHAT HAS SUPERMAN IN MIND? WHY HAS HE DELIBERATELY INVITED THE STAMPEDING CATTLE TO CHARGE HIM? AND HOW CAN HE STOP THEM BY DIGGING INTO THE EARTH?

MOMENTS LATER THE MAN OF TOMORROW HAS COMPLETED A GIANT CIRCULAR RUNWAY THAT STRANGELY RESEMBLES A VAST MOTOR-DROME!

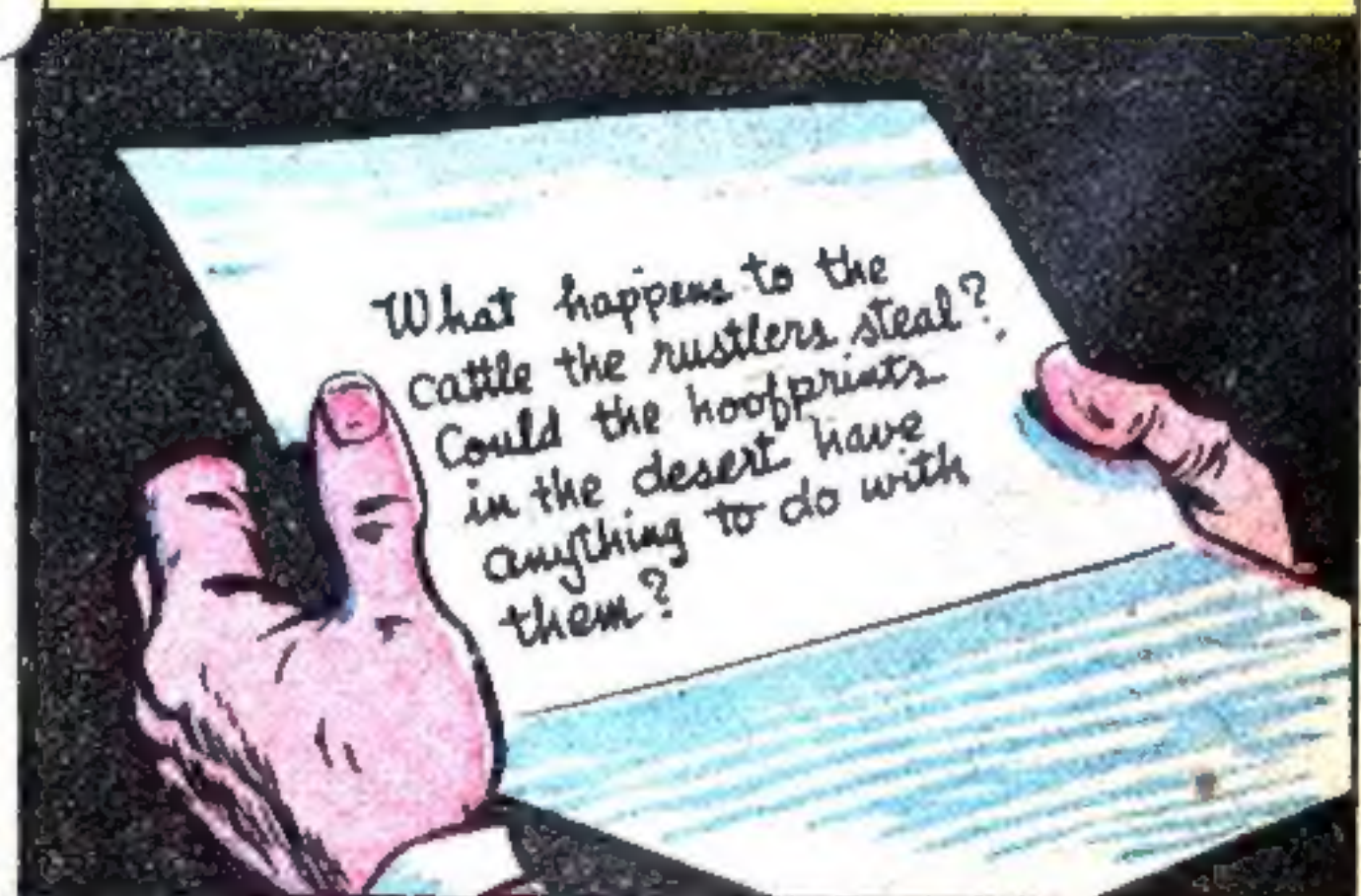


SINCE IT'S CATTLE INSTEAD OF CARS, I GUESS I COULD CALL THIS A **CATTLE-DROME!** THEY'LL SOON RUN THEMSELVES OUT—THEN THE COWBOYS CAN ROUND THEM UP!

BUT LOIS' SUSPICION WAS WELL-FOUNDED! WHY **HASN'T** DUNHILL'S RANCH BEEN ROBBED? AND WHY IS HE ACTING SO SUSPICIOUS? MAYBE PERRY WHITE'S CLUE WILL LEAD TO DUNHILL, TOO!



MEANWHILE, WHAT OF CLUE NO. 2—THE ONE PERRY WHITE CHOSE? LET'S READ IT AS HE HOLDS IT BETWEEN ANXIOUS FINGERS...



What happens to the cattle the rustlers steal? Could the hoofprints in the desert have anything to do with them?



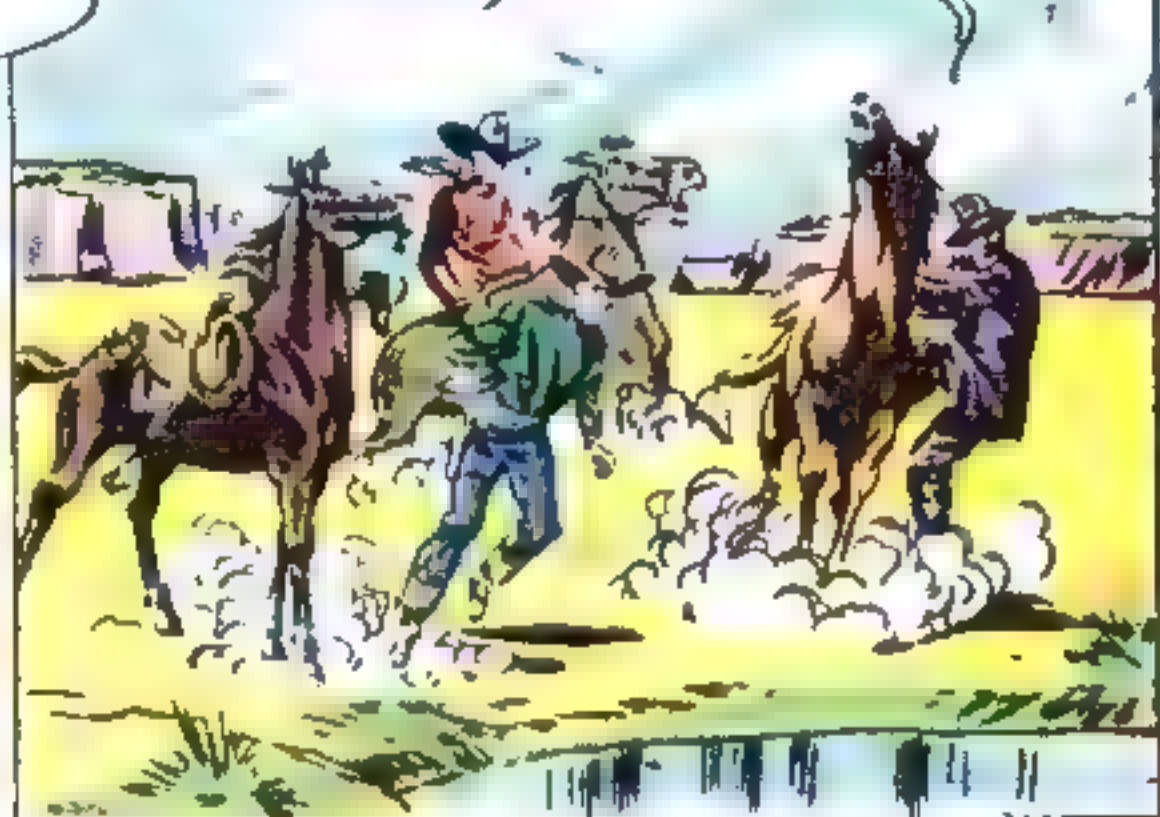
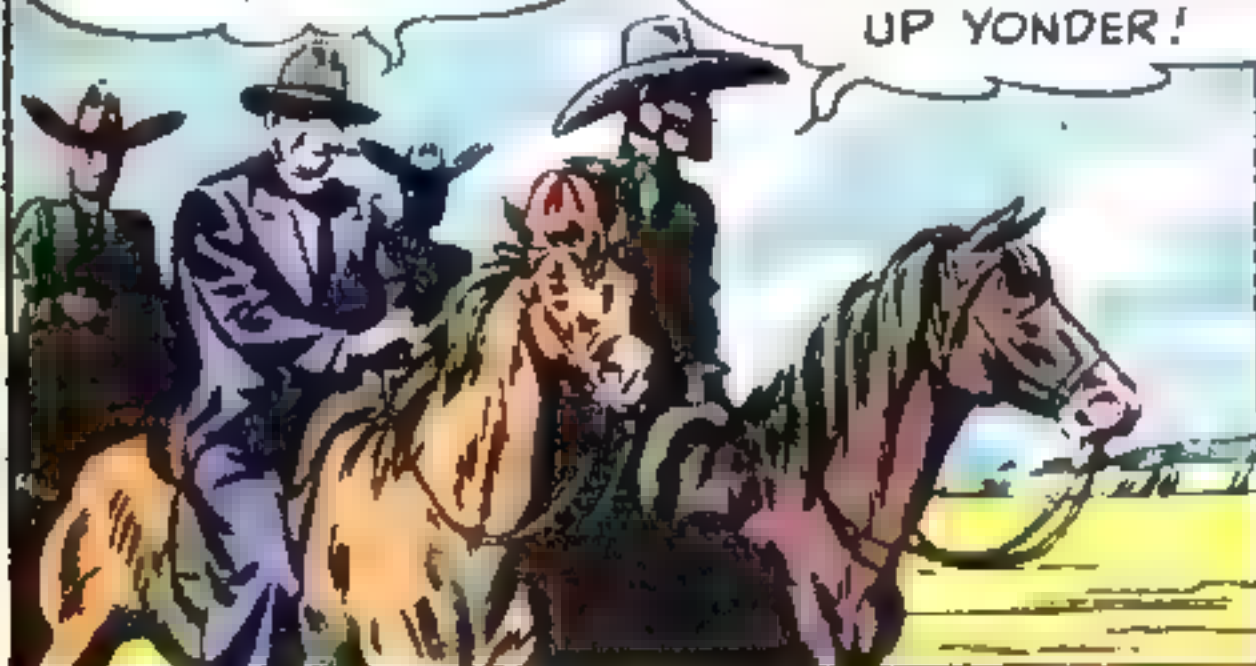
...AS PERRY AND A VOLUNTEER POSSE HEAD OUT ACROSS THE DESERT TO CHECK ON CLUE NO. 2...

WE'VE BEEN RIDING FOR FIVE HOURS! ARE YOU **SURE** THIS IS THE DESERT THE LETTER MEANT?

THIS IS THE ONLY DESERT LAND IN THIS PART O' THE COUNTRY, MR WHITE! BUT I RECKON IT'S TIME TO STOP AT THAT HOLE UP YONDER!

THESE POOR HOSSES SHORE NEED A DRINK! MAN OR BEAST, YUH KIN DIE O' THIRST IN THIS HEAT WITHOUT WATER!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M THIRSTIER THAN I EVER REMEMBER BEING!



BUT AS THE COWBOY STARTS DRINKING...

PULL YORE HOSSES BACK! DON'T LET 'EM DRINK ANOTHER DROP! **SOMEONE'S LOADED THIS WATERHOLE WITH SALT!**

WHAT??



WHEW! SOUNDS LIKE WE'RE IN TROUBLE!

THAT'S PUTTIN' IT MILD, MR. WHITE! WE EMPTIED OUR CANTEENS LONG AGO—AND THIS IS THE ONLY WATERHOLE FOR MILES AROUND! WE JUST AIN'T **NEVER** GETTIN' BACK WITHOUT WATER!

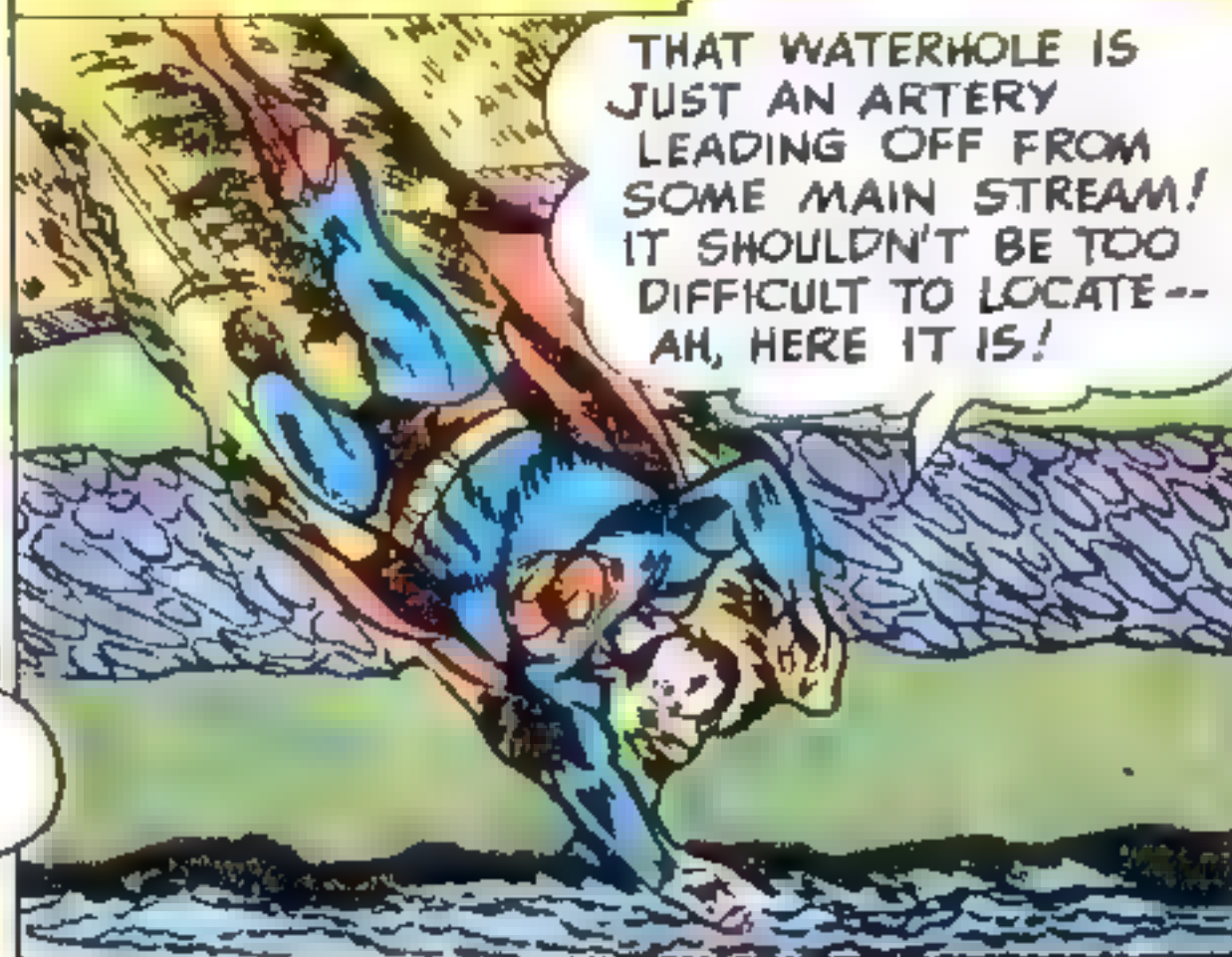


BUT OVERHEAD, THE COMPLETE CONVERSATION HAS REACHED THE SUPERHEARING OF THE MAN OF TOMORROW!



OH-OH! PERRY AND HIS FRIENDS NEED SOME HELP! I'LL HAVE TO GET SOME WATER TO THEM FAST!

INTO THE BURNING SANDS OF THE DESERT DIVES SUPERMAN...



THAT WATERHOLE IS JUST AN ARTERY LEADING OFF FROM SOME MAIN STREAM! IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT TO LOCATE-- AH, HERE IT IS!

WITHIN SECONDS, SUPERMAN SENDS A GIANT STREAM OF WATER UPWARD, AND...

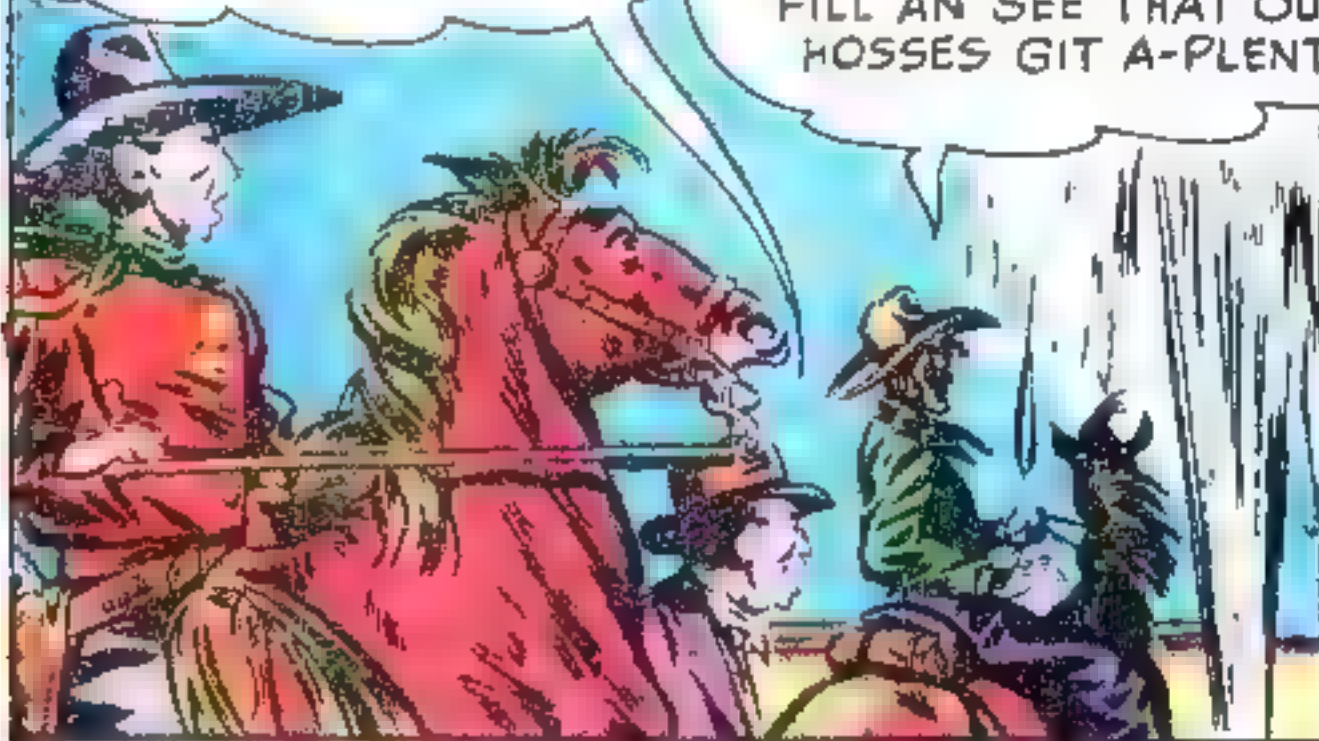
LOOK! A F-FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT! WHERE ON EARTH DID THAT COME FROM?

DON'T WASTE TIME WONDERIN' ABOUT THAT, MR. WHITE! LET'S JUST DRINK OUR FILL AN' SEE THAT OUR HOSSES GIT A-PLENTY!

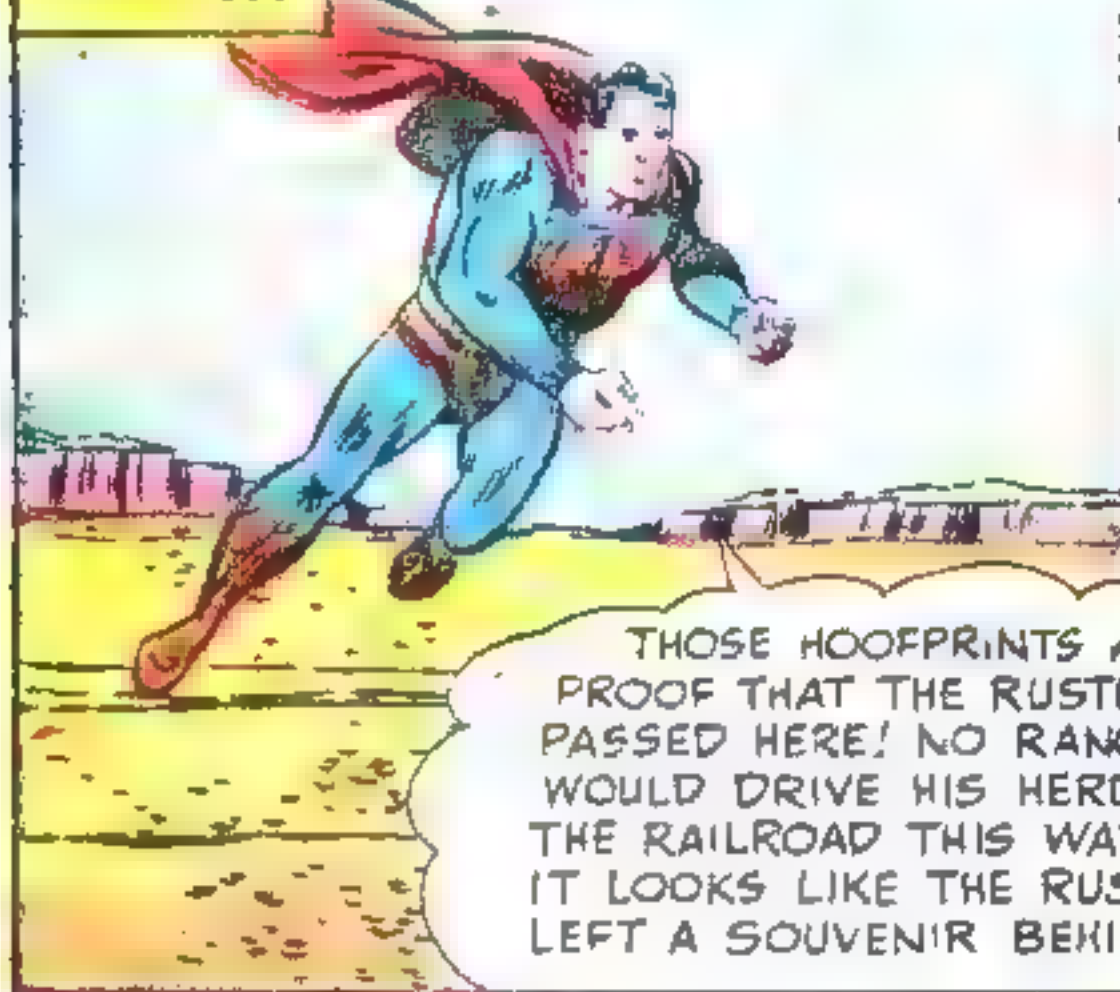
AND WHEN SUPERMAN APPEARS...

YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, SUPERMAN! WE CAME OUT HERE LOOKING FOR CLUES TO THE RUSTLERS!

IT'S POSSIBLE THE RUSTLERS EXPECTED YOU AND SALTED THE WATER! YOU CAN TURN BACK NOW—I'LL GO ON AHEAD AND TRACK DOWN YOUR CLUE!



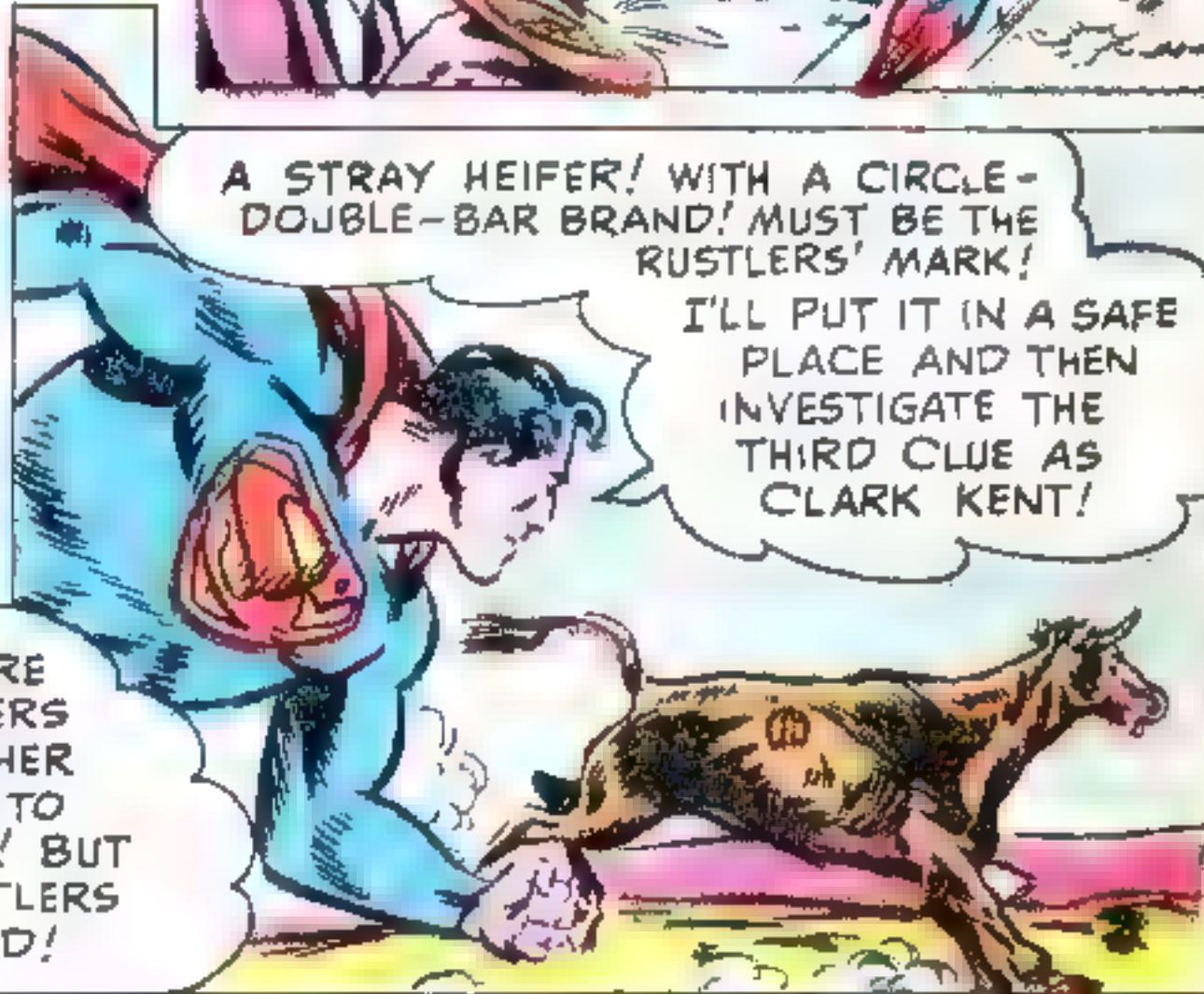
SOON...



THOSE HOOFPRIENTS ARE PROOF THAT THE RUSTLERS PASSED HERE! NO RANCHER WOULD DRIVE HIS HERD TO THE RAILROAD THIS WAY! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE RUSTLERS LEFT A SOUVENIR BEHIND!

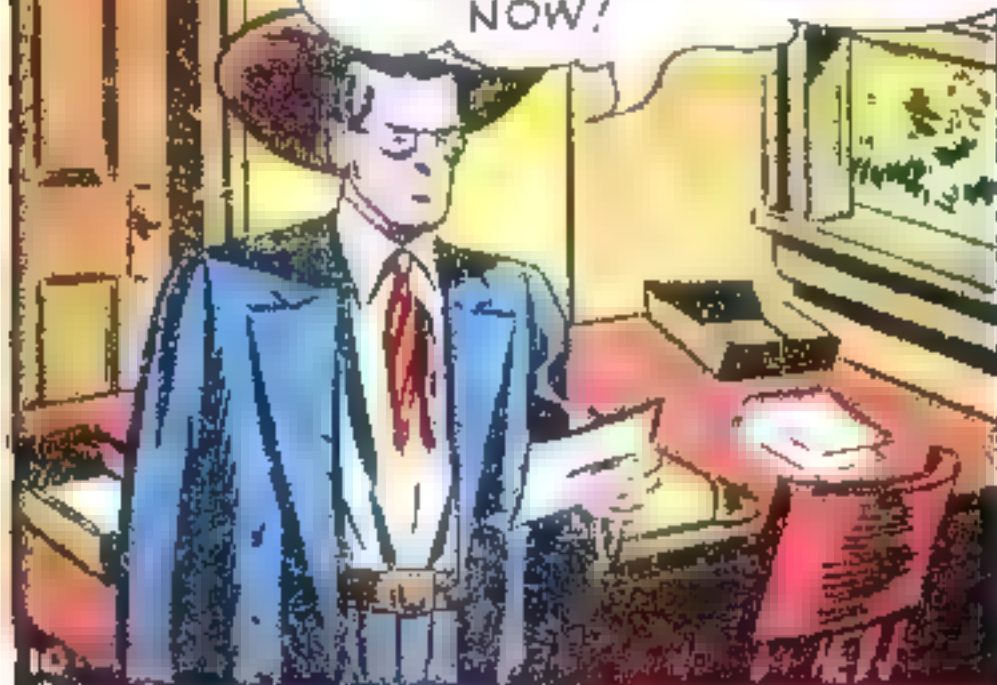
A STRAY HEIFER! WITH A CIRCLE-DOUBLE-BAR BRAND! MUST BE THE RUSTLERS' MARK!

I'LL PUT IT IN A SAFE PLACE AND THEN INVESTIGATE THE THIRD CLUE AS CLARK KENT!



LATER

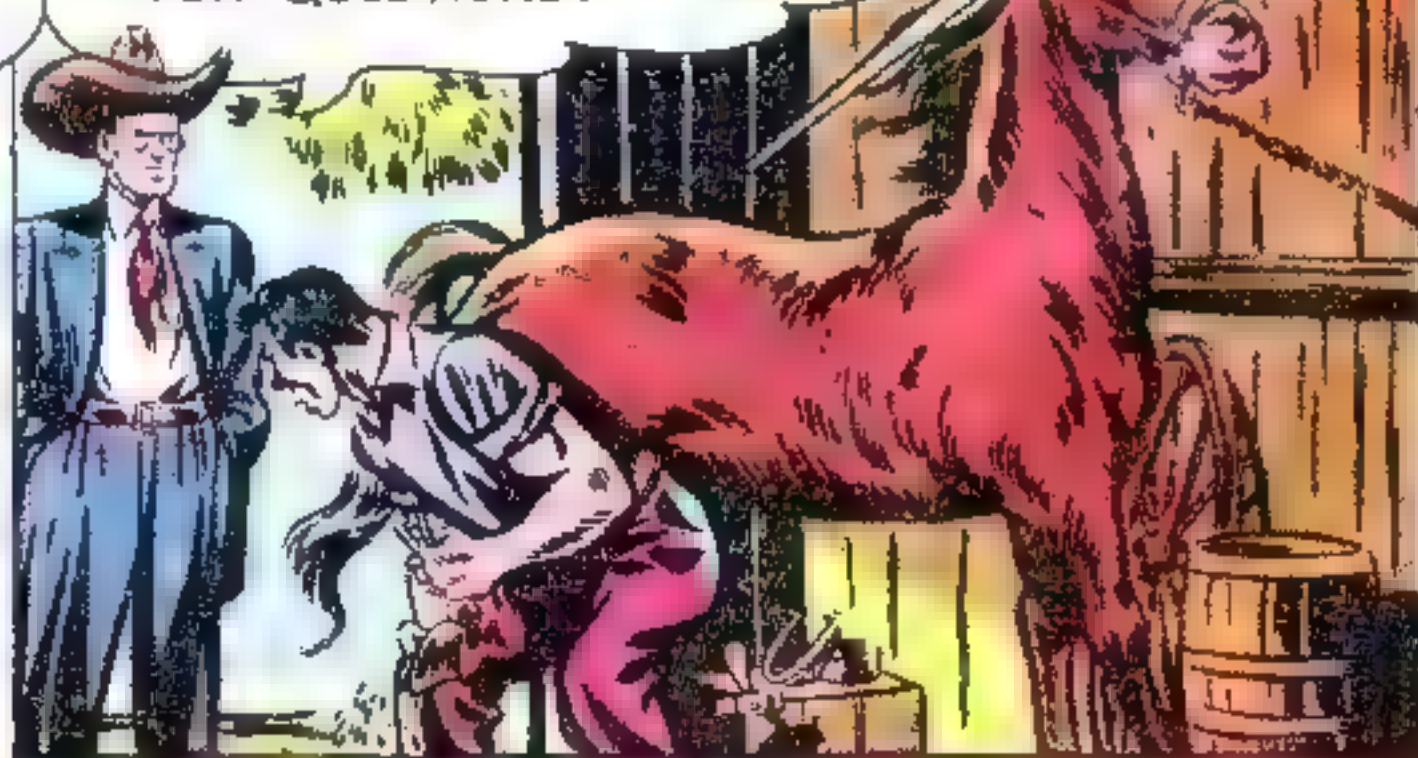
MY CLUE READS: "RUSTLERS HAVE TO CHANGE BRANDS ON CATTLE. MAYBE THE BLACKSMITH WOULD KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!" I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THE BLACKSMITH RIGHT NOW!



IN THE BLACKSMITH SHOP...

YOU MAKE ALL THE BRANDING IRONS FOR THE CATTLEMEN AROUND HERE, MR. STRONG. I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, MR. KENT-- I'M ALMOST FINISHED SHOEING MY HOSS!





THESE BRANDING IRONS ARE SPARES -- THEY BELONG TO THE FOUR BIGGEST RANCHES IN POWDER VALLEY!

C CROWELL
II DOUBLE BAR
O CIRCLE
D DUNHILL

YOU'RE THE EXPERT -- MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME THIS. WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE TO USE ANY OF THESE BRANDS TO IMITATE THE RUSTLERS' BRAND?

SHORE THING. THIS "D" BRAND OF DUNHILL'S COULD BE SHIFTED AROUND TO MAKE A CIRCLE-DOUBLE-BAR BRAND OUT OF ANY OF THE OTHERS!

WELL, THANKS! ALL THE CLUES POINT TO DUNHILL AS LEADER OF THE RUSTLERS. WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED IF HE ROBBED HIS OWN RANCH NEXT TO THROW SUSPICION OFF HIMSELF!

GOLLY! I'LL BET YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. KENT!

THAT NIGHT, AT DUNKILLS RANCH...

IF THAT ISN'T JUST LIKE CLARK! WASTING HIS TIME SOMEWHERE, JUST WHEN A BIG STORY IS ABOUT TO BREAK!

DON'T FORGET, LOIS IT'S DUE TO CLARK'S TIP THAT WE'RE HERE... AH... SOMEONE'S COMING!

CLARK WAS RIGHT! EXCUSE ME, LOIS! THIS IS WHERE I COME IN!

IT-IT'S THE RUSTLERS!

TWIRLING THE LARGEST LASSO EVER, HANDLED BY MAN...

YAHOOO! I'M GOING TO DO THIS IN REAL COWBOY FASHION!

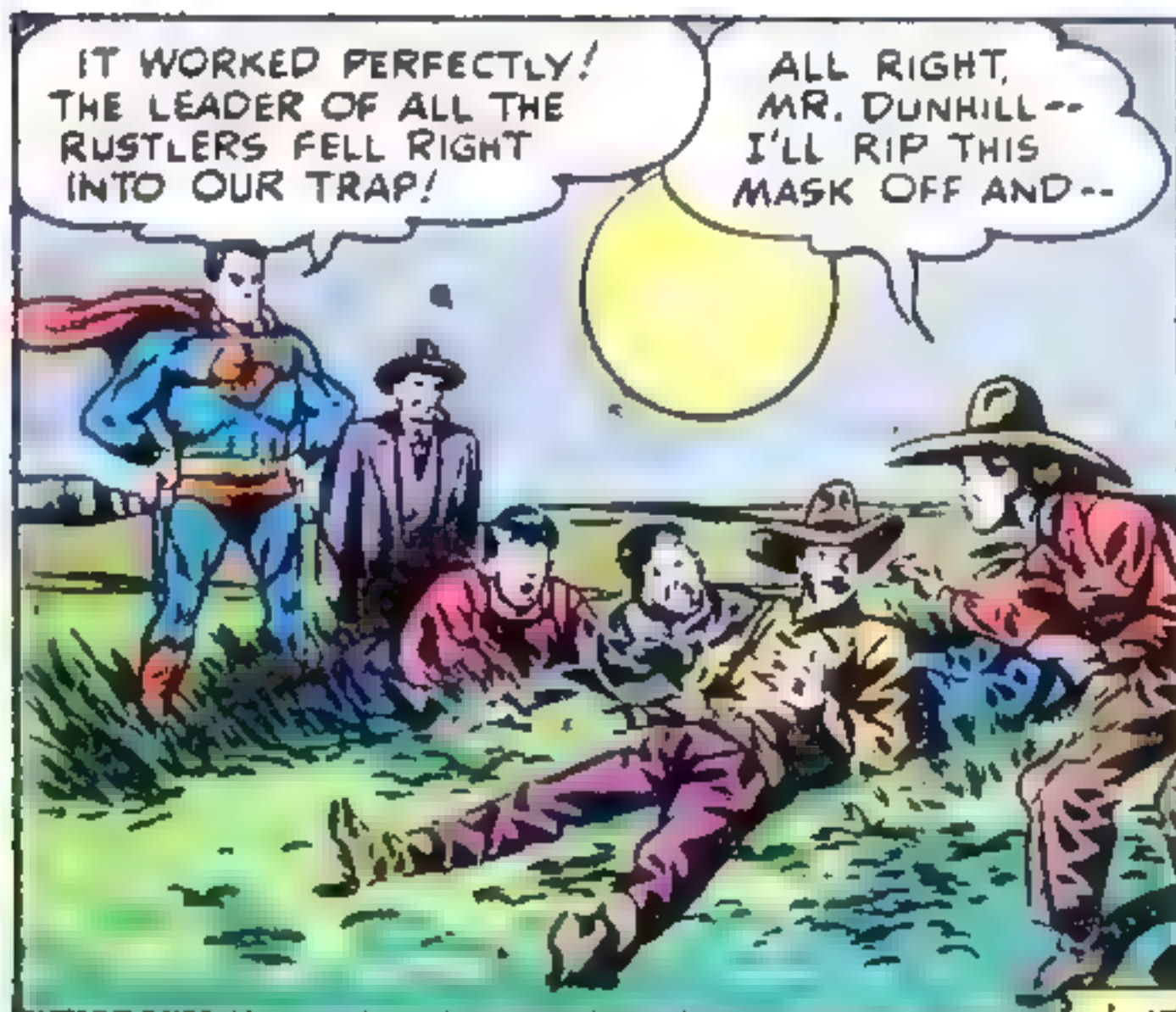
... SUPERMAN MAKES A GIANT HAUL ...

IT'S THE LAST ROUND-UP
FOR YOU ORNERY COYOTES!



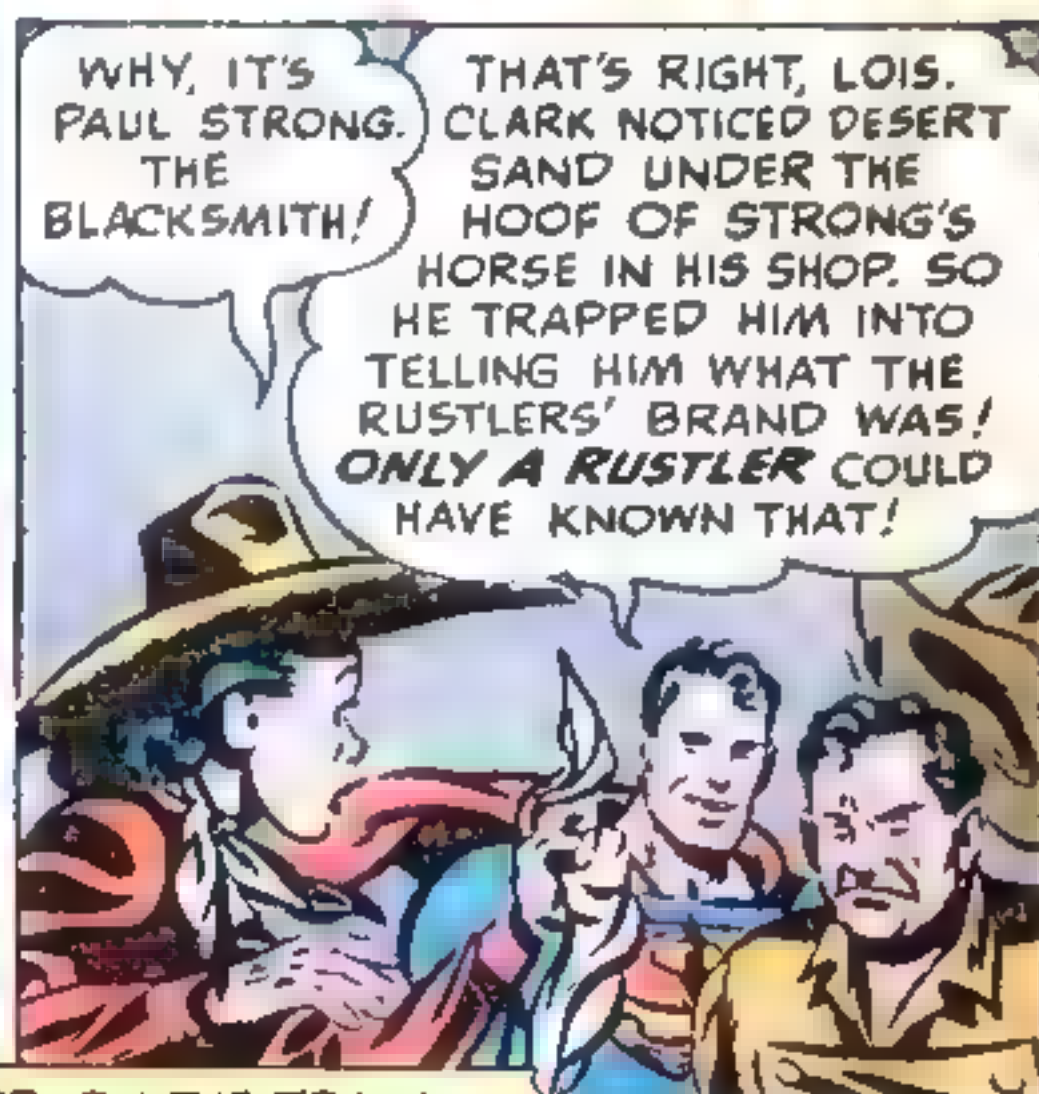
IT WORKED PERFECTLY!
THE LEADER OF ALL THE
RUSTLERS FELL RIGHT
INTO OUR TRAP!

ALL RIGHT,
MR. DUNHILL--
I'LL RIP THIS
MASK OFF AND--



WHY, IT'S
PAUL STRONG.
THE
BLACKSMITH!

THAT'S RIGHT, LOIS.
CLARK NOTICED DESERT
SAND UNDER THE
HOOF OF STRONG'S
HORSE IN HIS SHOP. SO
HE TRAPPED HIM INTO
TELLING HIM WHAT THE
RUSTLERS' BRAND WAS!
ONLY A RUSTLER COULD
HAVE KNOWN THAT!



LATER, ON THE TRAIN
HOMEWARD BOUND..

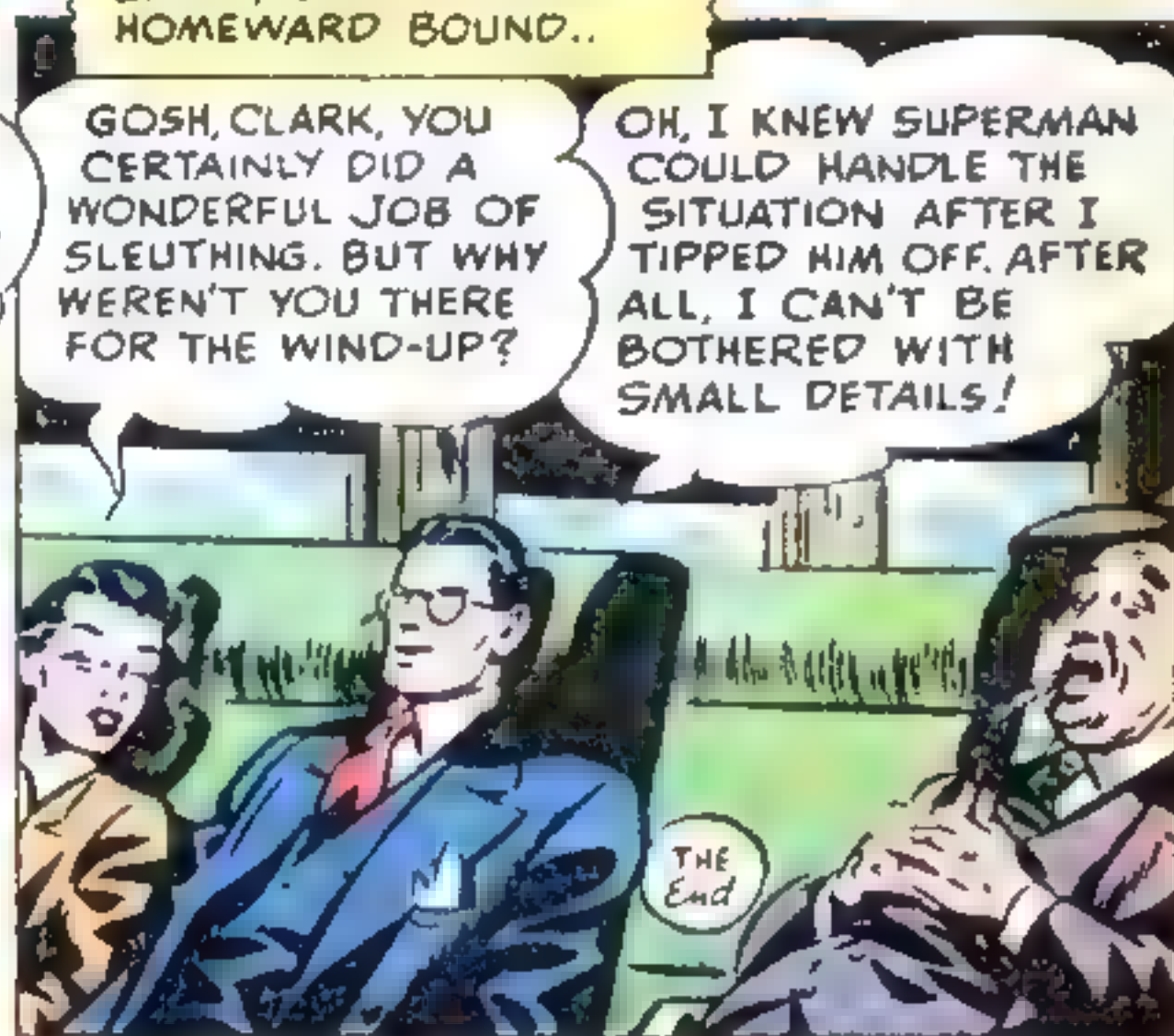
THEN, VERY SHREWDLY, CLARK
DROPPED THE SUGGESTION THAT
DUNHILL WOULD NOW ROB HIS OWN
RANCH--AND STRONG FELL FOR IT
TO STRENGTHEN THE CASE
AGAINST DUNHILL!

CAN
YOU
IMAGINE
CLARK
BEING THAT
SMART!



GOSH, CLARK, YOU
CERTAINLY DID A
WONDERFUL JOB OF
SLEUTHING. BUT WHY
WEREN'T YOU THERE
FOR THE WIND-UP?

OH, I KNEW SUPERMAN
COULD HANDLE THE
SITUATION AFTER I
TIPPED HIM OFF. AFTER
ALL, I CAN'T BE
BOtherED WITH
SMALL DETAILS!



THE
End

COMING!

GIRLS!

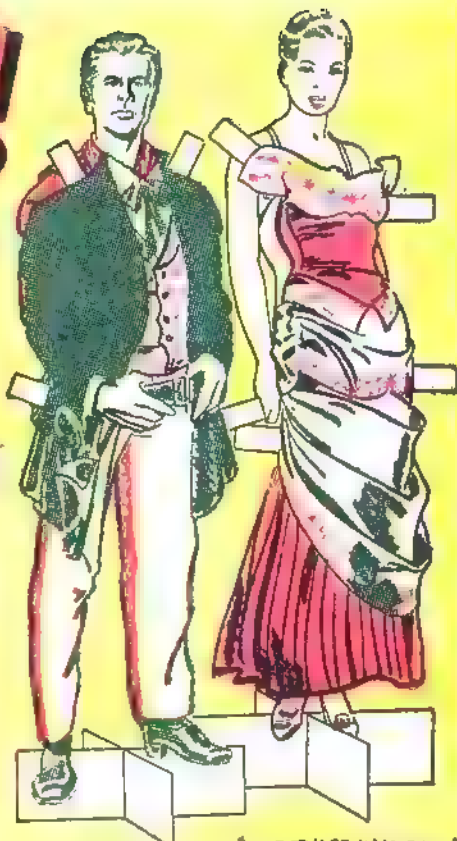
Movie stars and their costumes (on the Kellogg Variety tray)

Life-like paper dolls of famous movie stars to cut out and dress up! Beautiful costumes in color with each actor and actress, plus props they use when acting! All this—and a copy of their autographs, too!

BOYS!

Stage crews and movie equipment (on individual Variety Boxes)

Models of Hollywood crews and stage equipment to cut out and place on your own Hollywood set. Cameramen, klieg lights, wind machines, microphones—16 other models, plus a plan of a typical Hollywood set to guide you in setting up your own Hollywood show.



LOOK!
THE WARDROBE
MISTRESS!

AND HERE'S
A 3-DIMENSIONAL
CAMERA BOOM

GLENN FORD, STARRING IN "FOR THOSE WHO DARE"
—first in Kellogg's Variety Movie Star Series.
JANE GREER, glamorous RKO star, second in
Kellogg's Variety Movie Star Series.
Both Stars selected by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

**12
GLADIOLUS
BULBS!**



Kellogg's VARIETY includes Kellogg's Corn Flakes, PEP, Rice Krispies, Corn Soya, Shredded Wheat, Bran Flakes, Krumbles.

HURRY! Get Kellogg's VARIETY today! This Hollywood series ONLY on Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE—America's favorite cereal assortment.

COLLECTING KELLOGG TRAINS? Some grocers still have VARIETY PACKAGES with train cutouts—complete your set while they last!

Tell Mom she can get 12 Gladiolus bulbs of flower show quality, supplied by one of California's largest growers, for only 25¢ each the end with white star of Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE. Send with name and address, plus 25¢, to Kellogg's, Box 3513, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 64, Calif.

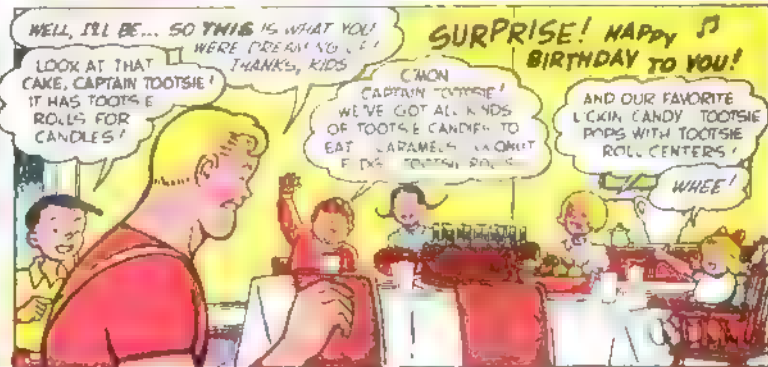
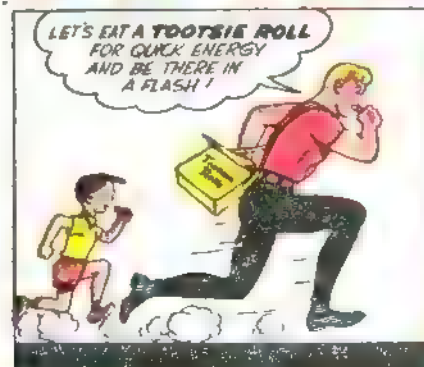
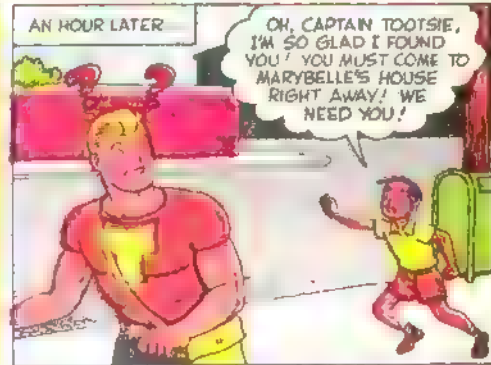
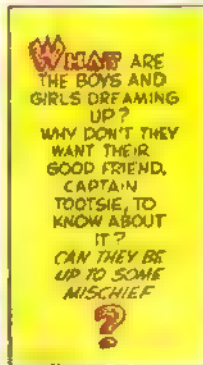
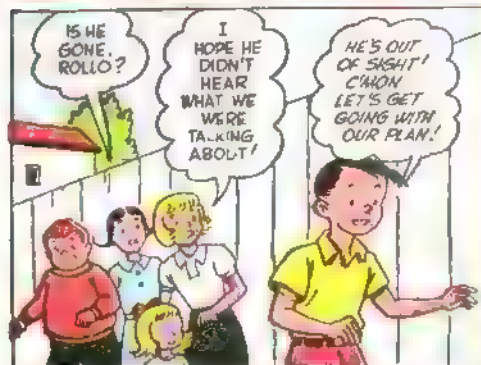
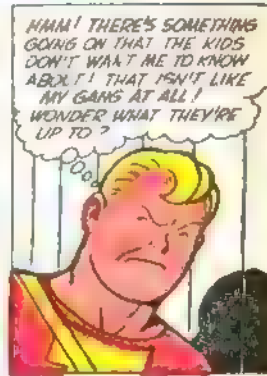
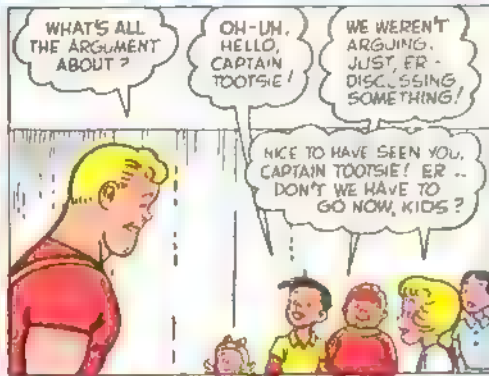
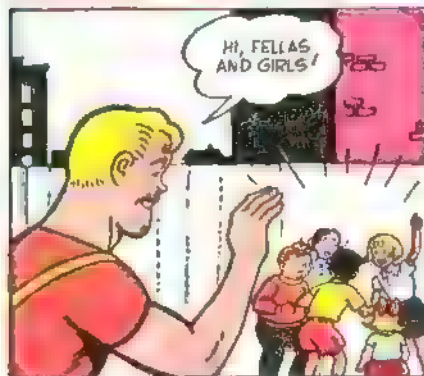


Mother Knows Best

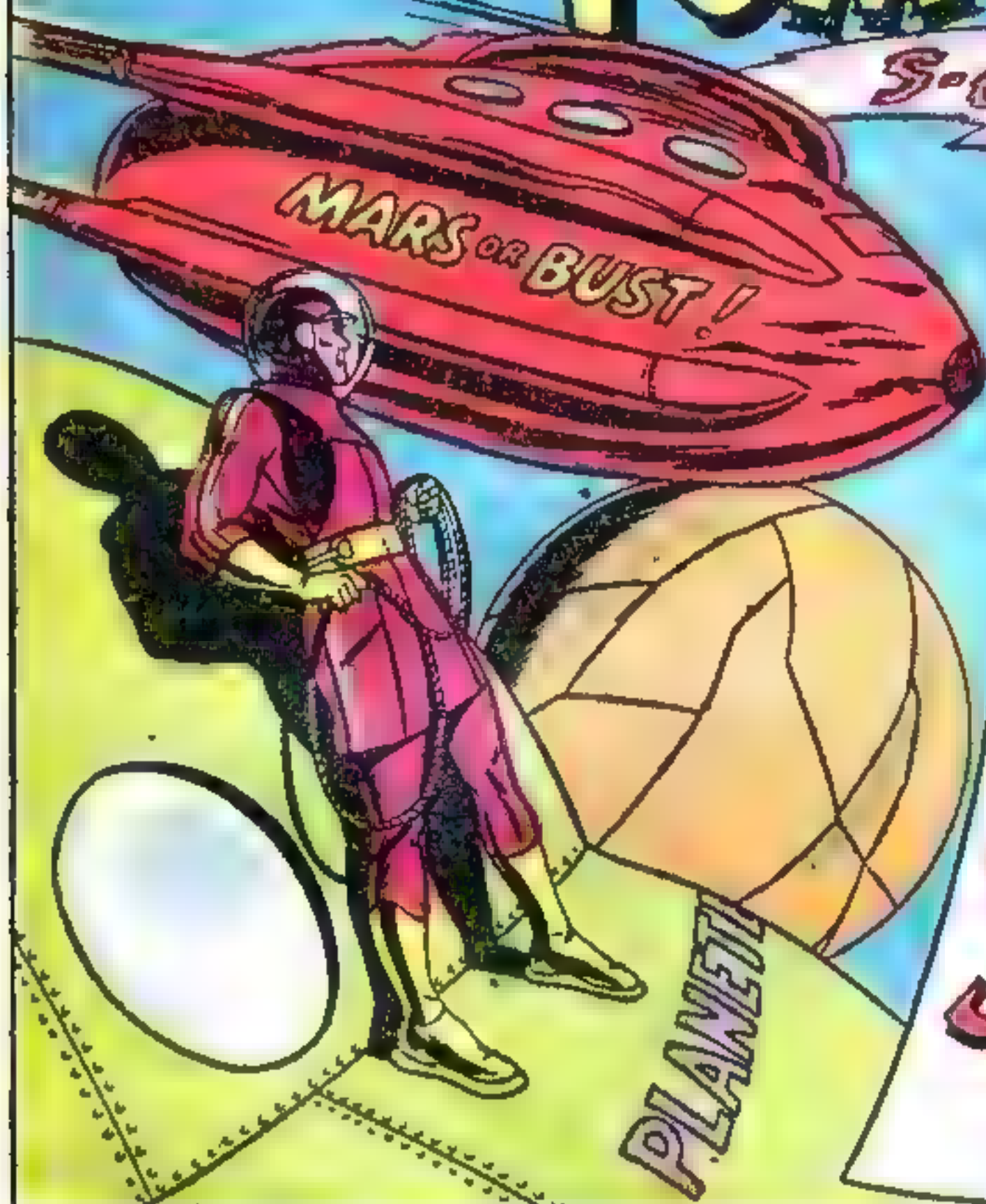
Captain Tootsie

AND THE MYSTERIOUS PLAN

BY C-C-BECK



Tommy TOMORROW



IN 1889 ADVENTURE AND FORTUNE LAY IN THE FRONTIERS OF THE OLD WEST! IN 1989, THE FRONTIERS LIE OUT IN SPACE, AMONG OTHER WORLDS! BUT THERE ARE NO COVERED WAGONS TO TRANSPORT THE PIONEERS OF THE FUTURE THROUGH SPACE! AND WHEN A GROUP OF BRAVE MEN IS STRANDED IN THE MERCILESS VOID, FAR SHORT OF THEIR GOAL, TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS RISKS BOTH LIFE AND CAREER TO SEE THEM THROUGH! AGAINST ALL ODDS, TOMMY CARRIES OUT HIS OWN...

"MISSION to MARS!"

IN 1989, AS IN ANY OTHER TIME, THERE ARE JOBS LISTED THAT APPEAL TO THE ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT OF MEN!

**INTERPLANETARY
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY**

**Jobs on Mars Open
GOOD PAY!**

MARTIAN
CANAL
DIGGERS

MARTIAN
COWBOYS

HARVESTERS
OF
MARTIAN
CROPS



BUT WHO CAN AFFORD THE PRICE OF A SPACELINER TICKET? WE HAVE TO FIND SOME CHEAPER WAY OF REACHING MARS!

NINE Planet LINES

SPACELINER
COMET

SPACELINER
UNIVERSE

SPACELINER

To MARS
ONE WAY
\$1,500.00
ROUND TRIP
\$2,500.00



BUT IN 1989, AS IN OTHER TIMES, THERE ARE ALSO OPPORTUNISTS WHO SEEK QUICK GAINS...

GATHER ROUND, FRIENDS! I'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEM! LOOK AT THIS AMAZING **FLYING SPACE SUIT**! IT'S GOT ROCKET DRIVE, METEOR REPELSION, FOOD PILLS--EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO REACH MARS, 48 MILLION MILES AWAY!



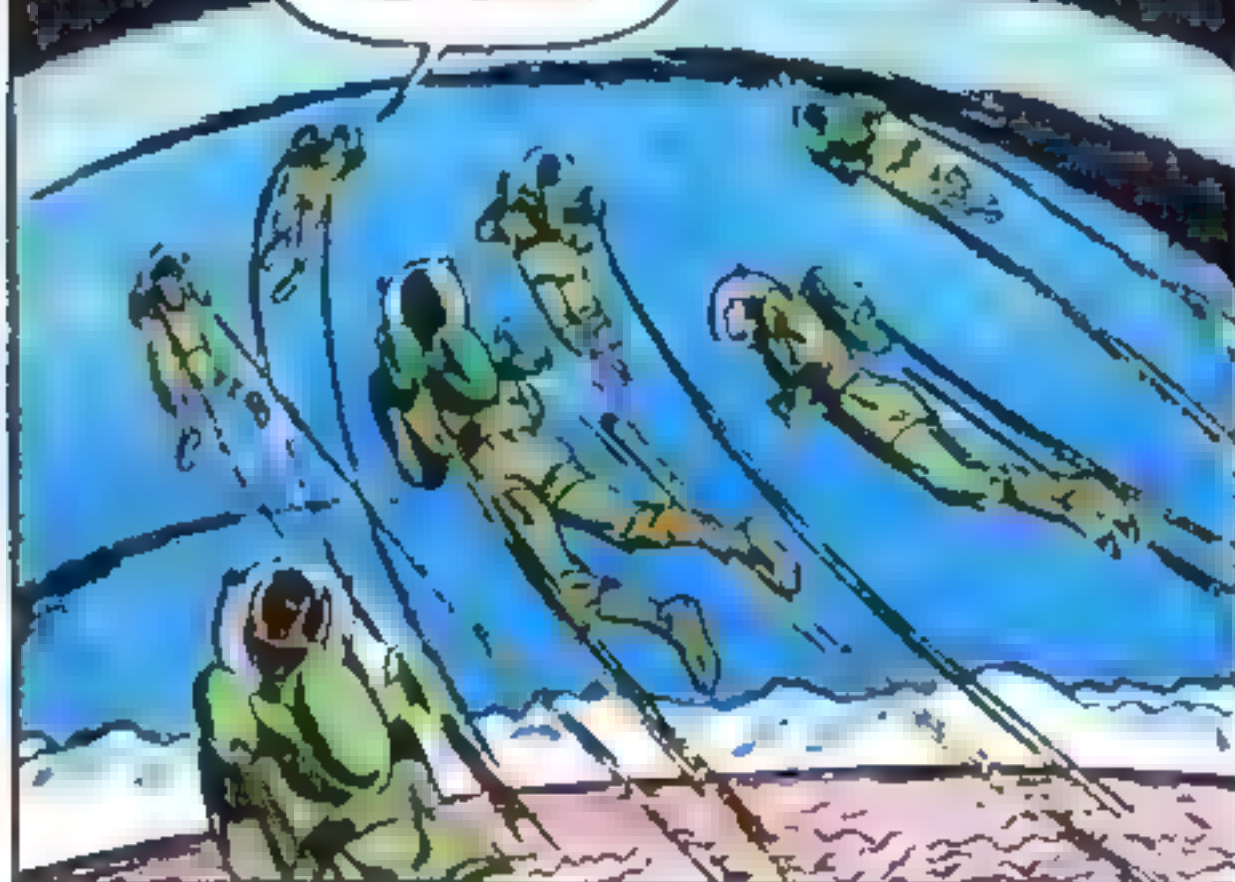
AND ALL FOR THE RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICE OF \$250, COMPLETE!

THAT'S A LOT CHEAPER THAN GOING BY SPACELINER! I'LL TAKE ONE!



SOON, A GROUP OF MEN SEEKING JOBS ON MARS, SOAR INTO SPACE IN THE FLYING SUITS...

MARS--HERE WE COME!

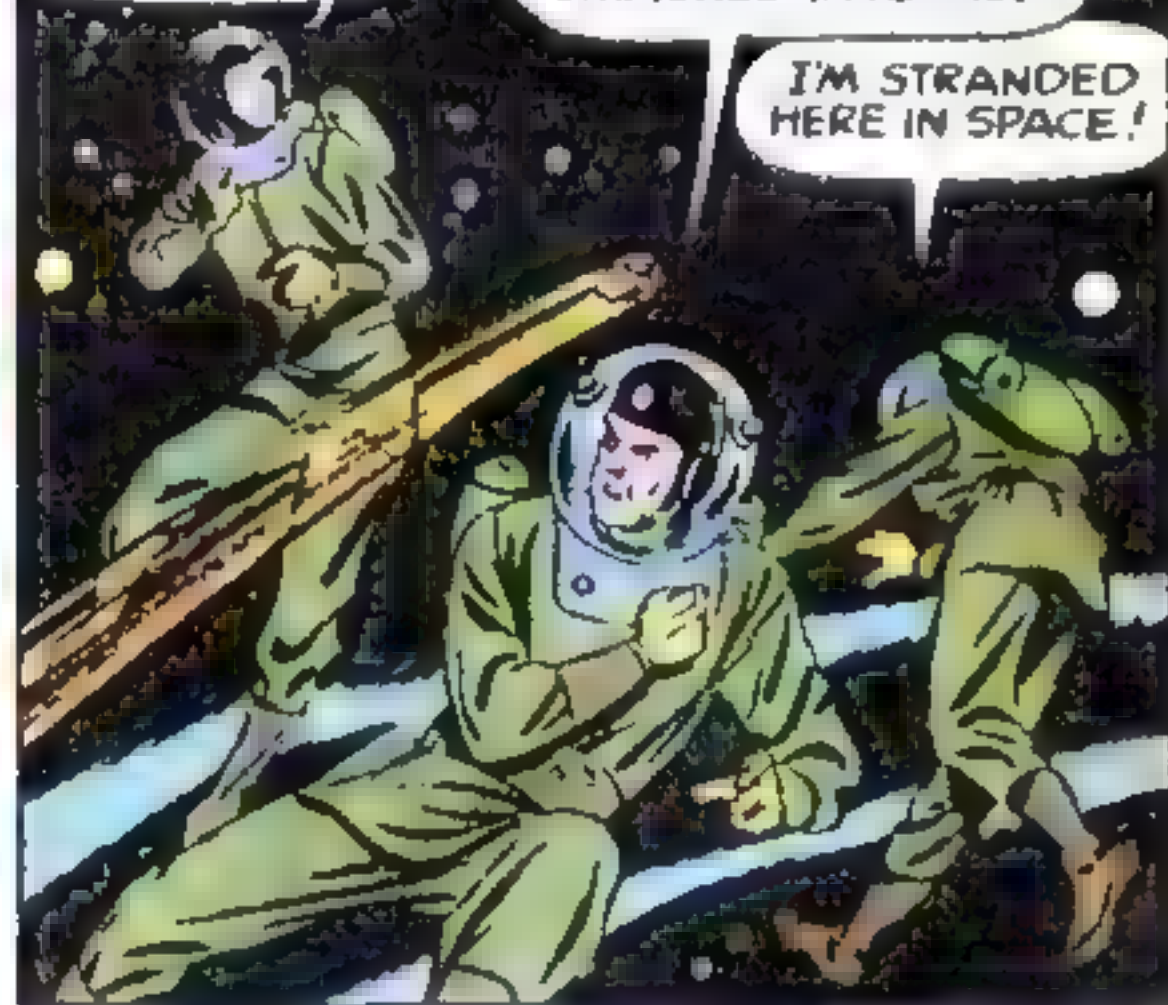


FOR A WHILE, THE FLYING SUITS RUN SMOOTHLY--THEN SUDDENLY, TROUBLE DEVELOPS!

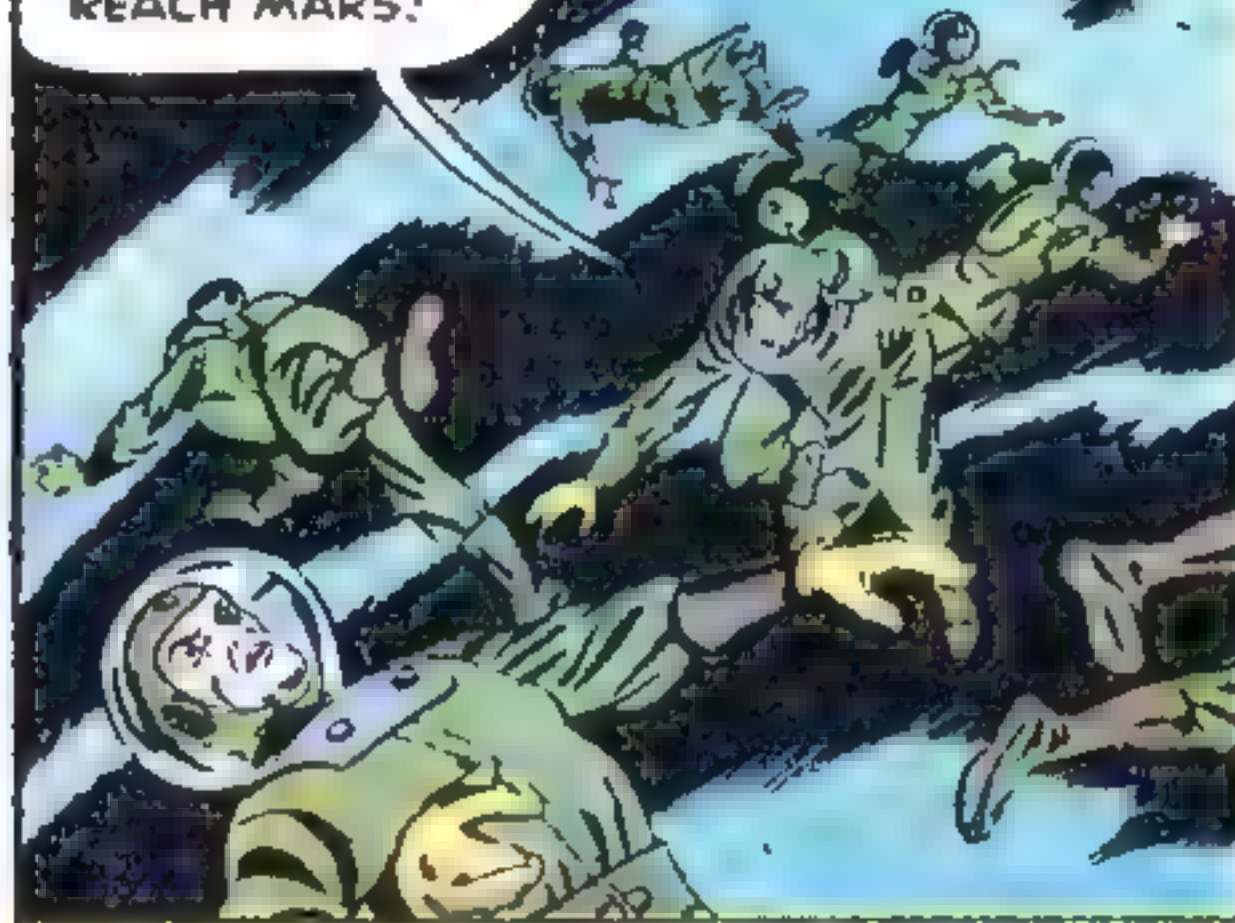
HEY, MY ROCKETS DIED OUT! I'M DRIFTING!

MY METEOR REPELLE DOESN'T WORK! THAT METEOR ALMOST SMACKED INTO ME!

I'M STRANDED HERE IN SPACE!



WE CAN'T GET BACK TO EARTH! AND WE'LL NEVER REACH MARS!



MEANWHILE, AT THE SCIENCE BUREAU ON EARTH, WHERE ALL NEW INVENTIONS AND DEVICES ARE SCRUPULOUSLY CHECKED...

THIS FLYING SPACE SUIT IS A FRAUD! THOSE MEN WHO LEFT FOR MARS WILL STOP FAR SHORT OF THEIR DESTINATION!

WE HAD BETTER NOTIFY THE PLANETEERS TO SEND OUT A RESCUE PARTY!

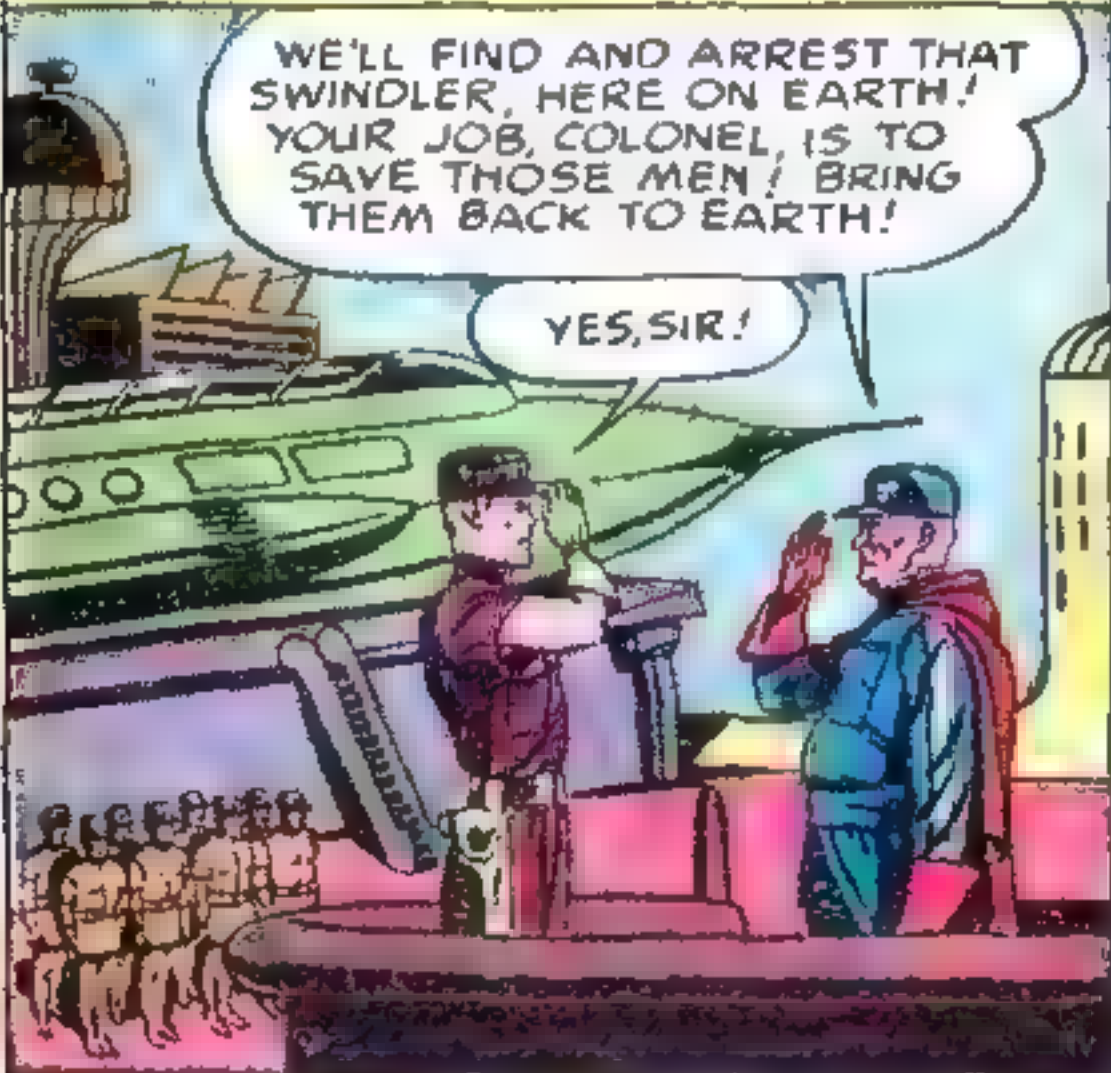


WILL THESE BRAVE MEN FLOAT HELPLESSLY, DOOMED TO THE SLOW DEATH IN THE WASTENESS OF SPACE?

COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS IS ASSIGNED TO THE LIFE-SAVING MISSION.

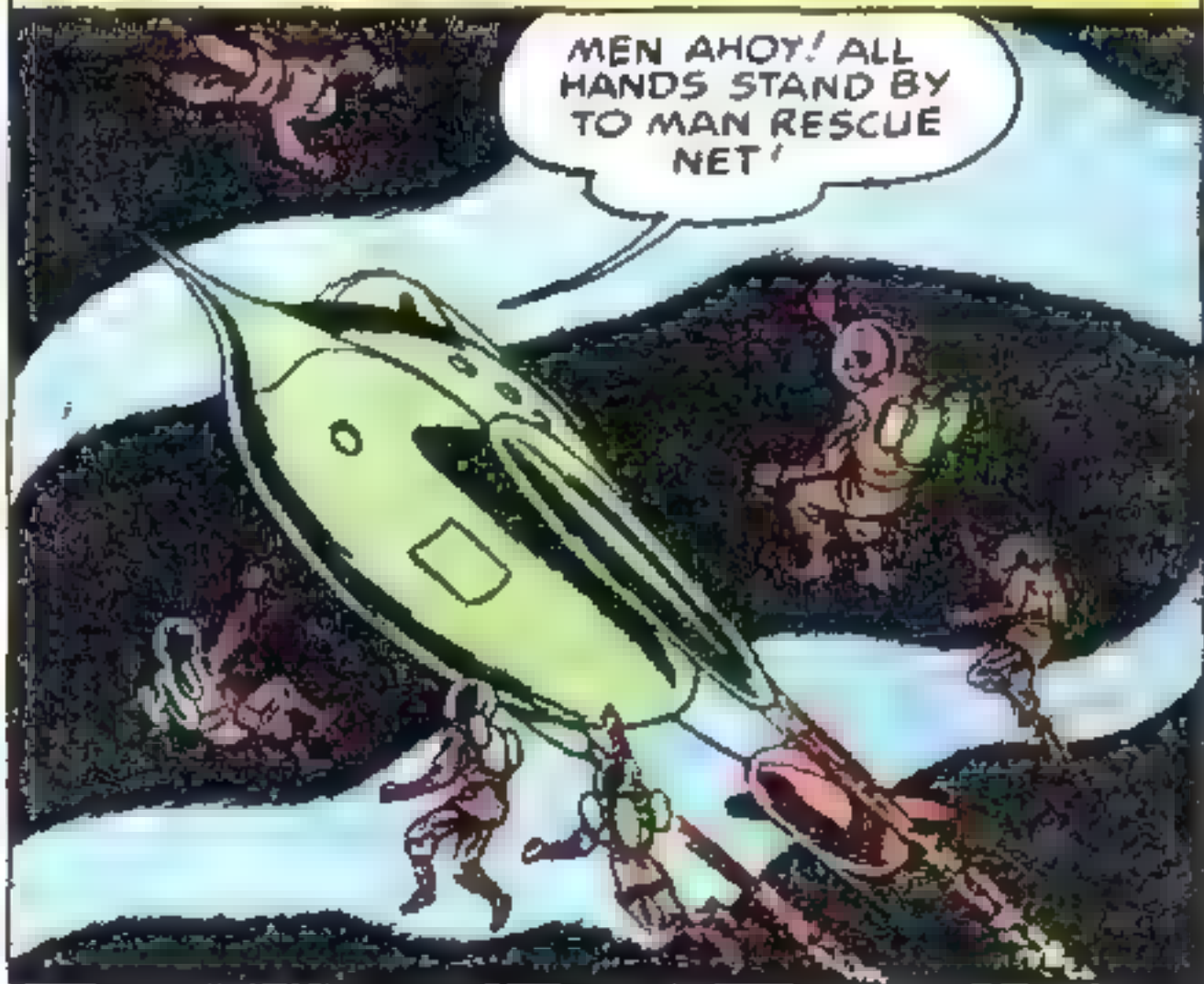
WE'LL FIND AND ARREST THAT SWINDLER, HERE ON EARTH! YOUR JOB, COLONEL, IS TO SAVE THOSE MEN! BRING THEM BACK TO EARTH!

YES, SIR!



AS THE GREAT PLANETEER SHIP ROARS INTO SPACE, RADAR INSTRUMENTS GUIDE IT TOWARD THE WANDERERS OF THE VOID. SOON AFTER...

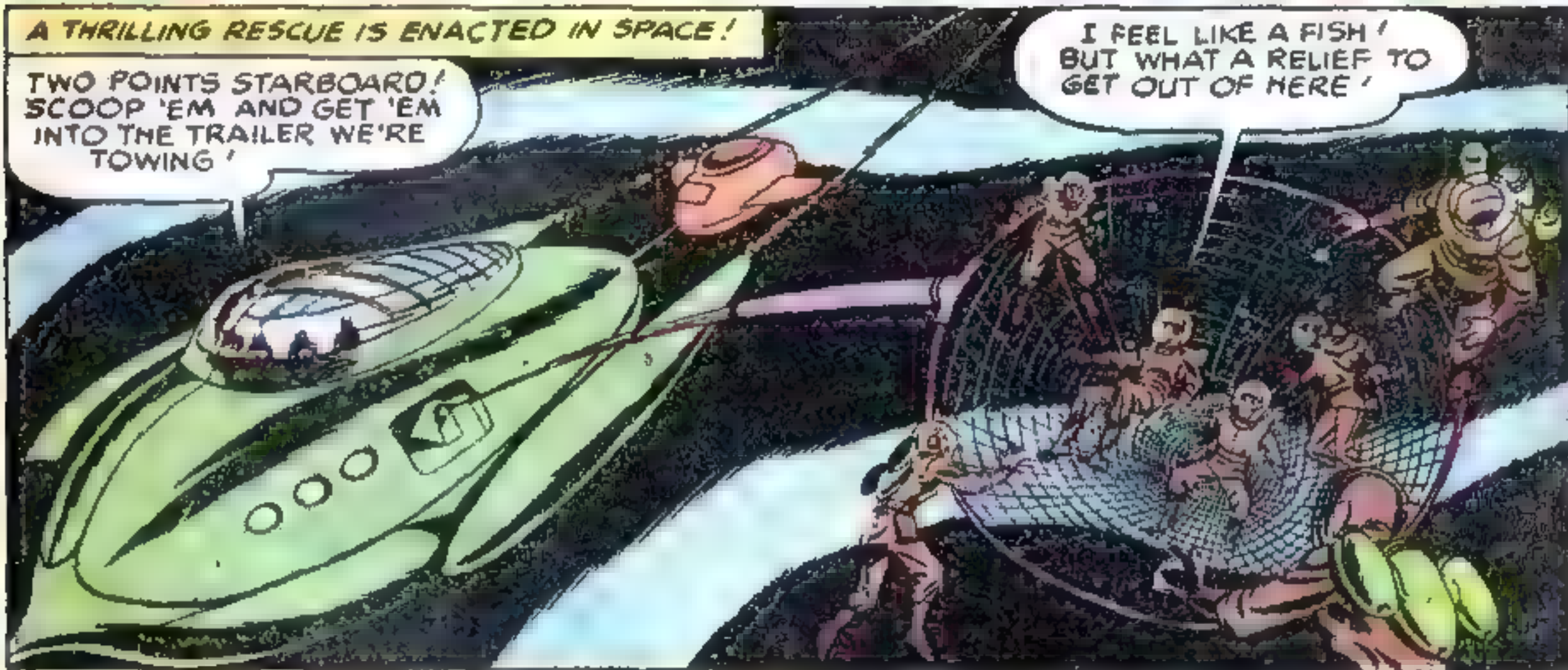
MEN AHoy! ALL HANDS STAND BY TO MAN RESCUE NET!



A THRILLING RESCUE IS ENACTED IN SPACE!

TWO POINTS STARBOARD! SCOOP 'EM AND GET 'EM INTO THE TRAILER WE'RE TOWING!

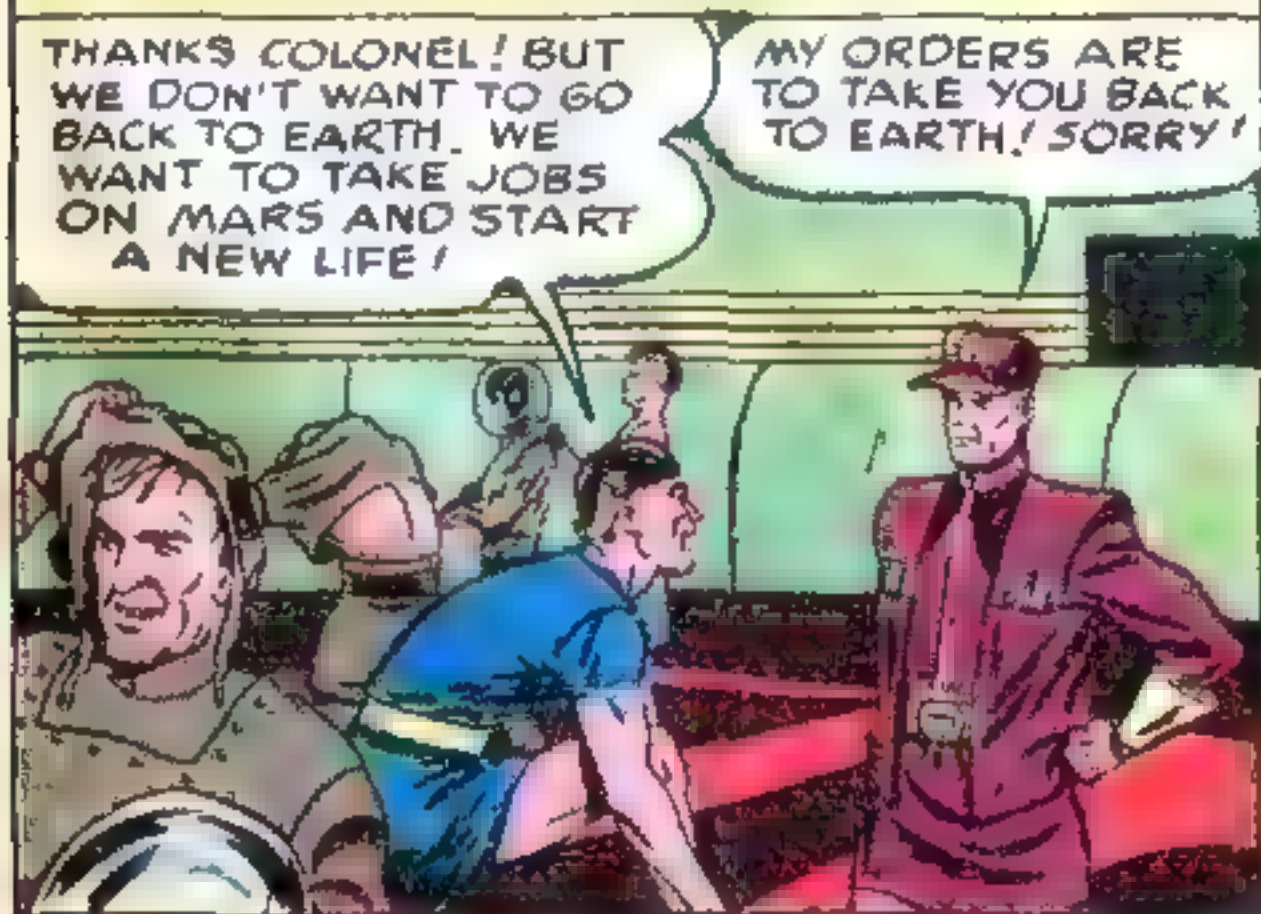
I FEEL LIKE A FISH! BUT WHAT A RELIEF TO GET OUT OF HERE!



AFTER THE MEN HAVE BEEN SAFELY TRANSFERRED TO THE TRAILER, A NEW PROBLEM PRESENTS ITSELF TO TOMMY TOMORROW..

THANKS COLONEL! BUT WE DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO EARTH. WE WANT TO TAKE JOBS ON MARS AND START A NEW LIFE!

MY ORDERS ARE TO TAKE YOU BACK TO EARTH! SORRY!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU PLANETEERS! YOU DON'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT US OR OUR HOPES AND DREAMS! YOU'RE A COLD-HEARTED AND EMOTIONLESS CREW! ALL YOU KNOW IS DUTY! YOU OBEY ORDERS NO MATTER WHO GETS HURT! BAN!

BUT...?



COLD-HEARTED! EMOTIONLESS! STINGING WORDS THAT PIERCE TOMMY TOMORROW'S HEART, FOR HE KNOWS THEY AREN'T TRUE! THEN BACK IN HIS CONTROL ROOM...

I DON'T WANT TO DRAG THOSE MEN BACK TO EARTH UNWILLINGLY! THEY DESERVE A BREAK! FOR A PLUGGED MARTIAN NICKEL, I'D DISOBEY ORDERS AND TAKE THEM TO MARS!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT, SIR! YOU'D BE COURT-MARTIALED!

CALLING ALL PLANETEER SHIPS IN TRANS-LUNAR SECTOR! RUNAWAY METEOR MENACING SPACE LANES! DESTROY IT AT ONCE!

WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! THAT'S AN OPEN CALL TO ALL SHIPS! THAT MEANS WE CAN GO AND BLAST THAT METEOR BEFORE RETURNING TO EARTH!

TOMMY TOMORROW MAKES AN ABOUT-SHIP AND SPEEDS FOR THE MENACING METEOR!

HEADQUARTERS CALLING TOMMY TOMORROW! WHY AREN'T YOU RETURNING TO EARTH WITH THE RESCUED MEN?

BUT, SIR! I'M GOING TO BLAST THE METEOR FIRST! EMERGENCY CALLS ALWAYS TAKE PRECEDENCE OVER ROUTINE ASSIGNMENTS!

QUICKLY OVERTAKING THE GIANT METEOR, TOMMY BLASTS A ZETA-RAY AT IT...

GOT IT! AND THIS MANEUVER HAS BROUGHT US A FEW MILLION MILES CLOSER TO MARS!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO GET THESE MEN TO MARS?

YES! STEP BY STEP, MISSION BY MISSION, I CAN DO IT-- I HOPE! IT'S GOING TO BE A BATTLE OF WITS WITH HEADQUARTERS!

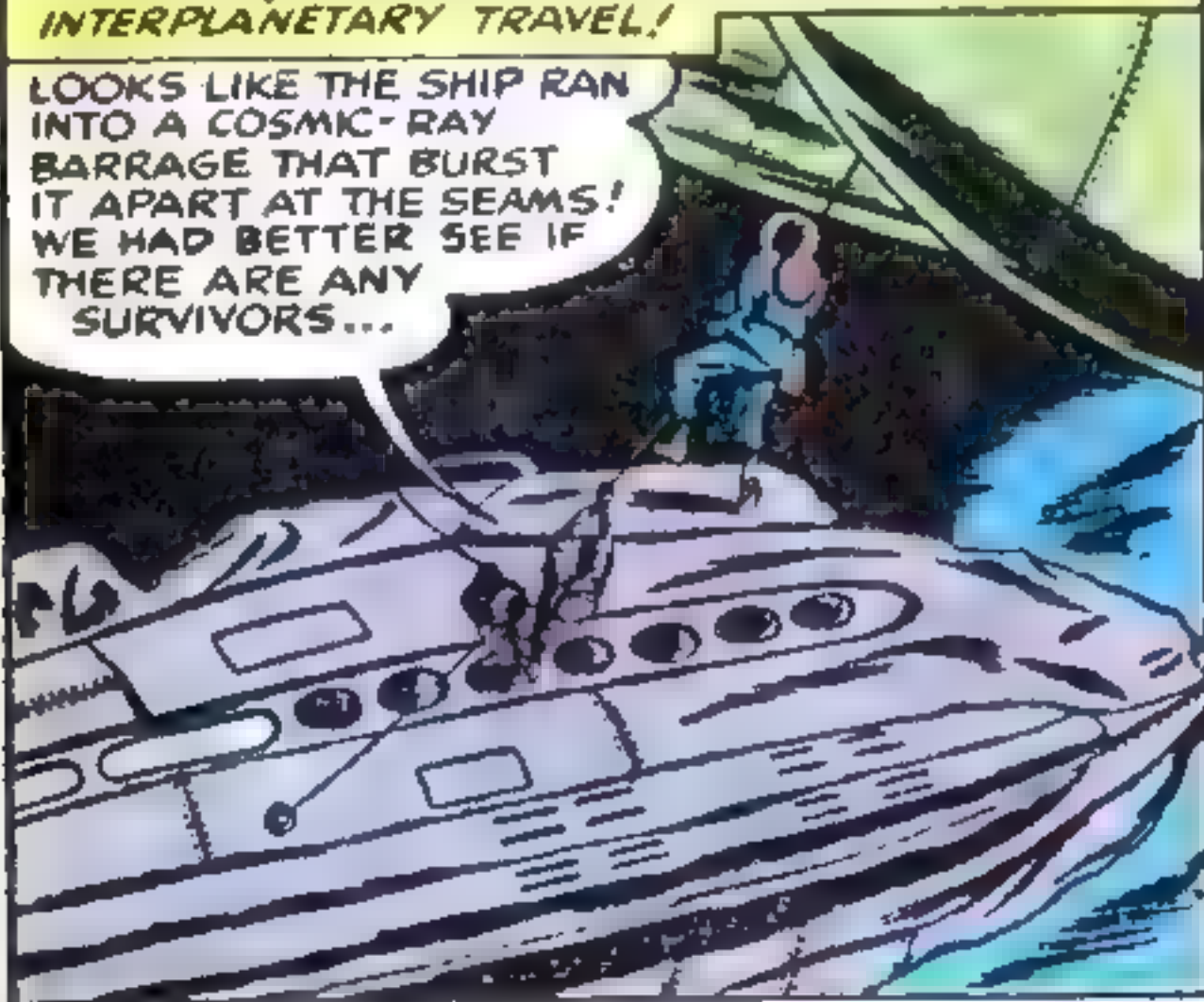
I'M GOING TO KEEP PICKING UP CALLS AND-- AH! ANOTHER ONE! FULL SPEED SIX POINT ZERO APEX!

CALLING PLANETEER SHIPS! OLD DERELICT HULK REPORTED DRIFTING INTO EARTH-MARS LANE! EXAMINE AND TOW AWAY!

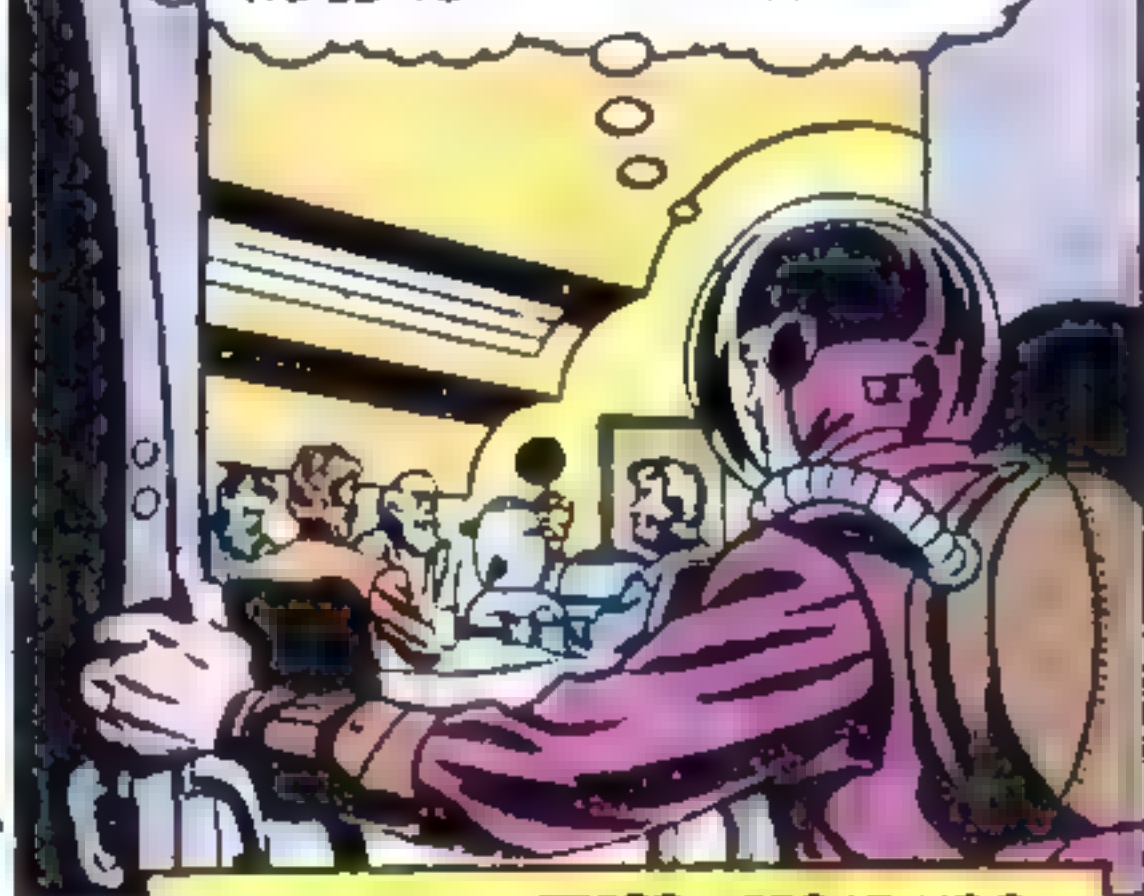


TOMMY TOMORROW REACHES A TRAGIC WRECK OF SPACE, REMINDER OF THE HAZARDS OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL!

LOOKS LIKE THE SHIP RAN INTO A COSMIC-RAY BARRAGE THAT BURST IT APART AT THE SEAMS! WE HAD BETTER SEE IF THERE ARE ANY SURVIVORS...



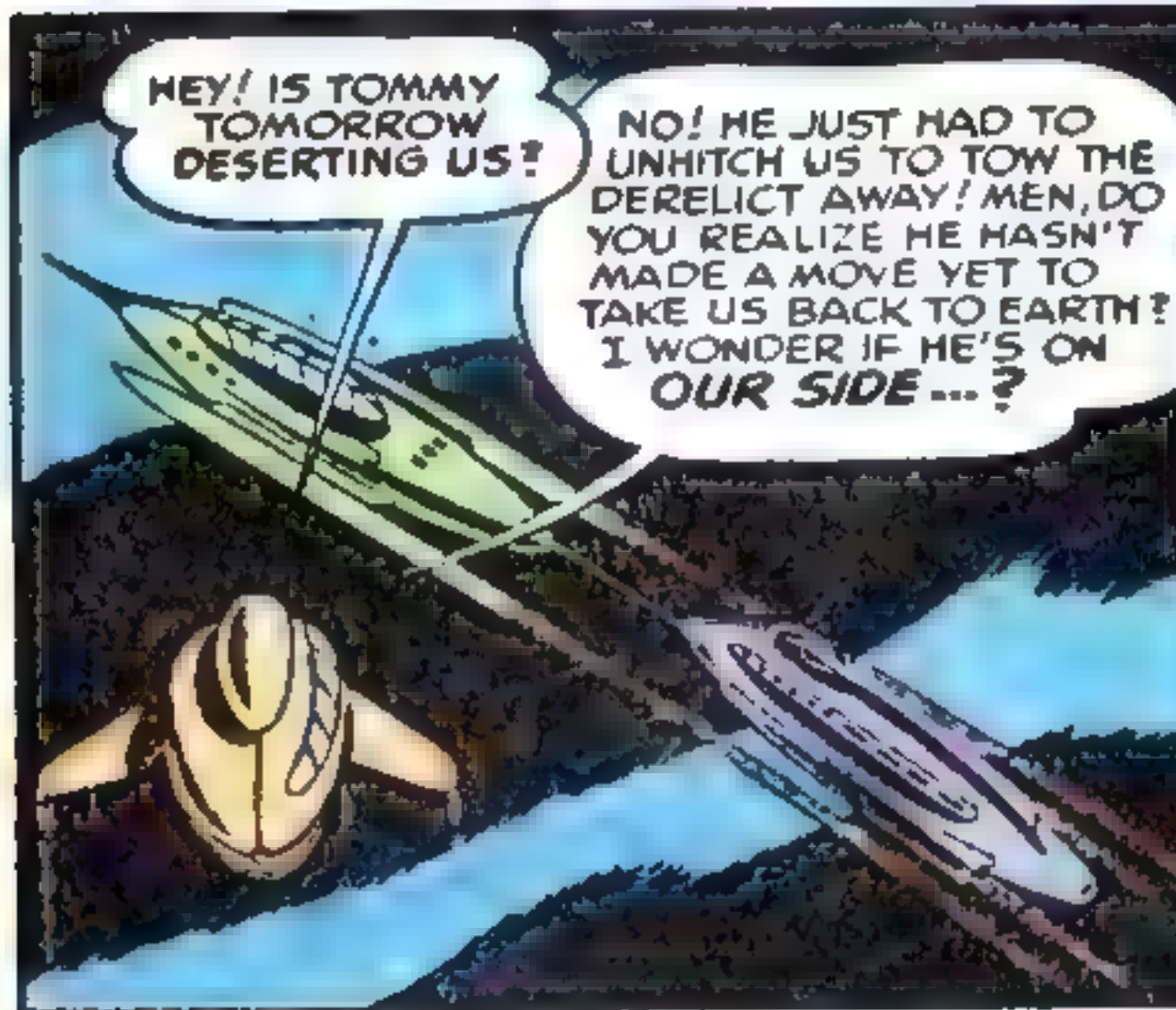
NO SURVIVORS! DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS! AND THE FRIGID COLD OF SPACE PRESERVED ALL THE VICTIMS! I'LL TAKE THE CAPTAIN'S LOG, AND THEN WE'LL TOW THE HULK AWAY!



CAN THE PLANETEER KEEP IT UP? CAN HE CLEVERLY OUTWIT HEAD-QUARTERS ITSELF AND BRING THE JOB-SEEKING MEN TO THEIR DESTINATION?

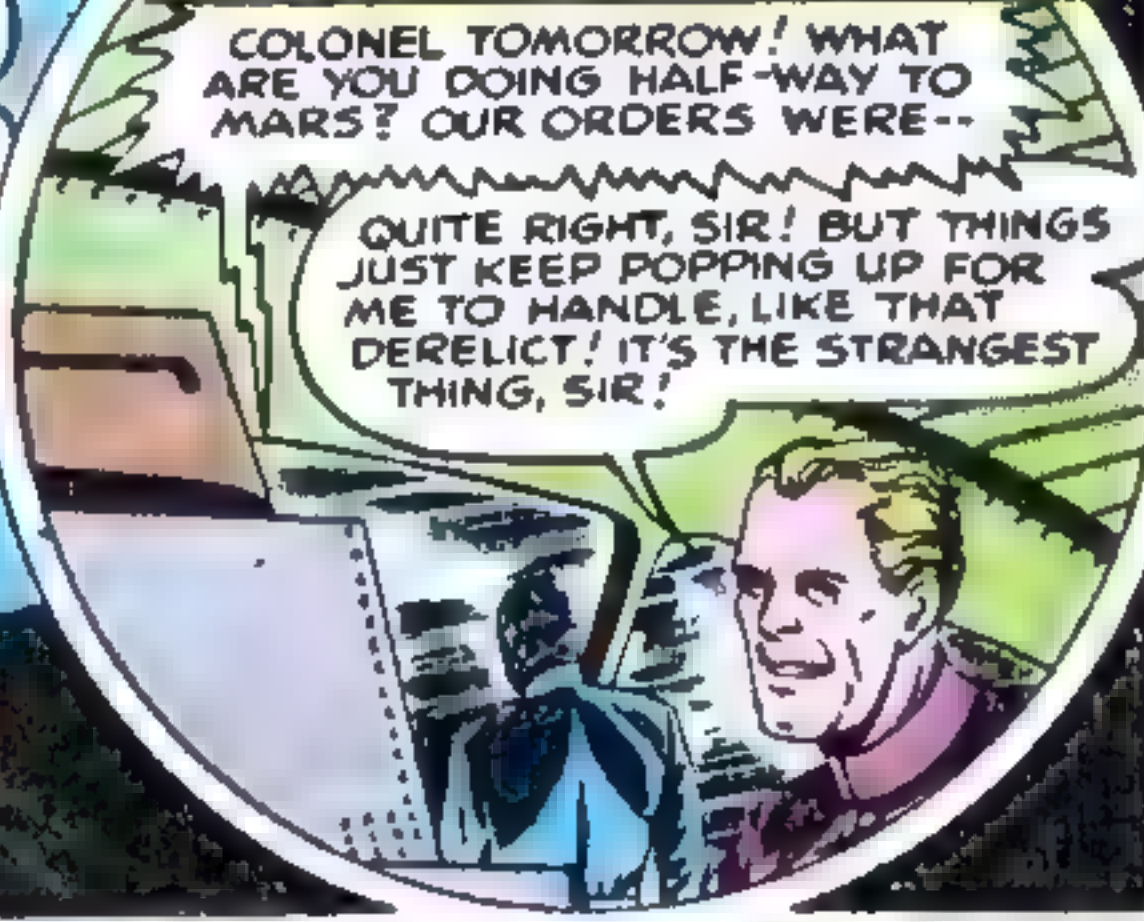
HEY! IS TOMMY TOMORROW DESERTING US?

NO! HE JUST HAD TO UNHITCH US TO TOW THE DERELICT AWAY! MEN, DO YOU REALIZE HE HASN'T MADE A MOVE YET TO TAKE US BACK TO EARTH? I WONDER IF HE'S ON OUR SIDE...?



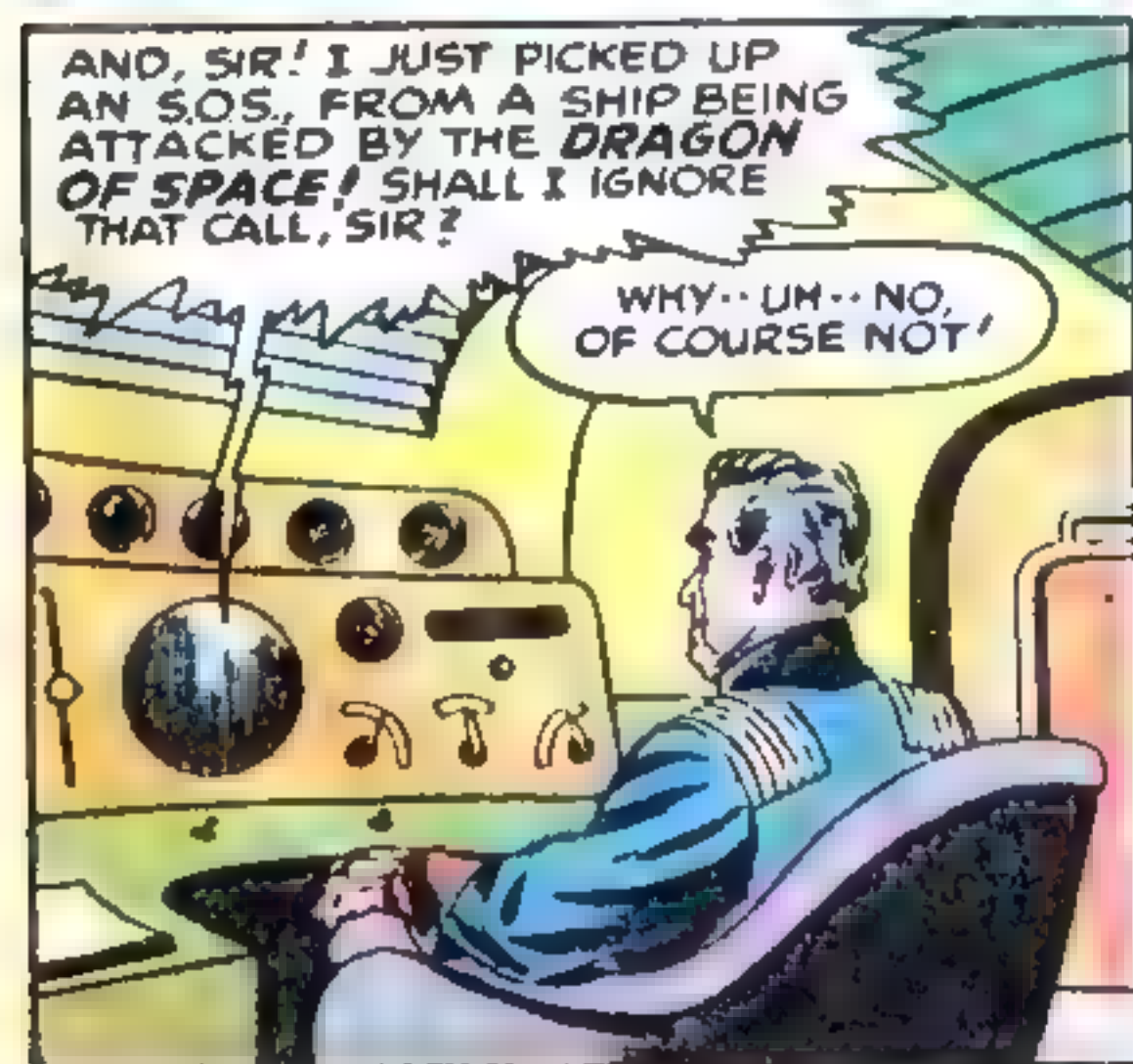
COLONEL TOMORROW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HALF-WAY TO MARS? OUR ORDERS WERE--

QUITE RIGHT, SIR! BUT THINGS JUST KEEP POPPING UP FOR ME TO HANDLE, LIKE THAT DERELICT! IT'S THE STRANGEST THING, SIR!

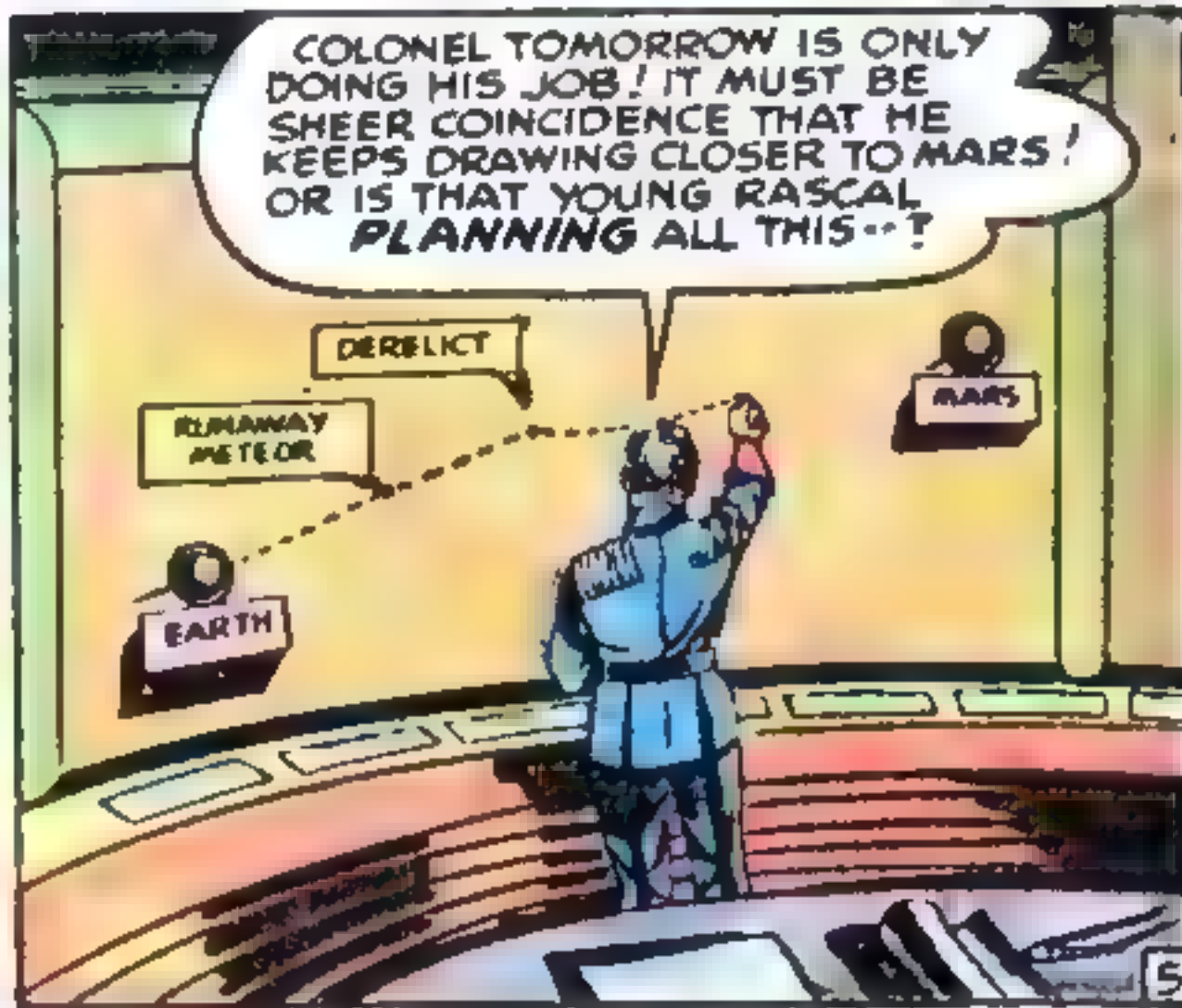


AND, SIR! I JUST PICKED UP AN S.O.S. FROM A SHIP BEING ATTACKED BY THE DRAGON OF SPACE! SHALL I IGNORE THAT CALL, SIR?

WHY...UH...NO, OF COURSE NOT!

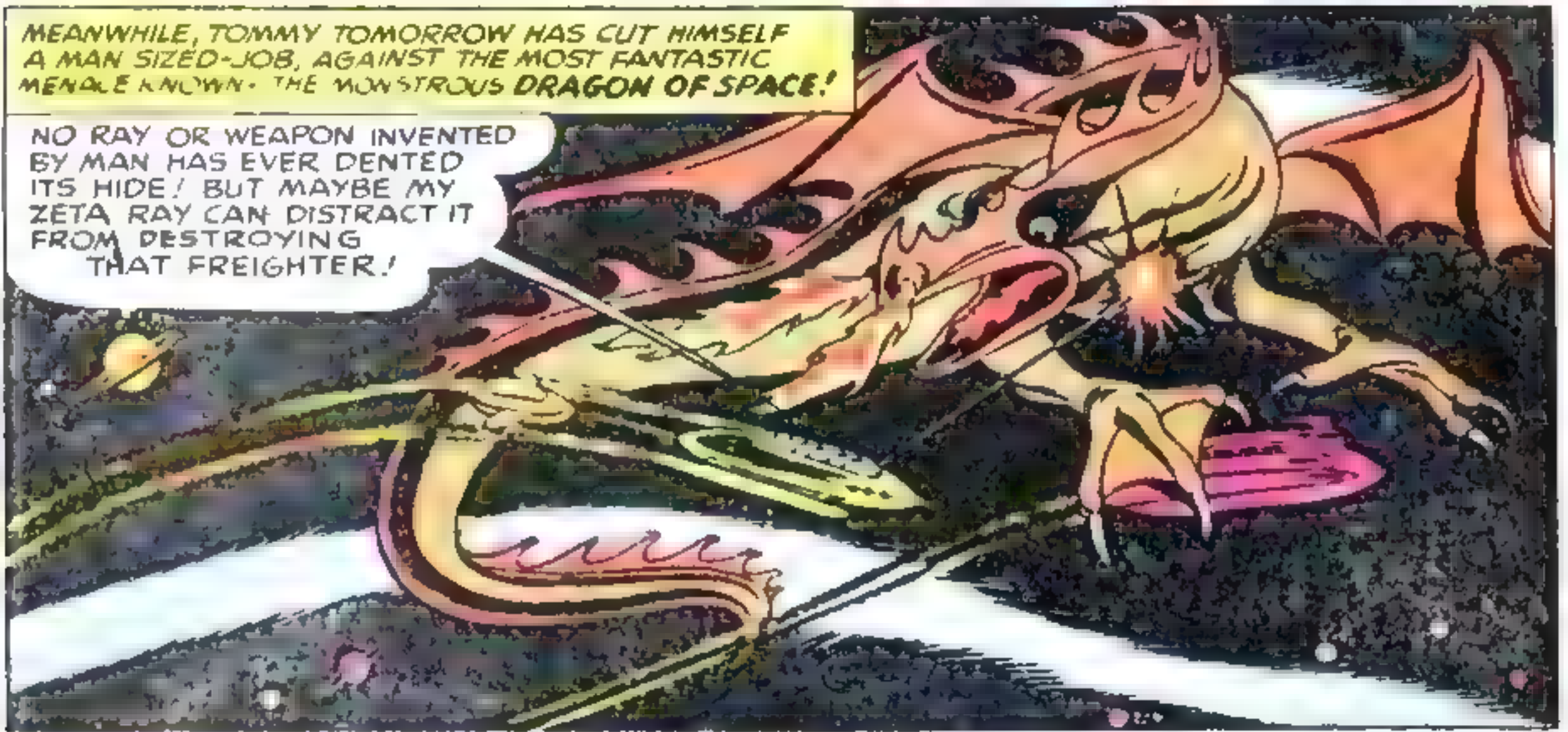


COLONEL TOMORROW IS ONLY DOING HIS JOB! IT MUST BE SHEER COINCIDENCE THAT HE KEEPS DRAWING CLOSER TO MARS! OR IS THAT YOUNG RASCAL PLANNING ALL THIS...?

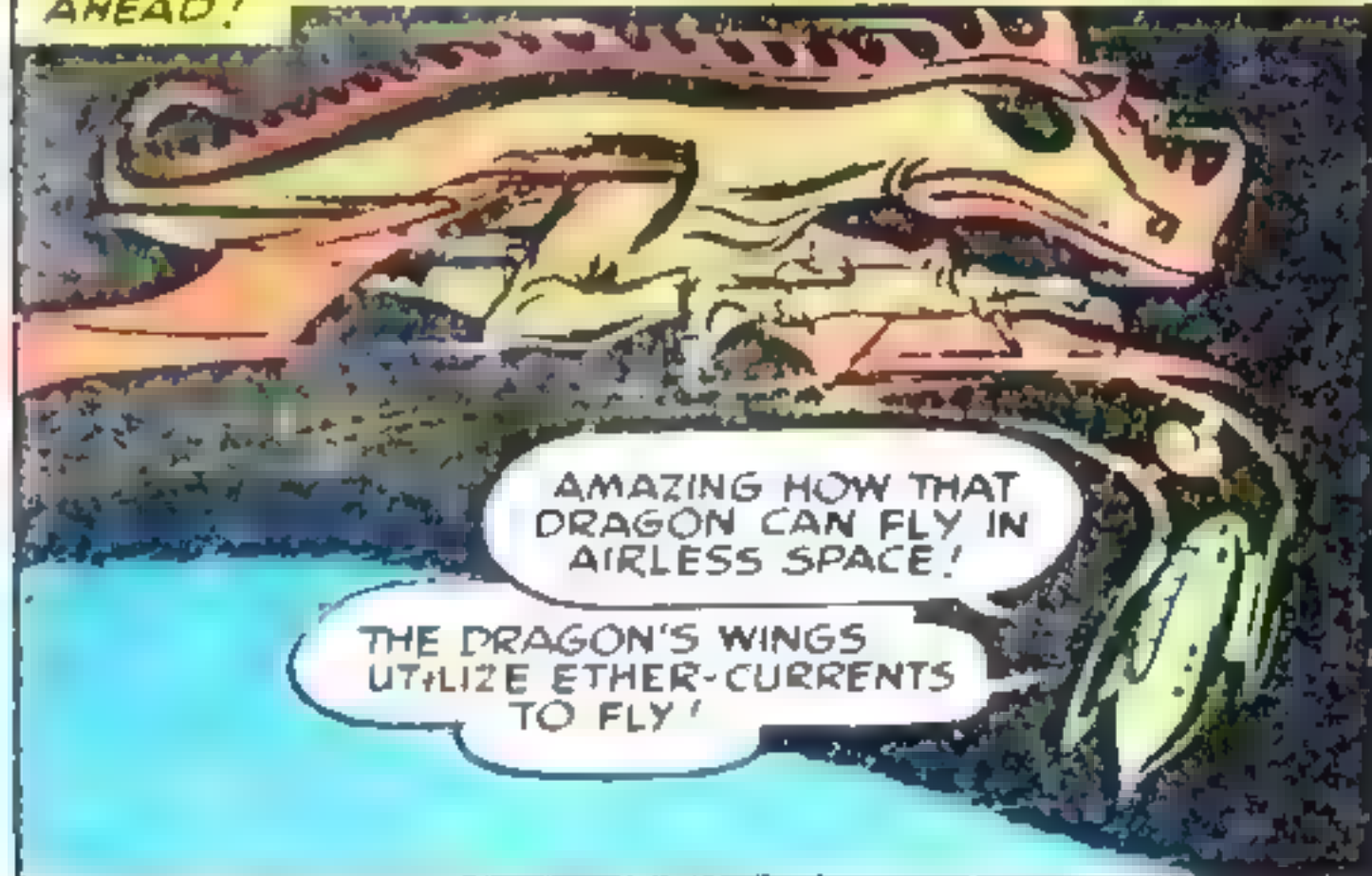


MEANWHILE, TOMMY TOMORROW HAS CUT HIMSELF A MAN SIZED-JOB, AGAINST THE MOST FANTASTIC MENACE KNOWN- THE MONSTROUS **DRAGON OF SPACE!**

NO RAY OR WEAPON INVENTED BY MAN HAS EVER DENTED ITS HIDE! BUT MAYBE MY ZETA RAY CAN DISTRACT IT FROM DESTROYING THAT FREIGHTER!



AS THE WINGED CREATURE OF SPACE CHARGES ON THE PLANETEER SHIP, TOMMY ACCELERATES IT FULL SPEED AHEAD!



AMAZING HOW THAT DRAGON CAN FLY IN AIRLESS SPACE!

THE DRAGON'S WINGS UTILIZE ETHER-CURRENTS TO FLY!

BUT, COLONEL, I HEARD THAT THE DRAGON OF SPACE CAN OUT-SPEED ANY MAN-MADE CRAFT! IT'LL OVERTAKE US!

NOT IF MY PLAN WORKS! THERE'S A WANDERING PLANETOID JUST AHEAD...

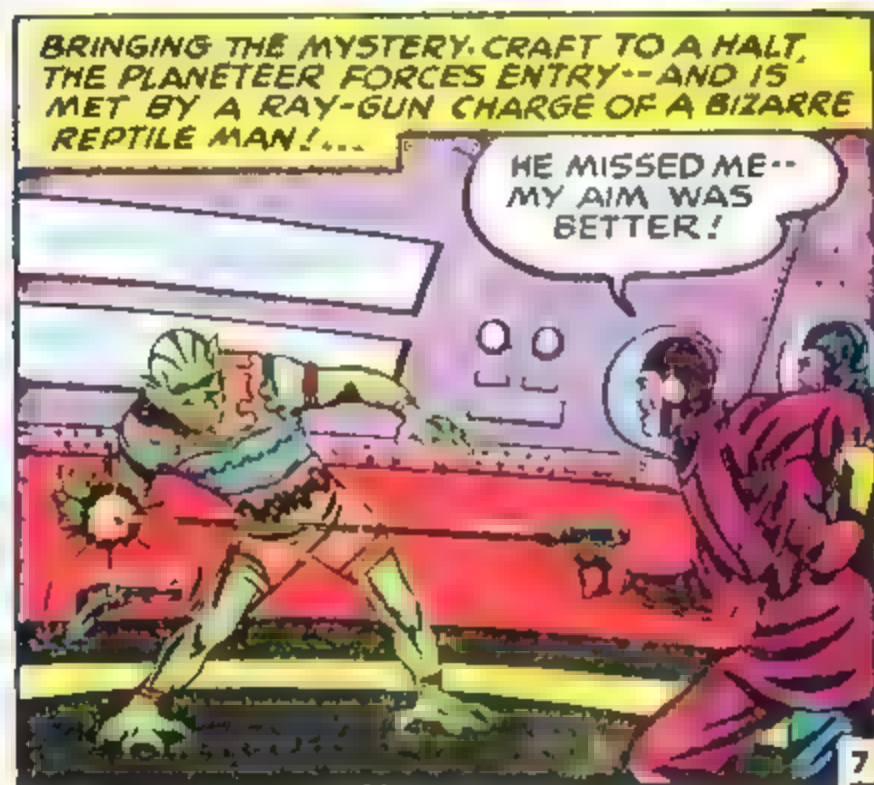
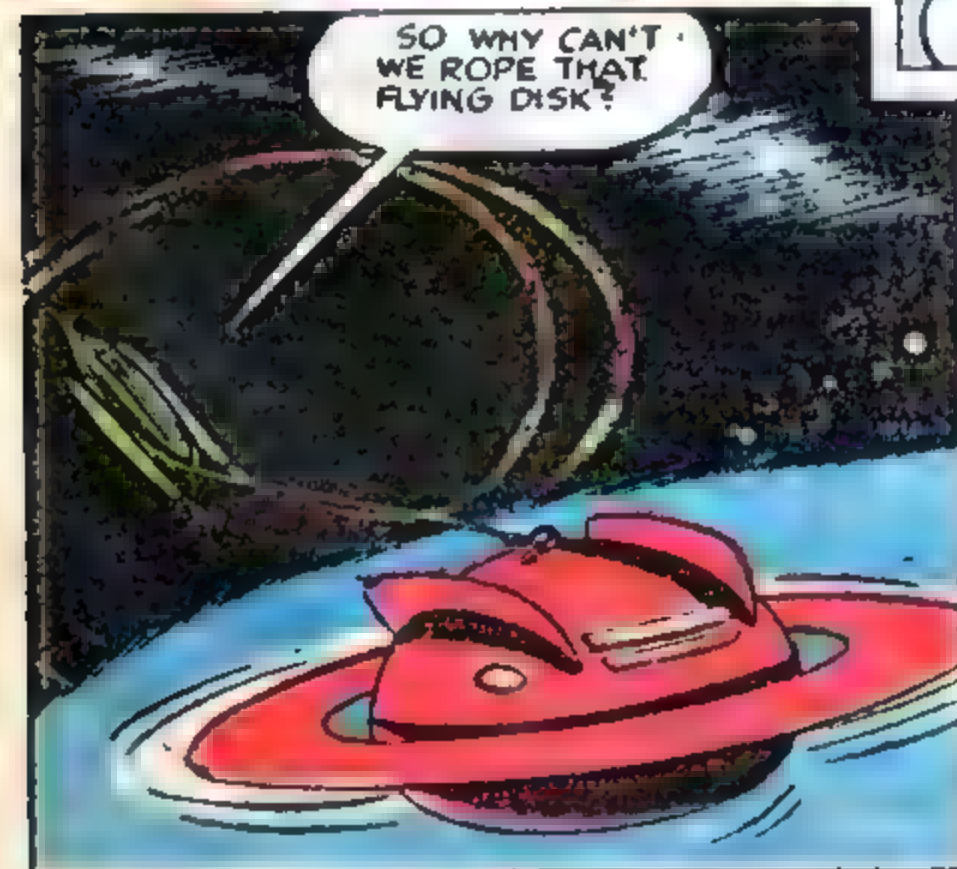
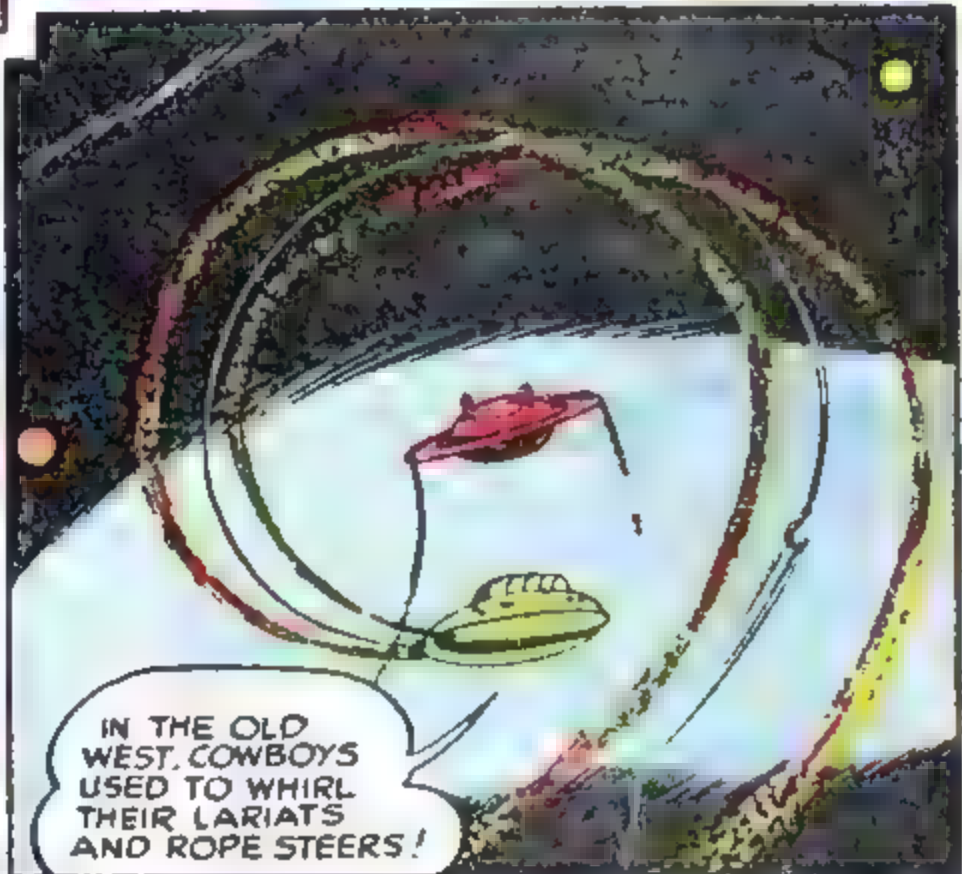
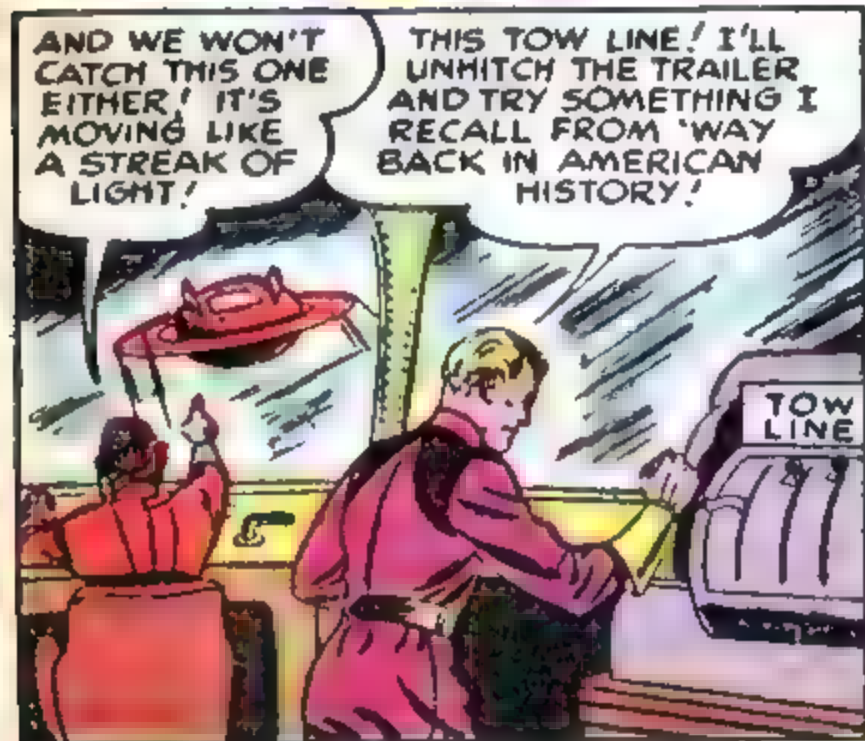
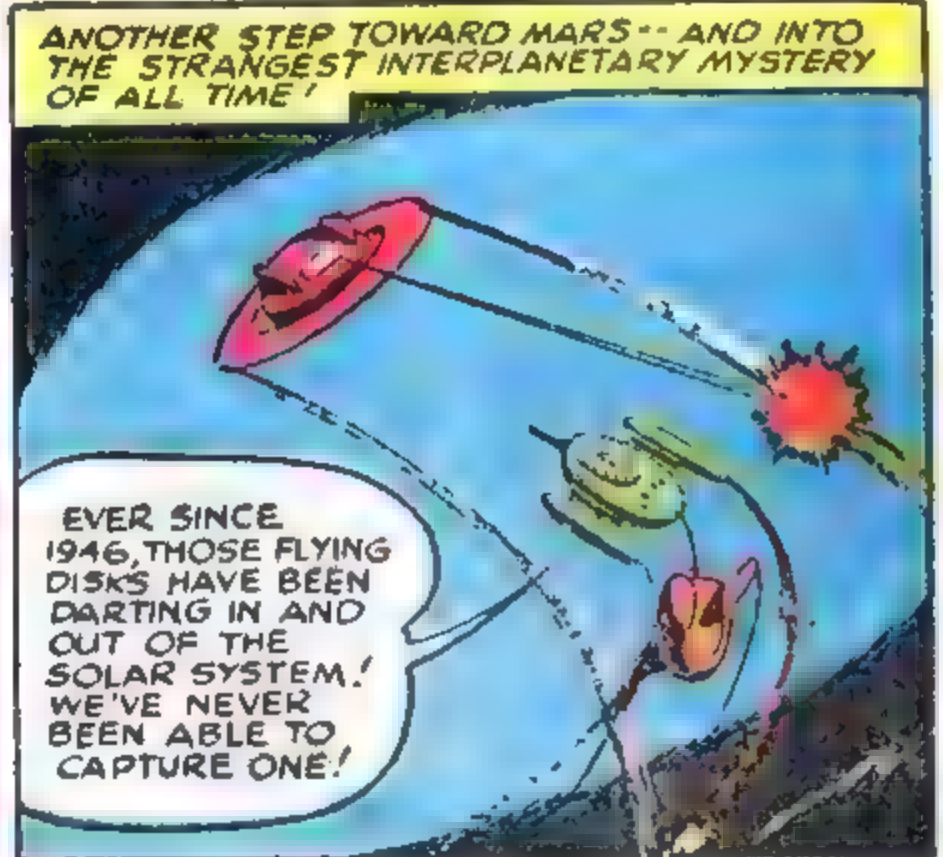
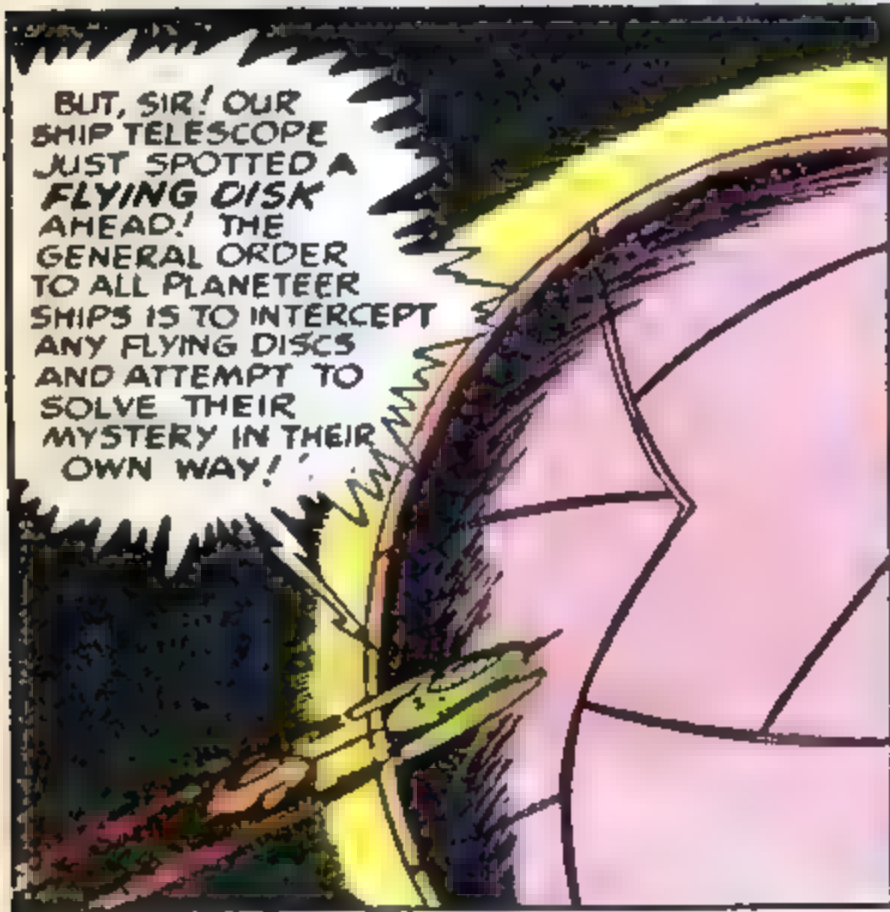


TOMMY TOMORROW REPORTING! THE DRAGON OF SPACE IS DESTROYED!

VERY GOOD! YOU'LL BE IN LINE FOR A MEDAL! NOW HOW ABOUT GETTING THOSE RESCUED MEN BACK TO EARTH?

WE SUDDENLY VEER ASIDE-- BUT THE DRAGON HITS IT HEAD ON!







DISARMING HIS ATTACKER, TOMMY QUERIES HIM VIA TELEPATHY...

SO YOU'RE AN OBSERVER FROM THE STAR ANTARES, GATHERING DATA ON HOW TO CONQUER THE SOLAR SYSTEM! **STOP!**...

I HAVE FAILED! THIS POISON--
AHHHHHHH...



RETURNING TO HIS SHIP, TOMMY TOMORROW PLOTS THE NEXT MOVE IN HIS "MISSION TO MARS"-- WHEN SUDDENLY...

ATTENTION, COLONEL TOMORROW! YOU WILL RETURN TO EARTH IMMEDIATELY OR **FACE ARREST!**

SO NEAR--AND YET SO FAR! THIS IS ONE COMMAND I CAN'T IGNORE!



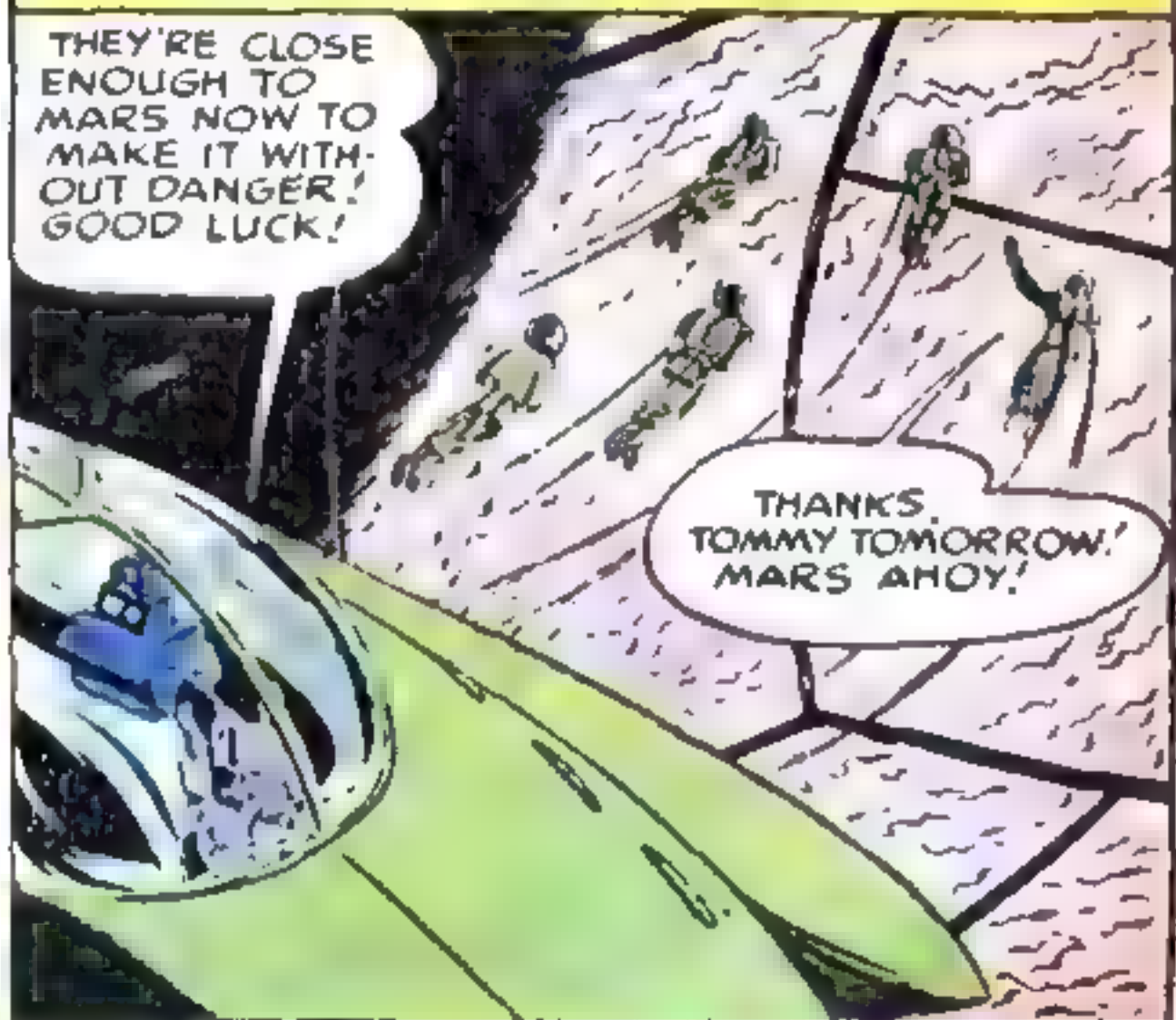
WAIT! GET TO WORK, MEN! REFUEL AND FIX THOSE FLYING SPACE SUITS! IT'S THE ONLY HOPE! HURRY!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE ORIGINAL VOYAGERS TO MARS ROCKET AWAY FROM THE SHIP...

THEY'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO MARS NOW TO MAKE IT WITHOUT DANGER! GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, TOMMY TOMORROW! MARS AHOY!



LATER, ON EARTH, AFTER TOMMY HAS AT LAST CHECKED IN AND REPORTED TO HEADQUARTERS...

WHAT DID THE OLD MAN DO TO YOU, TOMMY?

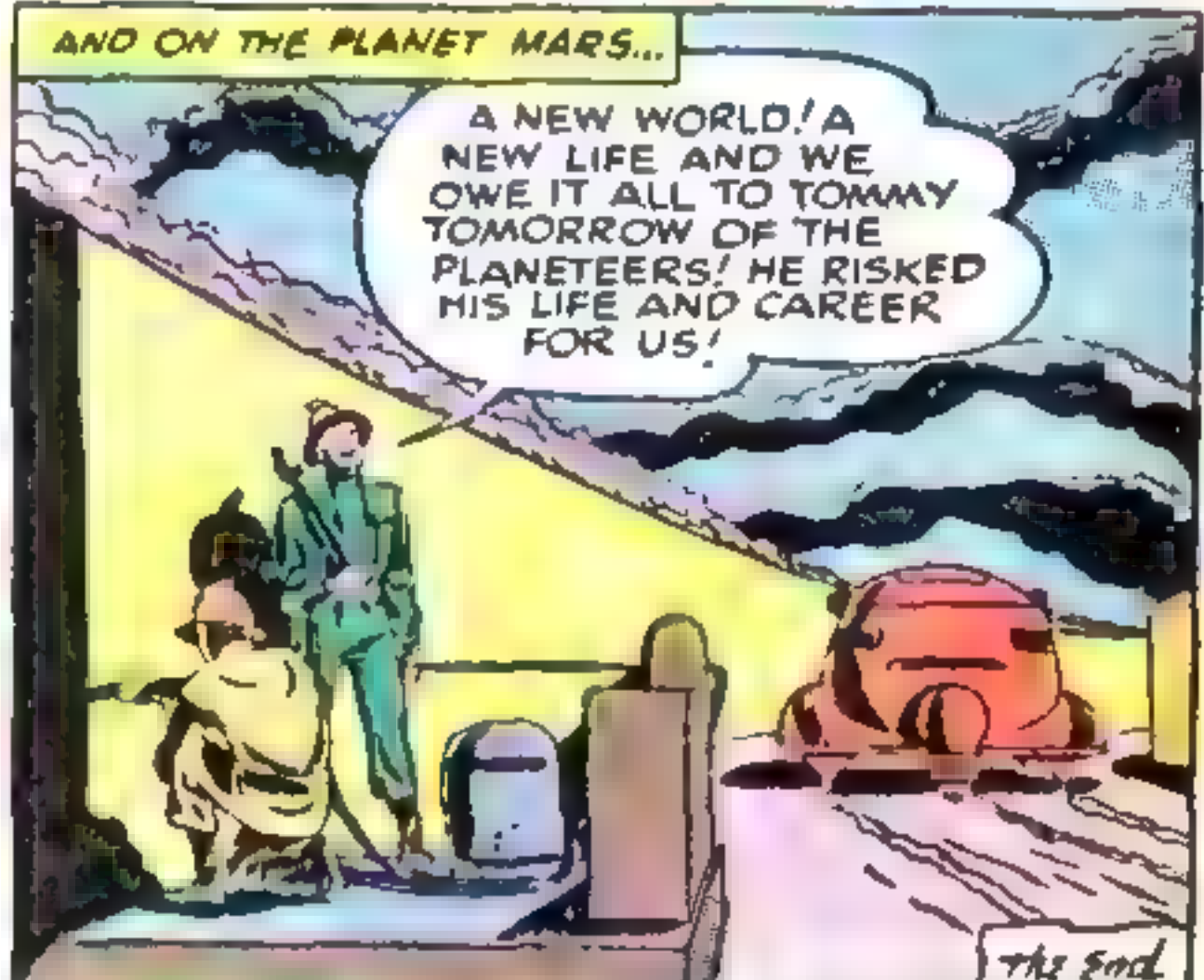
HE JUST GAVE ME A BLISTERING DRESSING DOWN-- AND THIS MEDAL! IT WAS WORTH IT, FOR THE SAKE OF THOSE MEN ON MARS!

CHIEF OF STAFF PLANETEERS



AND ON THE PLANET MARS...

A NEW WORLD! A NEW LIFE AND WE OWE IT ALL TO TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS! HE RISKED HIS LIFE AND CAREER FOR US!



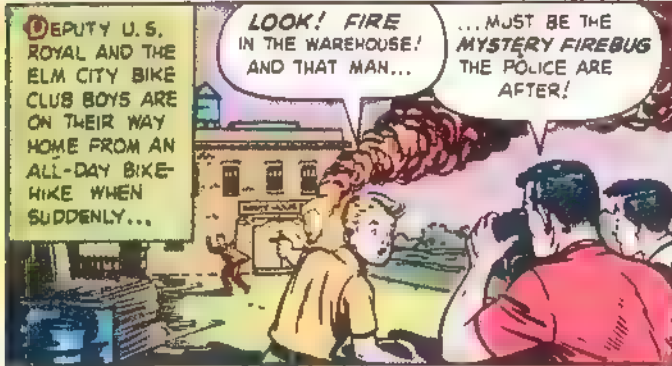
The End

U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOCUSING ON
THE FIREBUG



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM AN ALL-DAY BIKE-RIDE WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK! FIRE IN THE WAREHOUSE! AND THAT MAN...

...MUST BE THE MYSTERY FIREBUG THE POLICE ARE AFTER!



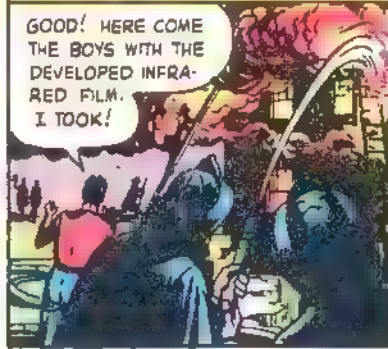
...MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED, FELLAS WHILE I JET OVER TO THE FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!

WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S. ROYAL-- LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK-- IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



...WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE DEVELOPED INFRARED FILM. I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... THE WAREHOUSE IS SAVED... BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS WILL SHOW US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THE REST OUGHT TO BE EASY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FIREBUG IS BROUGHT IN, MAKES A FULL CONFESSION WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURE OF HIMSELF IN ACTION!

...IN APPRECIATION FOR A LITTLE FAST LENSWORK... PLUS A LOT OF FAST FOOTWORK!

PLUS OUR U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT **BIKE COMICS**! GET YOUR COPY TODAY--AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE DEALER'S. IT'S **WORTH IT!**



U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Serving Through Science

**BANDITS BOMBED
BY BOTTLES!**

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
Adventures of

SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS)
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

O-O-O-O-OH,
IT'S A
HELICOPTER
HIDE

HE'S A
LIGHT MATCH—
THE
CREATING
SLEUTMAN



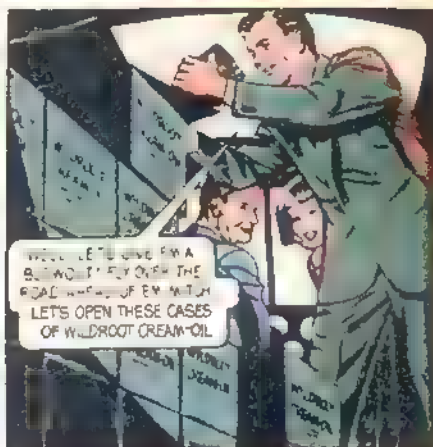
WHERE'S THE
WILDRIFT
CREAM-OIL? HEY
LISTEN!

THE BANDITS ARE
REPORTED RACING
FOR MOTORCYCLES
PURSUING THE BANDIT
CAR

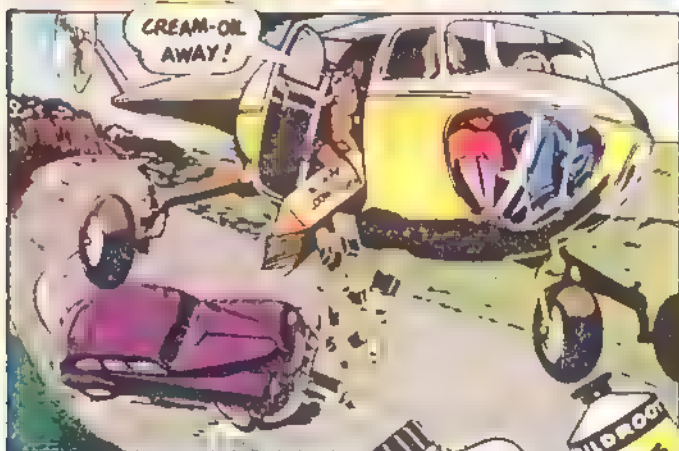


AND THERE'S A CAR
WITH MOTORCYCLE
AND A MILE
BEHIND

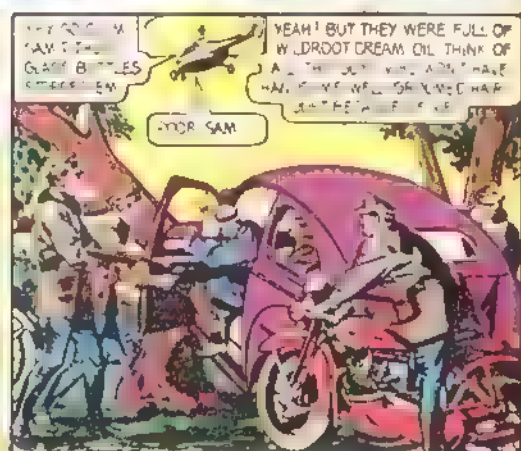
NOW IF THEY JUST
HAD A BLOWOUT!
THAT WOULD
STOP 'EM



WE'LL LET 'EM RUN A
BLOWOUT! RUN OVER THE
ROAD! WE'LL OPEN THEM
LET'S OPEN THESE CASES
OF WILDRIFT CREAM-OIL



CREAM-OIL
AWAY!



YEAH! BUT THEY WERE FULL OF
WILDRIFT CREAM OIL. THINK OF
GLASS BOTTLES. A LOT OF 'EM. AND HAVE
HOLD 'EM. WE'LL GET 'EM. WE'LL
GET 'EM.

FOR SAM

SAM SPADE ASKS:

**CAN YOUR SCALF PASS THE
FINGERNAIL TEST?**

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD
IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF
AND LOOSE, UGLY DAND
YOU NEED WILDRIFT CREAM-OIL



EFFIE SAYS:

WILDRIFT CREAM OIL IS
REAL. FOR A WILDRIFT
CREAM OIL. WILDRIFT
BE. WILDRIFT CREAM OIL
WILDRIFT CREAM OIL

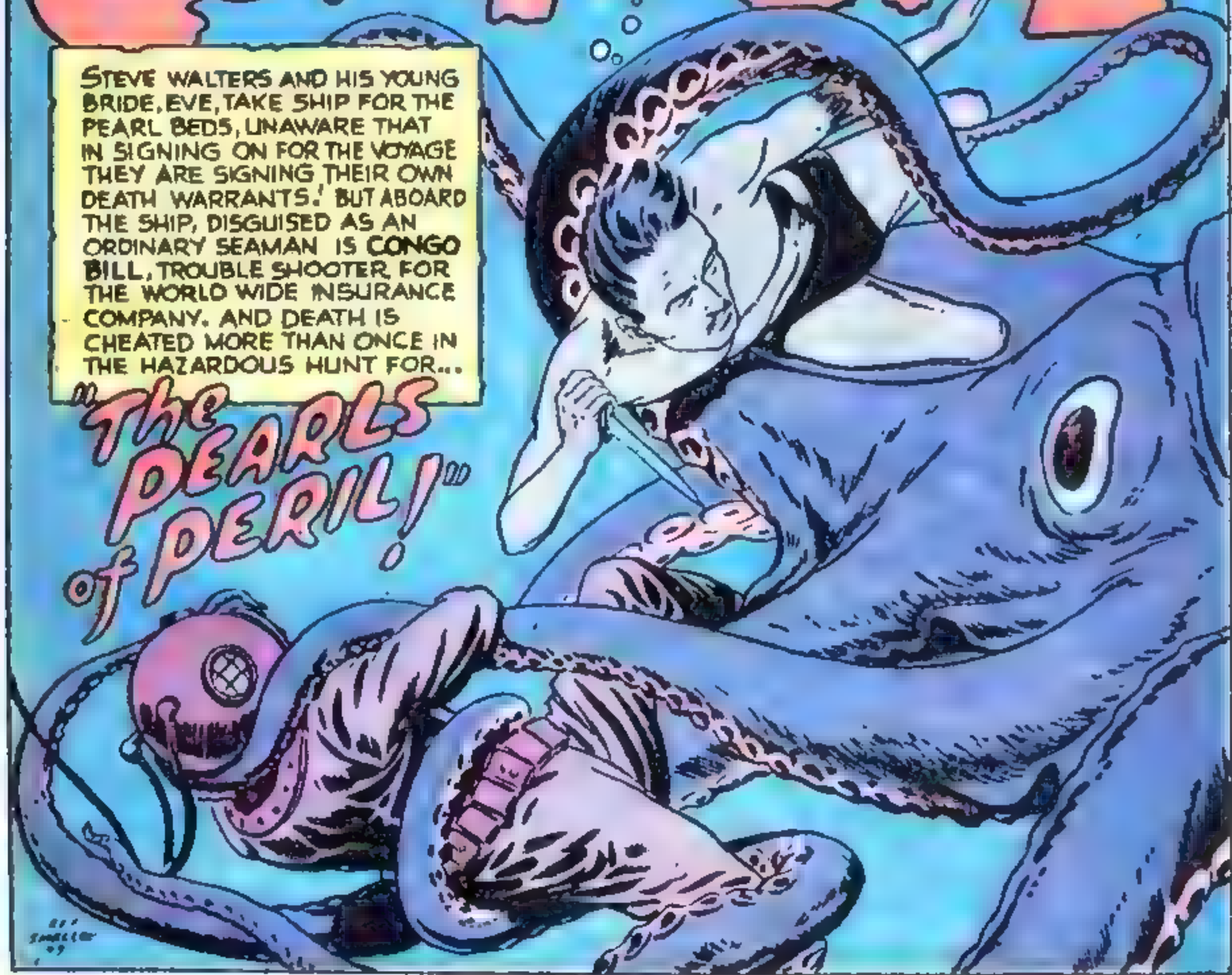




CONGO BILL

STEVE WALTERS AND HIS YOUNG BRIDE, EVE, TAKE SHIP FOR THE PEARL BEDS, UNAWARE THAT IN SIGNING ON FOR THE VOYAGE THEY ARE SIGNING THEIR OWN DEATH WARRANTS! BUT ABOARD THE SHIP, DISGUISED AS AN ORDINARY SEAMAN IS CONGO BILL, TROUBLE SHOOTER FOR THE WORLD WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY. AND DEATH IS CHEATED MORE THAN ONCE IN THE HAZARDOUS HUNT FOR...

"THE PEARLS OF PERIL!"



ALONG THE MELBOURNE WATERFRONT, BLACK DAN SMITH COMPLAINS BITTERLY...

LOOK AT 'ER! MY SHIP—IF SHE WAS INSURED, I'D TAKE HER OUT TO SEA AND SCUTTLE HER—THE ROTTEN HULK! BUT I HAVEN'T EVEN GOT THE PRICE OF AN INSURANCE POLICY!

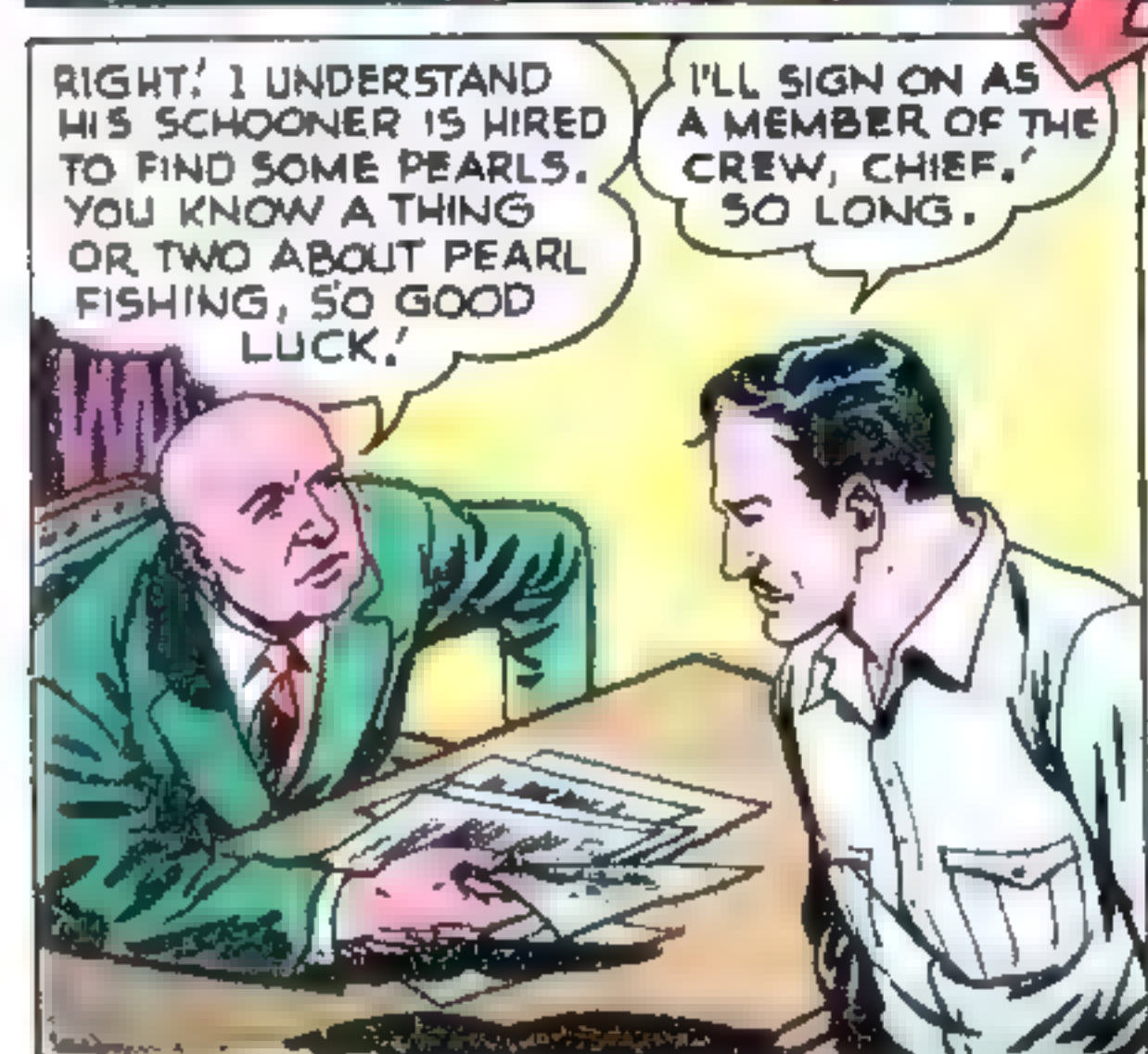
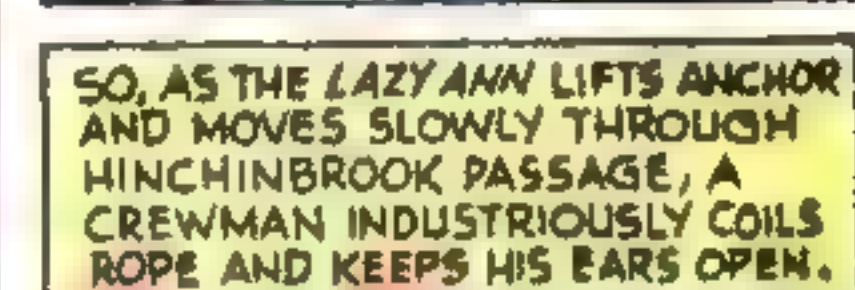
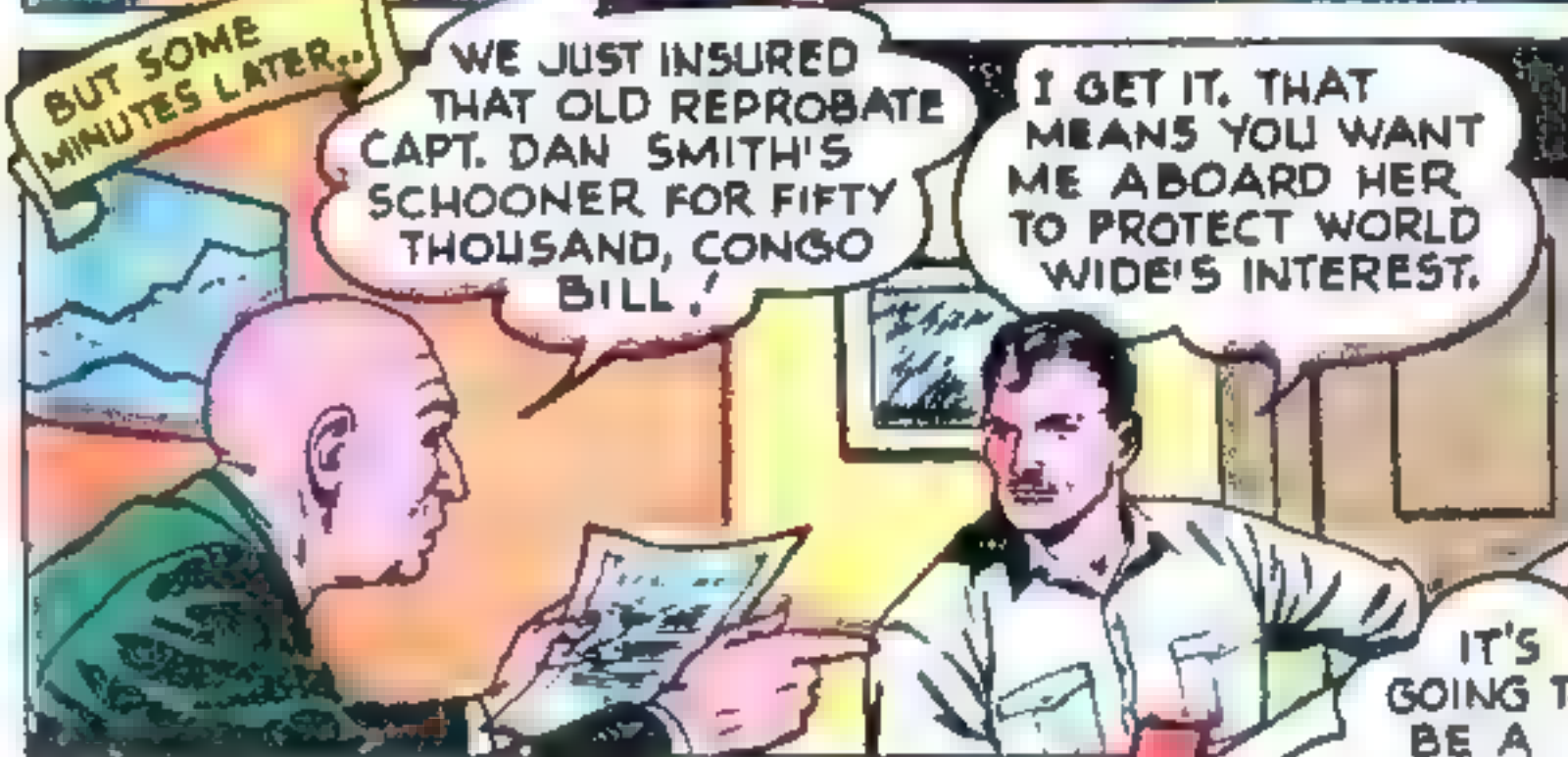
THE LAZY ANN HAS SURE SEEN HER BEST DAYS, CAP'N.



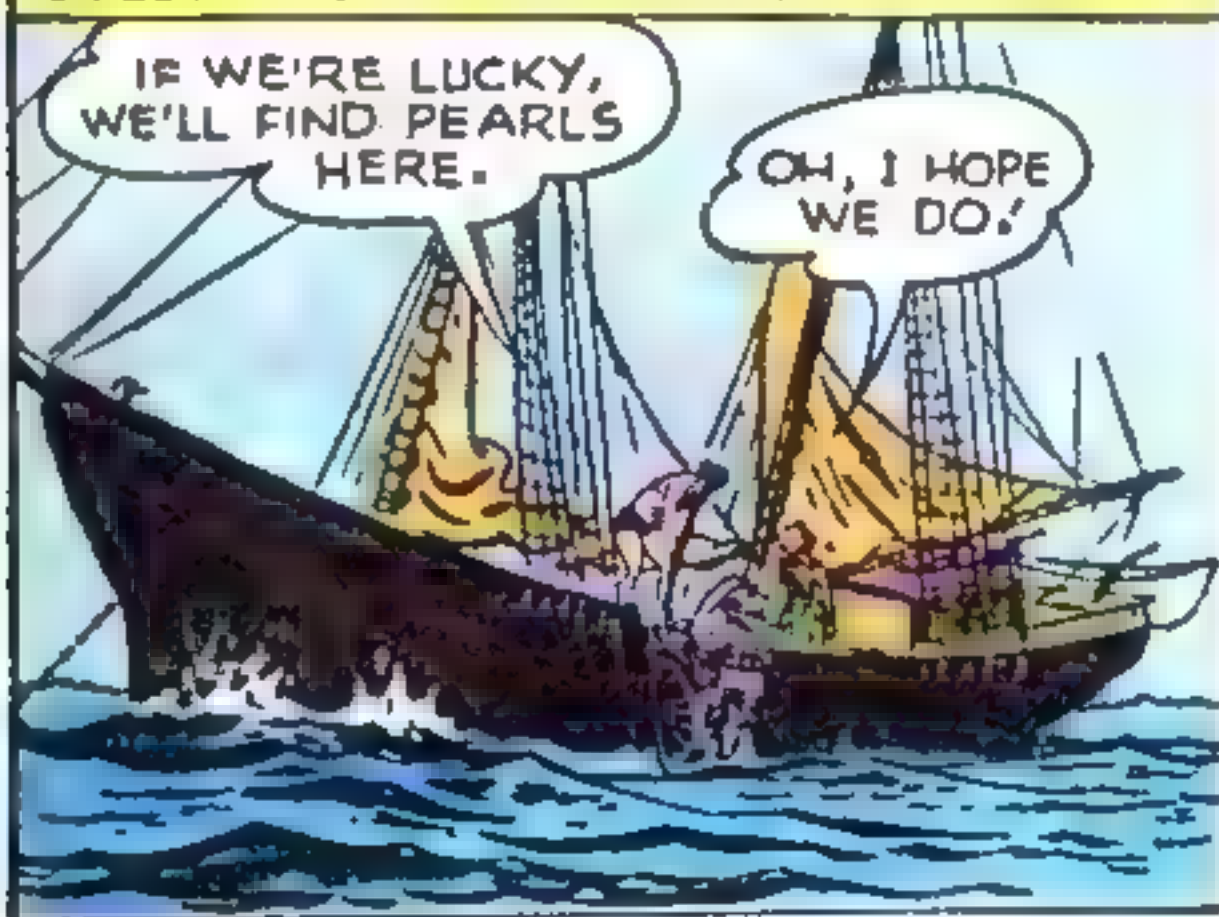
CAPTAIN SMITH? I'M STEVE WALTERS. THEY TOLD ME AT THE MERMAID TAVERN YOU OWNED A SCHOONER. I'D LIKE TO HIRE IT TO GO OUT FOR PEARLS. WE'RE ON OUR HONEYMOON.

DID YOU SAY—HIRE? MY SHIP? WHY, THAT'S FINE, LAD! FINE!

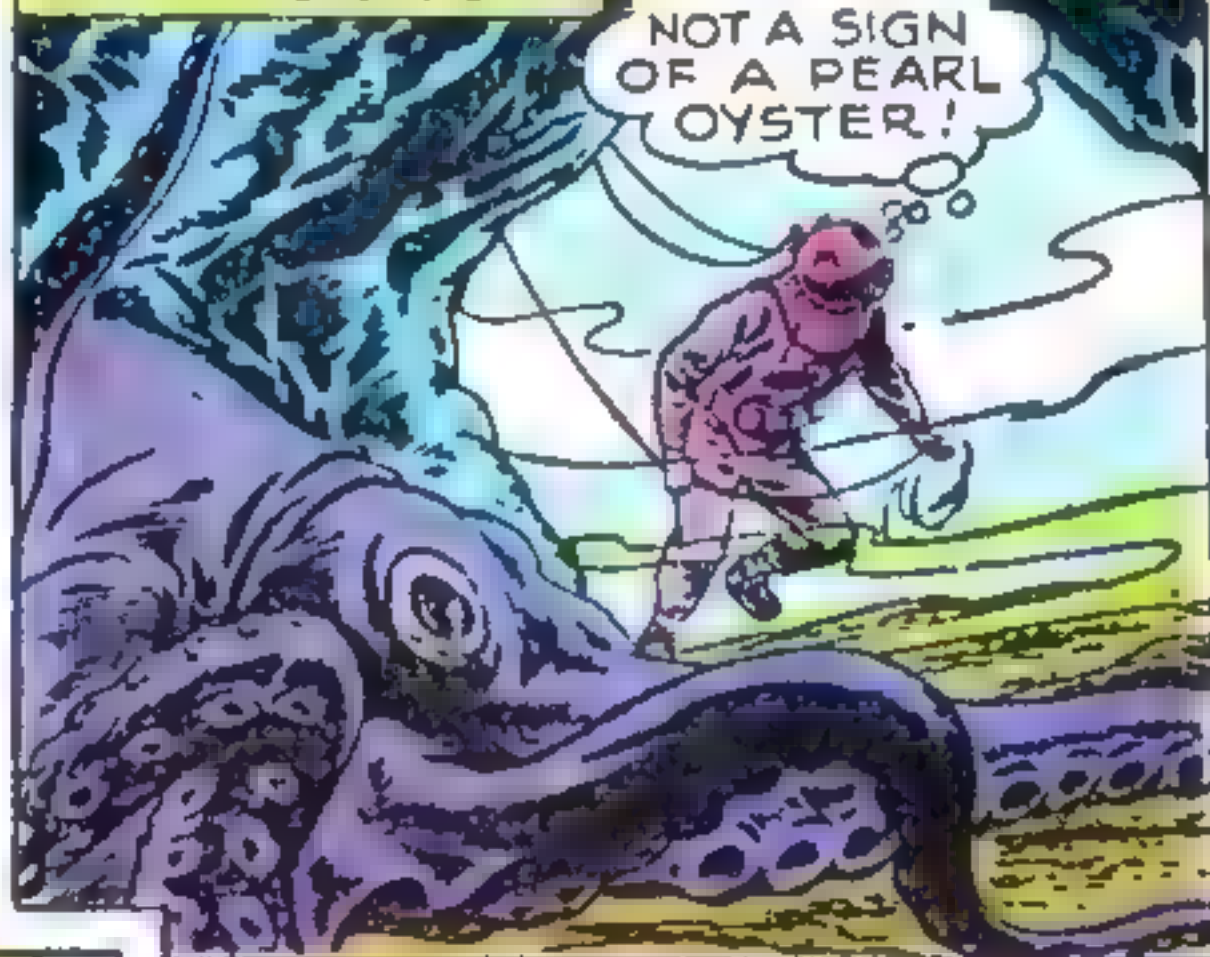




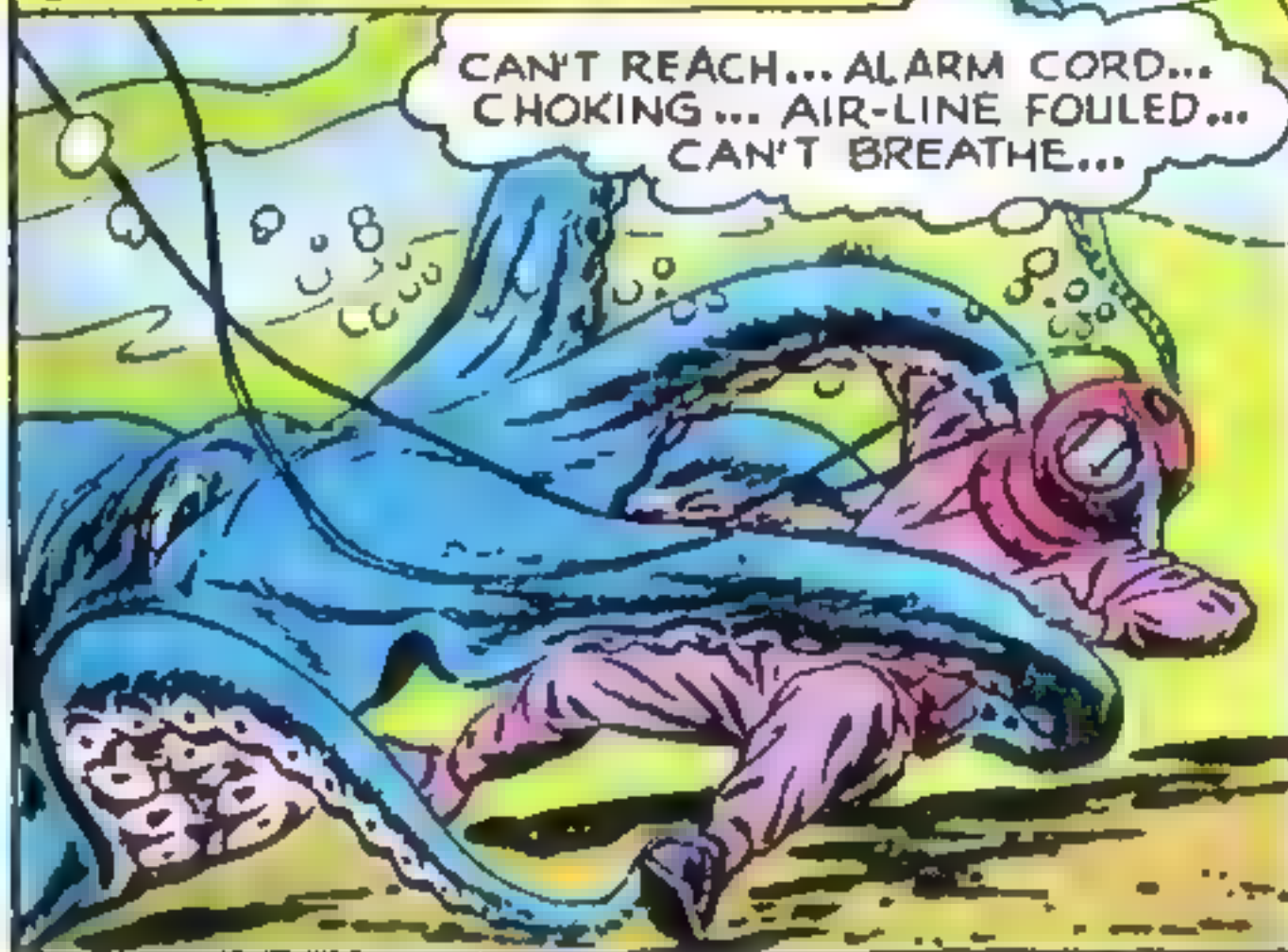
SOME DAYS LATER, OVER LIKELY LOOKING PEARLING GROUNDS, STEVE WALTERS GOES BELOW IN A DIVING OUTFIT...



DOWN THROUGH CRYSTAL BLUE DEPTHS GOES STEVE. THEN HIS PRESENCE DISTURBS A GIANT OCTOPLUS...



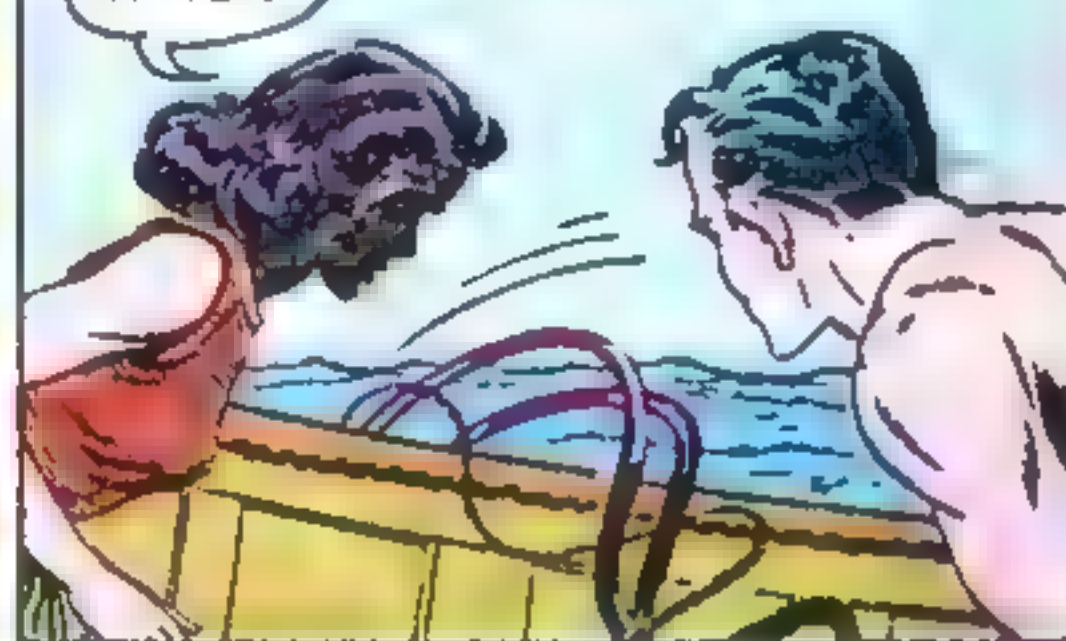
TENTACLES WHIPPING HIM FORWARD AT TERRIFIC SPEED, THE OCTOPUS ATTACKS.



ON DECK...

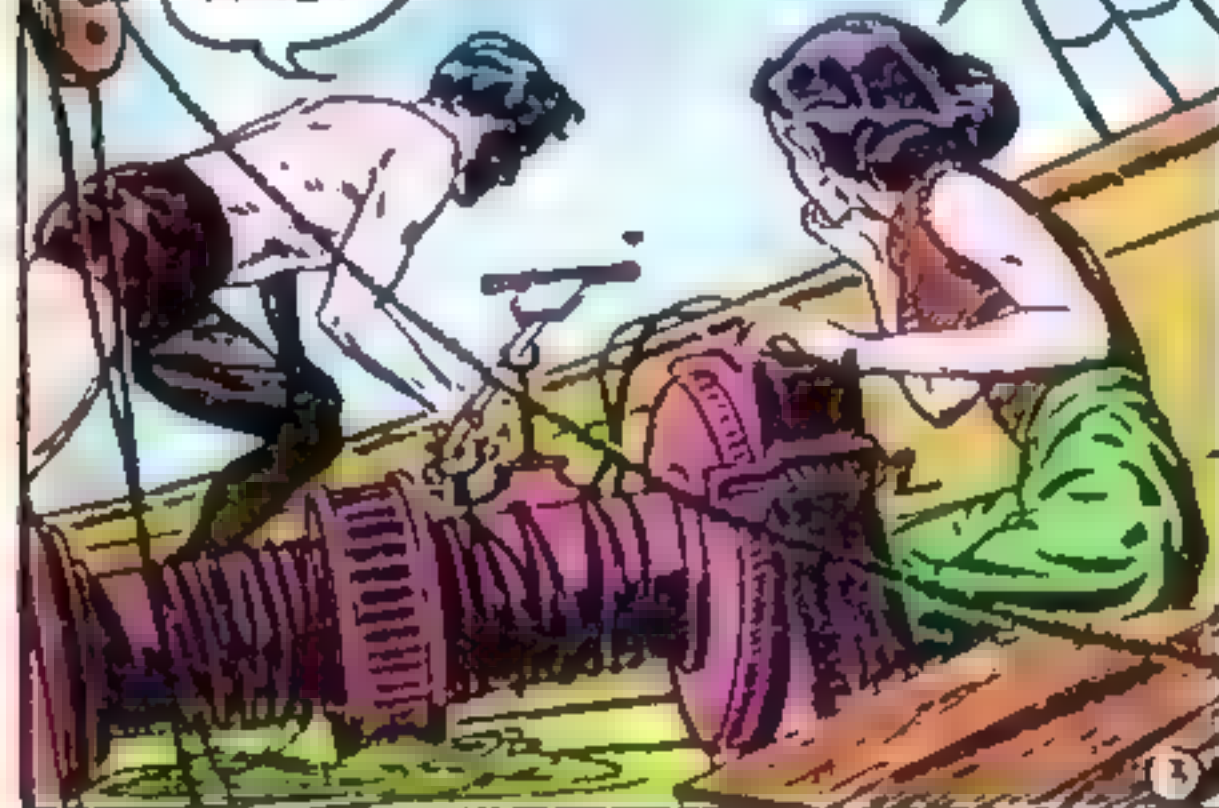
LOOK AT THE CABLES! STEVE MUST HAVE FOUND SOMETHING EXCITING TO MOVE *THAT* FAST UNDER-WATER.

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF. A MAN IN LEAD-WEIGHTED DIVING SHOES CAN'T GO *THAT* FAST UNDERWATER.



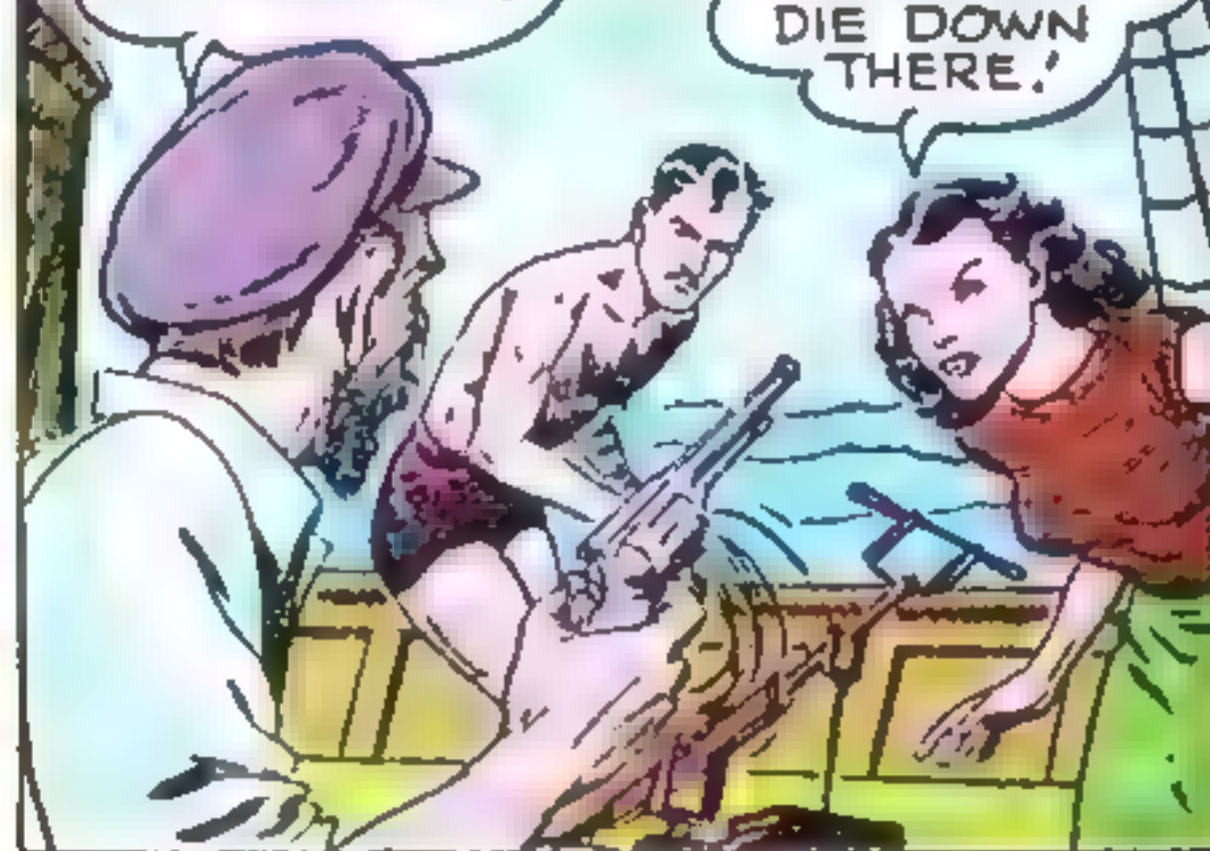
SOMETHING HAS HIM TANGLED UP DOWN BELOW. I'M GOING TO DIVE DOWN AND SEE WHAT IT IS.

SOMETHING...? YOU MEAN - A SEA MONSTER... A SHARK...?



WHO GAVE YOU ORDERS TO GO OVER THE SIDE, SAILOR? YOU'LL STAY ON DECK TILL I ORDER YE OTHERWISE!

YOU - YOU'RE JUST AS MUCH AS - AS KILLING STEVE YOURSELF, LETTING HIM DIE DOWN THERE!





IN ONE FLUID MOVEMENT, CONGO BILL SNAKES THE LOOSE CABLE AT THE GRINNING SHIP CAPTAIN.

THEY SAY THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE, CAPTAIN. LET'S FIND OUT, SHALL WE?

OWWEE!

SORRY I CAN'T STAY TO UNTANGLE YOU, CAPTAIN!

YOU - YOU WOULD HAVE STOPPED HIM...!

I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT, LADY - I WILL STOP THEM, LIKE THIS - CUTTING THE AIR HOSE!

STOP... OHNH, STOP! STEVE'LL DIE DOWN THERE... WITHOUT AIR, IN THAT HEAVY DIVING SUIT.

CONGO BILL DIVES DEEP...

THERE'S A SORT OF INKY BLACKNESS AN OCTOPUS SQUIRTS OUT WHEN ATTACKING...

HE'S SO INTENT ON HIS PREY HE WON'T SEE ME -

-UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE! I CAN'T STAY UNDER WATER TOO LONG... HAVE TO HIT HIS BRAIN... FIRST BLOW!

WRESTLING, TWISTING, LUNGS ON FIRE FOR AIR, CONGO BILL FREES STEVE FROM THE CONVULSIONS OF THE DYING UNDERSEA MONSTER...

HE'S LIMP! NOT GETTING ANY AIR. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF HIS WEIGHTS... THE AIR IN HIS SUIT WILL LIFT HIM TO THE SURFACE!



SECONDS LATER, A REVIVED STEVE WALTERS TRENDS WATER WITH CONGO BILL AS THEY STARE AFTER A DISAPPEARING SCHOONER...

THEY'VE LEFT US HERE TO DIE. THEY TOOK EVE! WHAT'LL WE DO? WHAT'LL WE DO?

FIRST THING TO DO IS NOT GET HYSTERICAL. WE'LL SWIM FOR THOSE DISTANT REEFS. DON'T WORRY—I'LL GET YOU THERE.



AND NEXT MORNING...

STEVE—OHH, STEVE! I HAD TO SWIM ALL NIGHT, CLINGING TO A BIT OF WOOD. THAT AWFUL CAPTAIN SMITH RAMMED HIS SHIP ON A REEF AND SET IT ON FIRE.

SO HE'S DONE IT. NOW HE'LL COLLECT THAT INSURANCE MONEY AFTER SOME CONFEDERATE "RESCUES" HIM!



ALONE ON THE BARREN REEFS, ONLY CONGO BILL'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE SEA KEEPS THE TRIO ALIVE. HE BUILDS FISH TRAPS, MAKES FIRES OF SUNBAKED DRIFTWOOD.

AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON...

LOOK, STEVE! SEE THAT THIN FISH! IT'S GOING TO HELP US A WHOLE LOT!

HUH? HELP US? THE ONLY THING THAT COULD DO THAT IS A BOAT!

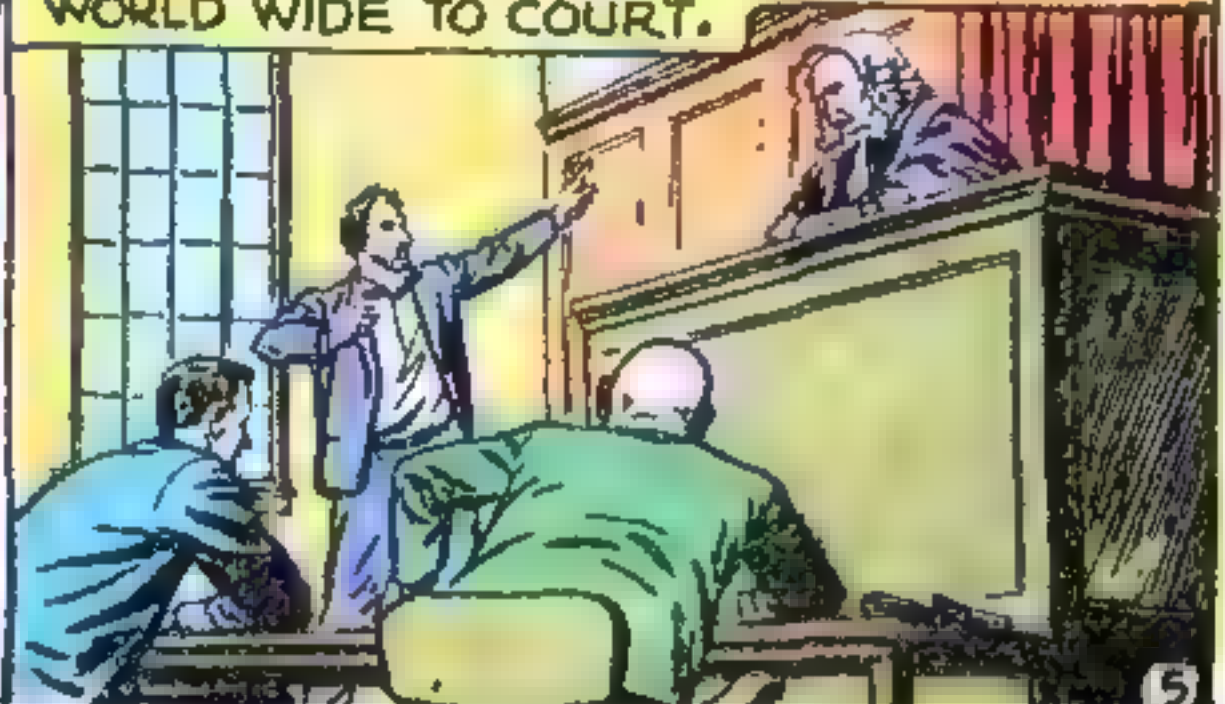


NO, I'M WAITING FOR ANOTHER KIND OF FISH TO SHOW UP BEFORE WE CAN GET A BOAT. BUT RIGHT NOW WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

I'VE HEARD OF YOU, CONGO BILL, BUT I NEVER BELIEVED ALL THOSE STORIES ABOUT YOU—UNTIL NOW!



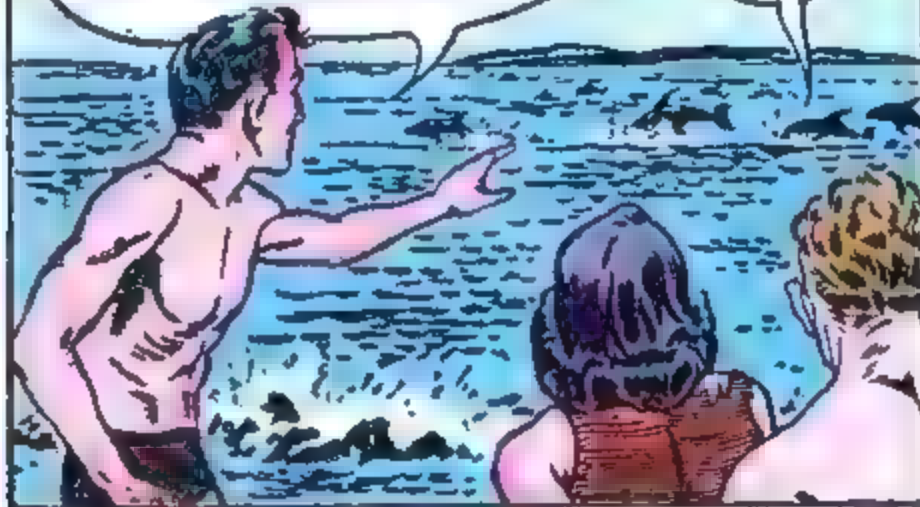
MEANWHILE, IN MELBOURNE BLACK DAN SMITH TAKES HIS INSURANCE CLAIM AGAINST WORLD WIDE TO COURT.



BACK ON THE REEF...

ONLY THE POSSIBILITY OF SHARKS HAS KEPT ME FROM SWIMMING TO A NEARBY ISLAND WHERE A NATIVE CHIEF IS FRIENDLY TO ME. BUT NOW WITH PORPOISES PLAYING IN THE CHANNEL, IT'S SAFE ENOUGH.

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'LL NEVER FIND SHARKS WHERE THERE ARE PORPOISES! SO THAT'S THE FISH YOU MEANT!



AS NATIVE PADDLERS BRING CONGO BILL, STEVE AND EVE WALTERS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO CIVILIZATION, BLACK DAN SMITH IS TESTIFYING IN COURT...



THEN...

I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER COURSE OPEN. I'LL HAVE TO AWARD THE MONEY TO CAPTAIN SMITH! NO ONE HAS PRODUCED ANY EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM!



THE REAR DOORS OF THE COURTROOM BURST OPEN. THREE RAGGED FIGURES STAND IN THE DOORWAY. A VOICE RINGS OUT...

I'LL GIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST DAN SMITH! I'LL ACCUSE HIM OF FRAUD, OF ATTEMPTED MURDER, OF DELIBERATELY WRECKING HIS SHIP AND OF ABANDONING HIS PASSENGERS TO THEIR DEATHS ON A CORAL REEF!



YOU... ALL CAME BACK... ALIVE!

WE DID, THANKS TO CONGO BILL.

JUST A LAST BIT OF EVIDENCE, BLACK DAN, TO SHOW HOW YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF. YOU TURNED DOWN A HALF INTEREST IN ANY PEARLS THAT MIGHT BE FOUND—NOW LOOK!

PEARLS! GIANT PEARLS! WORTH A KING'S RANSOM! BUT—HOW'D YOU FIND THEM... ON THAT REEF?

BY FINDING THE PEARL OYSTER FISH IN OUR HAUL. IT FREQUENTS WATERS WHERE THE PEARL OYSTER IS FOUND, SO WE KNEW OYSTERS WERE NEARBY! ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS FIND THEM!



THE END

**FIRST
TIME
OFFER**

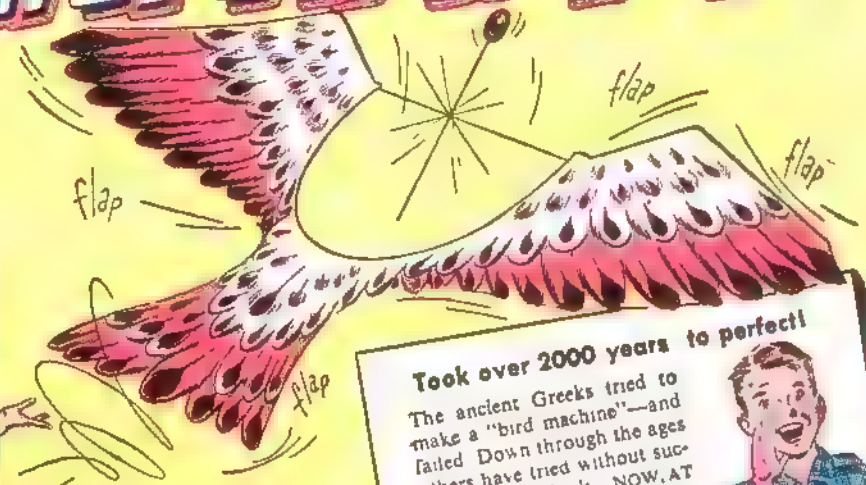
Looks like a bird... flaps its wings like a bird...
ACTUALLY FLIES LIKE A BIRD!!!

It's

FLAPHAPPY

the latest
scientific
marvel!

**WOWIE!
LOOK AT
'ER FLY!**



Mom and Dad and your friends
will say: "I just don't believe it!"—
but

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crazy around the room!

Greatest idea since Orville Wright's
flying machine! The experts just couldn't
believe their eyes when they first saw Flap-
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that really works!

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The ancient Greeks tried to
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failed Down through the ages
others have tried without suc-
cess And just think...NOW, AT
LAST, YOU CAN OWN ONE!



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Now you can have this marvelous new
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now offer these toys for **ONLY 15¢** AND A
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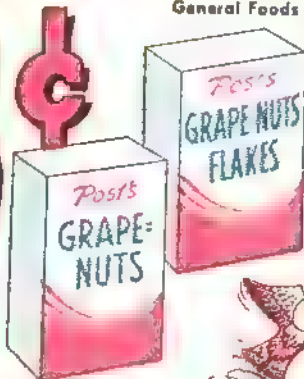
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**BE THE FIRST OF YOUR
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Rush Me that flappin', flyin' Flaphappy Bird!

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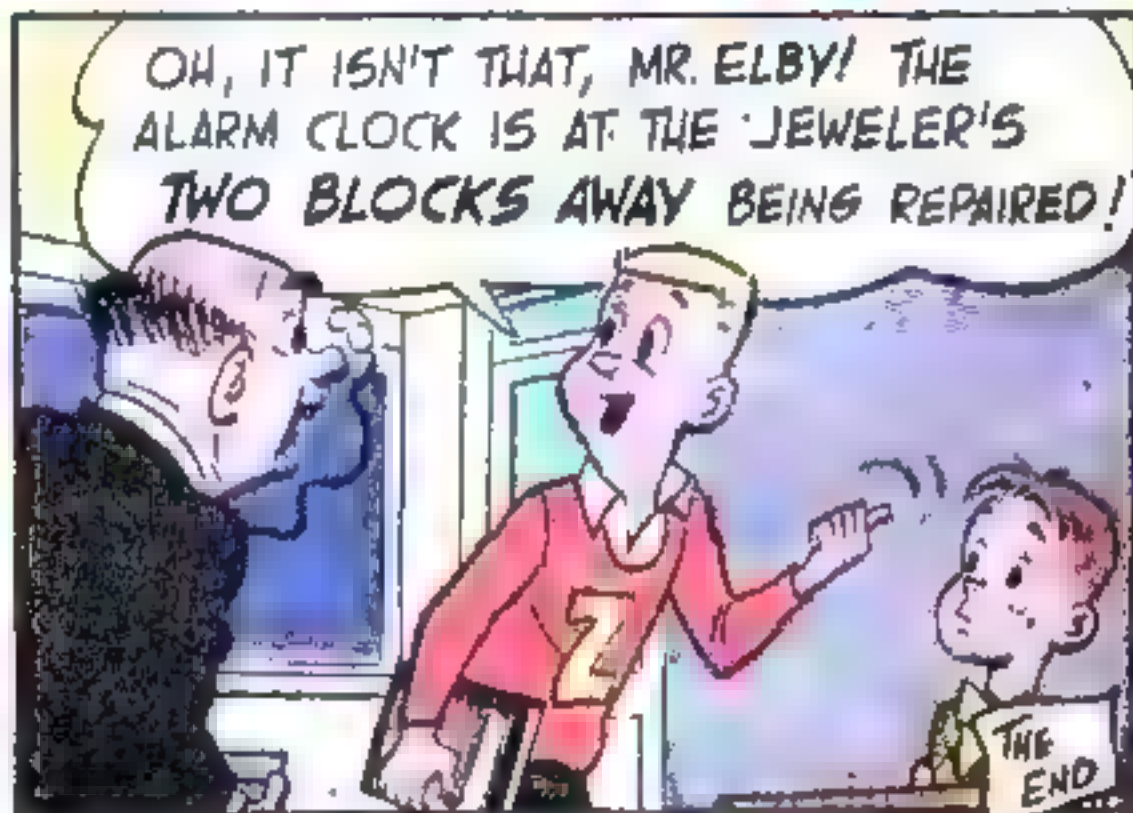
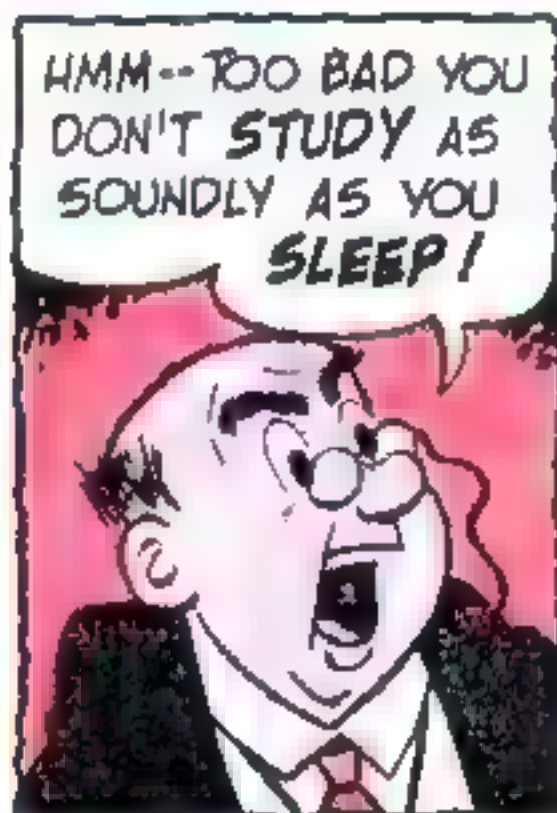
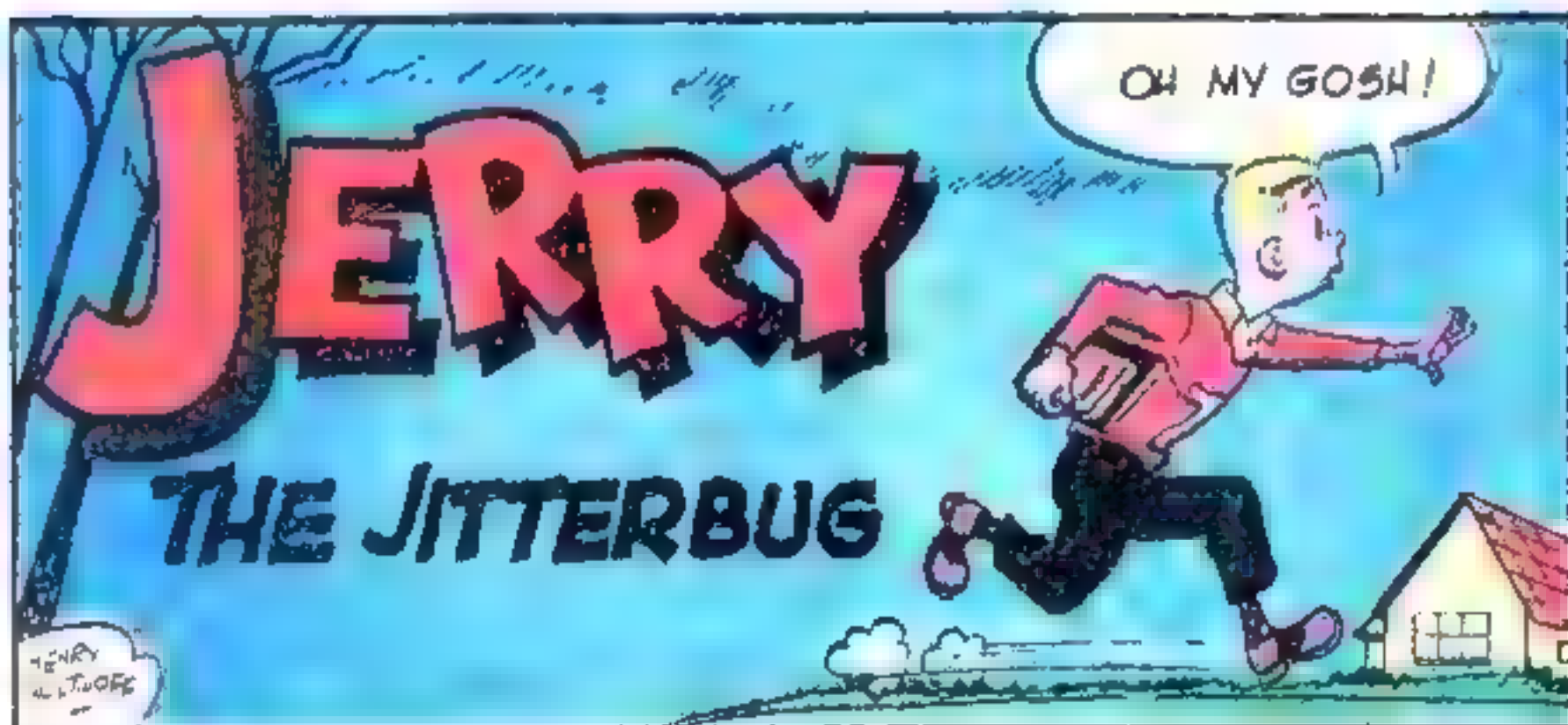


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THE END



The FIGHTINGEST MAN I KNOW

FROM Guantanamo Bay to Shanghai, from London to Samoa, the Marine Corps has been making history for more than 173 years. During that time, the Marines fostered many heroes. But it is Sergeant Major Dan Daly who, by achievement alone, is hailed as the "Outstanding Marine" of all time.

For he is the only man ever to receive two Congressional Medals of Honor for *separate* acts of gallantry, the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross, the French Medaille Militaire and many other decorations. He was also commended by the Navy and Marine Corps Commandants. General Omar Bundy, Commanding the 2nd Division during World War I, cited him in official orders. General Smedley Butler claimed Dan Daly was "The fightingest man I know."

"Devil Dog Dan," as he was later nicknamed, was born at Glen Cove, L. I., in 1873. He joined the Marines just as the Spanish-American War ended. But in the Spring of 1900 China suffered wholesale famine. Burned crops caused millions of people to perish. The I-ho Chuan Society, or Boxers, as they were later known, were regarded as outlaws, but they went unmolested. Hostile to foreign incursion, the Boxers exploited the famine, exhorting their countrymen to destroy the invaders.

The Boxers charged that foreigners had brought about the tragedy of China with their telegraph, railroads and missionaries. Catastrophe gripped the country as the Boxers plundered and destroyed. In response to the pleas of France, Russia, the U. S. and Britain, American Marines raced to the rescue. Among them was Dan Daly.

Reinforced on landing in Taku by Navy

blue jackets, the Marines soon entrained for Peking where they hoped to prevent a massacre. During their march through that city, the Chinese lining the roads glared at them silently and sullenly. Soon after, they learned that rails leading to Peking were ripped up, bridges blown.

The siege tightened in Peking. To the south of the American Legation loomed the Tartar Wall, 50 feet wide at the base, 45 feet at the top. On the wall, facing toward the legations, was a low parapet. Parallel to this Wall ran Legation Street. This was the Marines' battle station.

When Imperial troops joined the Boxers, they launched a futile attack. During a second attempt, one man was killed. In the next few days, Daly saw more Leathernecks die. Finally, the Marines held their position on top of the wall, and eventually built a barricade across it. When the Chinese erected a counter barricade, the Americans charged with fixed bayonets and routed the Chinese.

To make a survey of the situation, days later, a captain and Daly crawled along the wall for 100 yards. When they reached a bastion that made a suitable defense, the captain returned for reinforcements. Behind his sandbags, Dan was faced by Chinese, who poured continual fire at him. When they attacked his position, he held them off until help arrived. This gallantry was rewarded by the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The legation area was under siege for nearly three weeks more. Finally, Allied relief columns from Tientsin arrived, and the siege was over.

Subsequently, Dan Daly was assigned to various stations. While serving aboard the U.S.S.

Springfield, he noted that the powder magazines were threatened when gasoline caught fire. Disregarding his own safety, Daly extinguished the flames before the general alarm was sounded. This bravery produced a commendation by the Secretary of the Navy and the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

Daly next spent four active years. He served in Cuba, and was one of the Marines who swarmed ashore against the Mexicans at Vera Cruz in 1914.

The next year, when Haitians revolted against their president, threats of intervention by other powers sent Marines to that island. As a gunnery sergeant, Daly was involved in plenty of fighting. Assigned once to a mounted patrol of 35 men on a reconnaissance, Daly urged extreme caution when their pack animals forced them to use the more obvious trails. As the detachment began to cross a deep ravine, a blast of fire suddenly ripped into them. All Marines escaped injury, but 12 horses were killed. Clambering up the side of the ravine, fighting every inch of the way, the Marines routed the outlaws. It was a typical Marine action—400 Cacos had been driven off by 35 Marines.

A patrol reported that the enemy was reorganizing for a second attack. "I'd better set up the machine gun," said Daly. But he suddenly remembered where he'd last seen the weapon. It was on the back of one of the dead horses in the ravine. Cautiously, he set off through the dense jungle, retracing the trail, dodging Cacos' bullets. He soon found the animal with the machine gun. Under the enemy's withering fire, he severed the straps and hauled the weapon up the bank. He crawled through the undergrowth with the machine gun on his back for nearly a mile. For that, and for his gallantry in subsequent battles, Daly was presented with his second Congressional Medal of Honor.

When America entered World War I, Daly, although 44 years old, was far from useless. The Marines were putting up a good fight in Belleau Wood, reinforcing the French defenses which had been shattered. Murderous fire raked them for three days. Finally, ignoring all caution, they leaped to their feet and charged the enemy machine gun emplacements.

Later, when their Intelligence learned that the Americans had established an ammunition

dump in Lucy-le-Bocage, the Germans shelled the area. The ammunition quickly caught fire. Aware of the danger that threatened the town if the heat detonated the entire ammunition dump, Daly extinguished the fire.

The *Marine Corps Gazette*, of December, 1943, summed up the action in this manner;

"... Daly extinguished a fire . . . Five days later, he attacked an enemy machine gun emplacement, unassisted, and captured it . . . On the same day, during the German attack on the town of Bouresches, he brought in wounded under fire, for which he was given a citation and the Army Distinguished Service Cross."

Next day, the remaining Marines with the pugnacity that gained them world fame, took on 20 times their own number in Bouresches. Their numbers quickly dwindled; only 20 were alive and unhurt when they reached the edge of the town. Fighting desperately, they tore down the barricades, bayoneted their way into Bouresches, and routed the garrison of 400 Germans.

The Marines held tenaciously to their foothold. When the enemy launched a counter-attack, the Americans hurled them back, Dan Daly's machine gun speaking louder and faster than any other weapon. One morning, Daly, single-handed, wiped out a hostile machine gun nest that persistently menaced his forces. For his courageous contributions, some time later, he was awarded the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross, the French *Medaille Militaire*, and other decorations.

Soon after, Daly was wounded. Protesting bitterly at hospitalization, he recovered rapidly and soon rejoined his outfit. Less than a week later, he was wounded again in the last action in which he was to engage. The Armistice was signed before he was discharged from the hospital.

Returned to the United States, he was assigned to inactive duty. Shortly after, on Feb. 6, 1929, Sergeant Major Dan Daly—regarded by many as the greatest Leatherneck ever to serve in the Corps—was honored on his retirement from the Service by a parade of rookies.

Dan Daly died in April, 1937, at Glendale, L. I., but of an evening, when their training is done, Marines sit in their bunks and recall the exploits of the greatest of them all.

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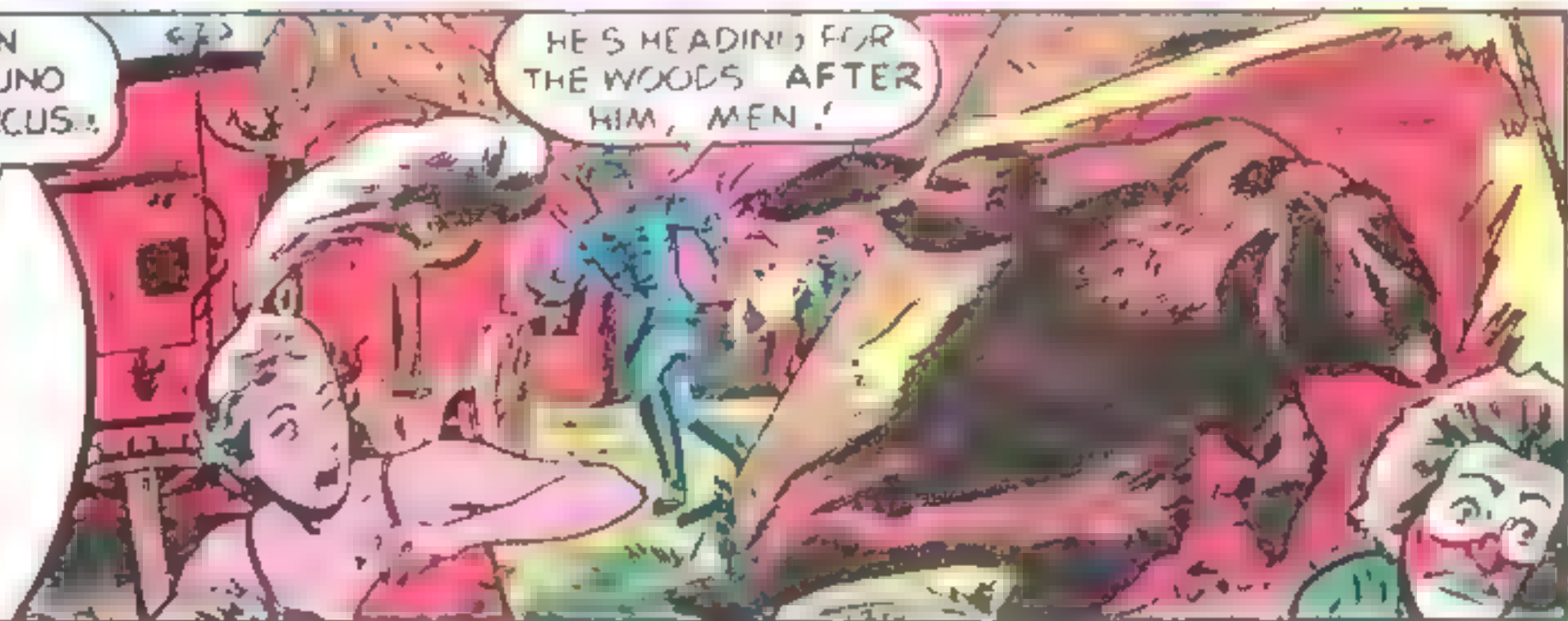
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ESCAPED BEAR...AND A BARE ESCAPE!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" STORY

THE GANG WAS OUT ON A HIKE THE DAY BIG BRUNO ESCAPED FROM THE CIRCUS.

HE'S HEADIN' FOR THE WOODS AFTER HIM, MEN!



IN THE WOODS, JIM AND THE BOYS ARE TRAIL-BLAZING, WHEN SUDDENLY...

HOLY SMOKE! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

THIS IS NO TIME TO FIND OUT! LET'S GO, BOYS--ON THE DOUBLE!

HEAD FOR THAT DEEP OPEN PIT WE PASSED BEFORE...FASTER, FELLAS!

I'M SURE GLAD I'M TOLD US ABOUT "P-F"'S!



WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F." HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.

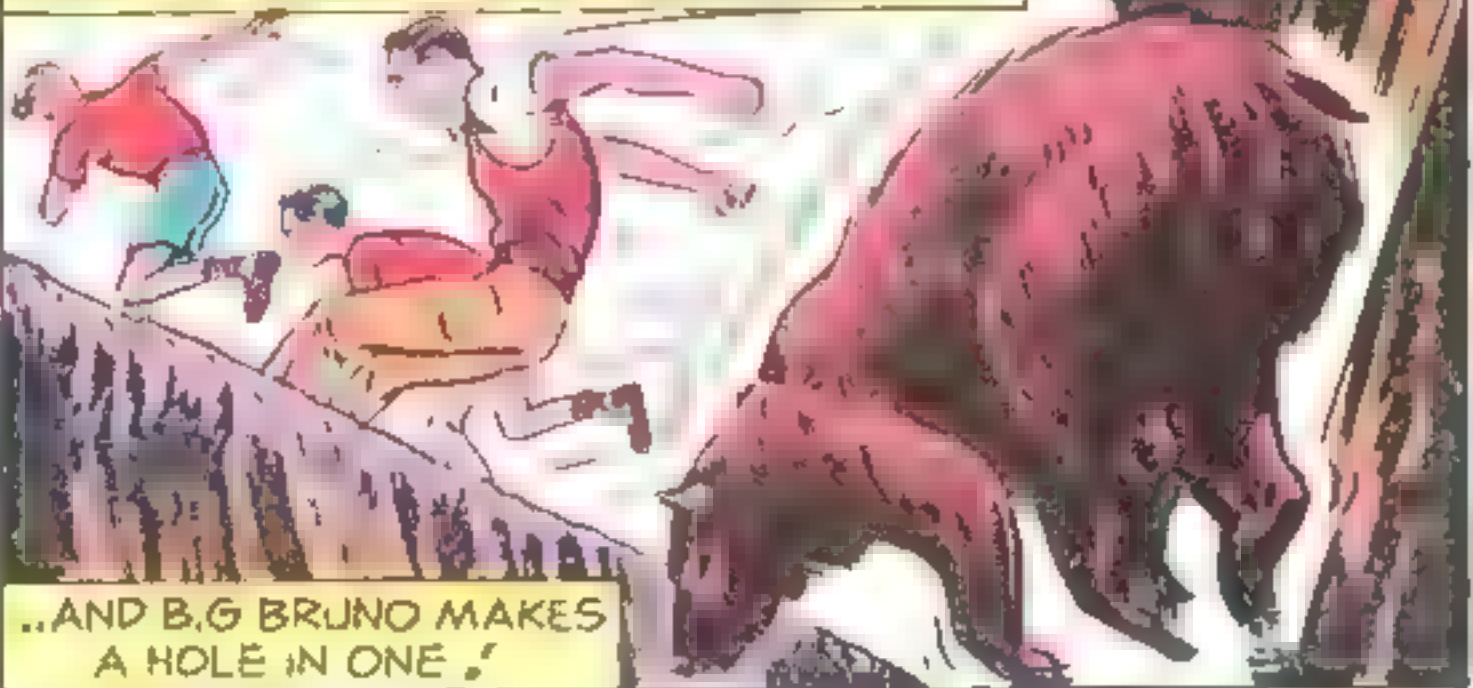
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



* TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

THE BOYS END THEIR LIFE AND-DEATH SPRINT WITH A RECORD-BUSTIN' BROADJUMP.



..AND B.G BRUNO MAKES A HOLE IN ONE.

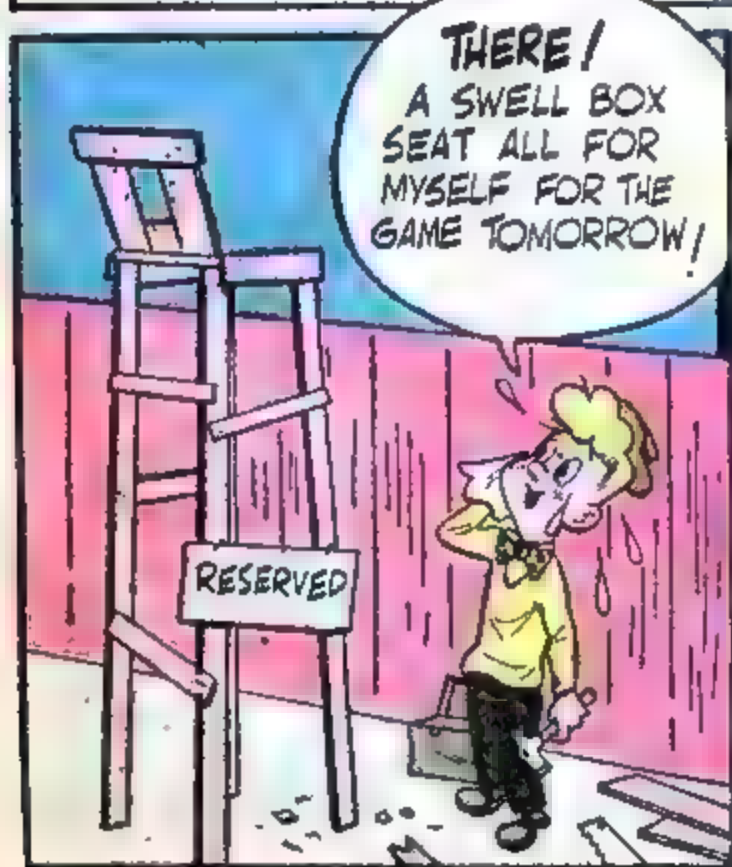
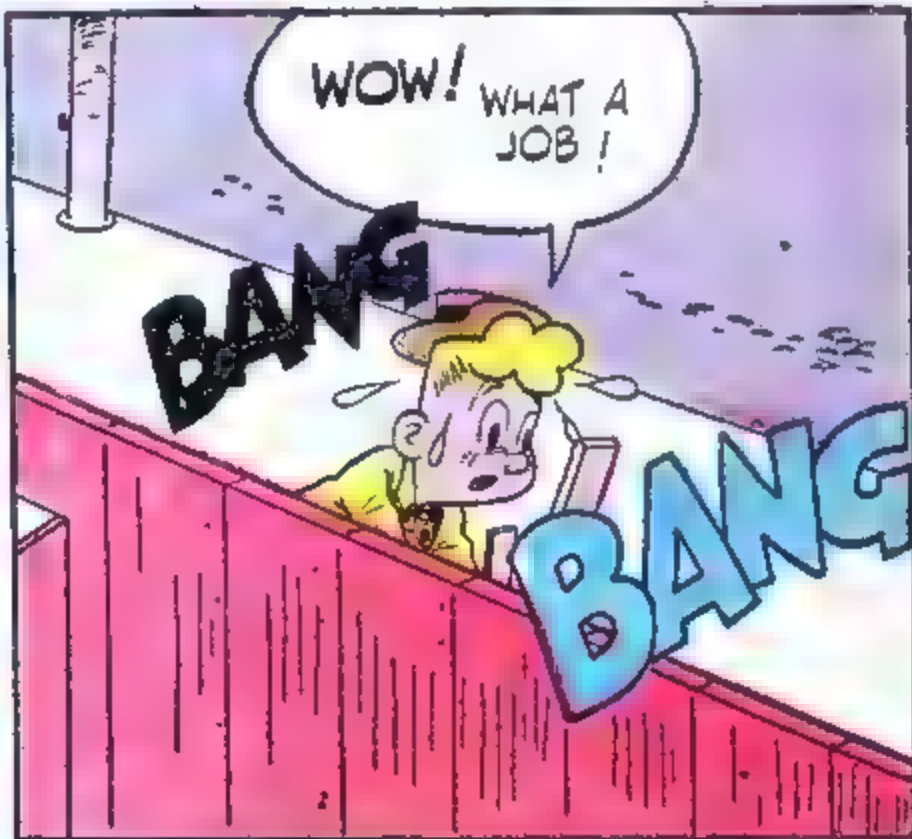
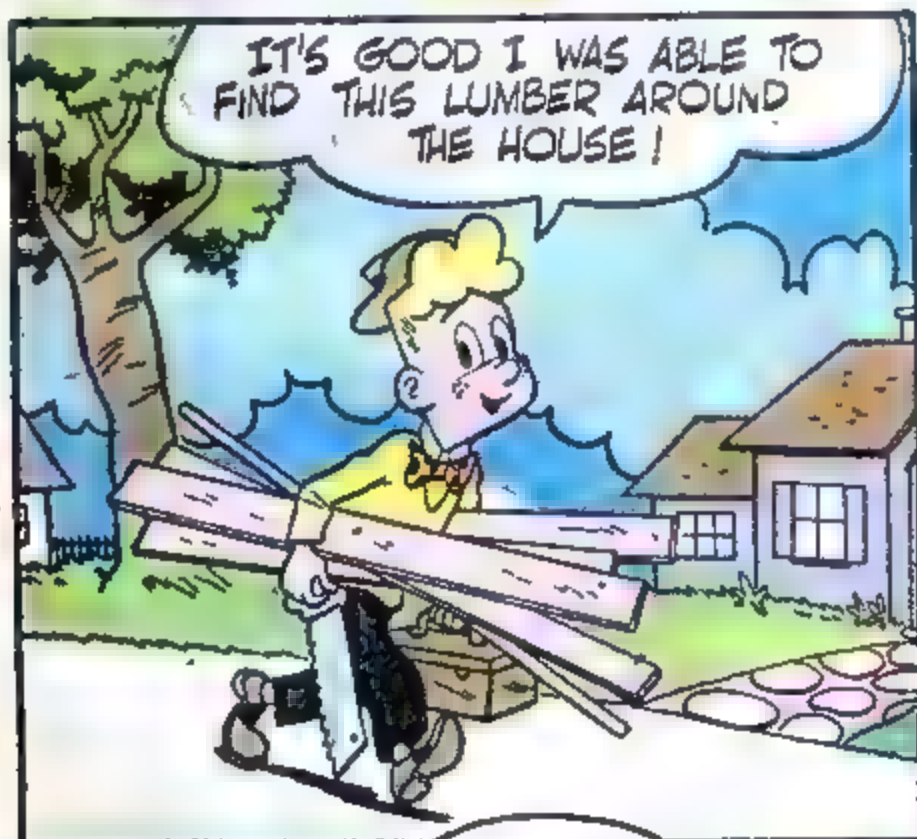
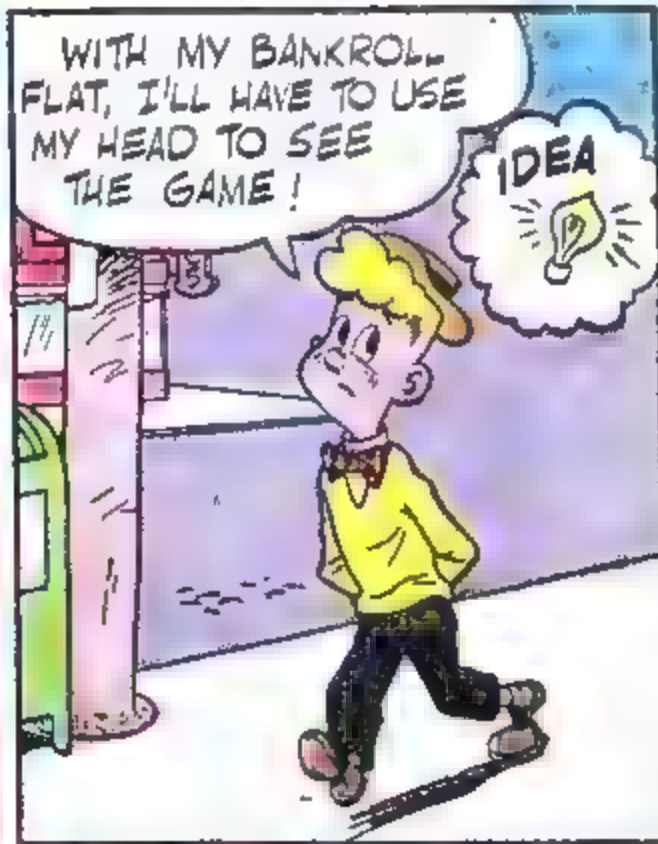
HERE, BOYS--HAVE SOME FREE PASSES TO THE BIG SHOW! THAT WAS ONE TRICK WE CIRCUS FOLKS NEVER SAW BEFORE...

NO TRICK TO IT, SIR--WHEN YOU'RE WEARING "P-F"'S!

GIVE YOUR FEET A TREAT. GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY.



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich AND
Hood Rubber Co.



NEXT DAY





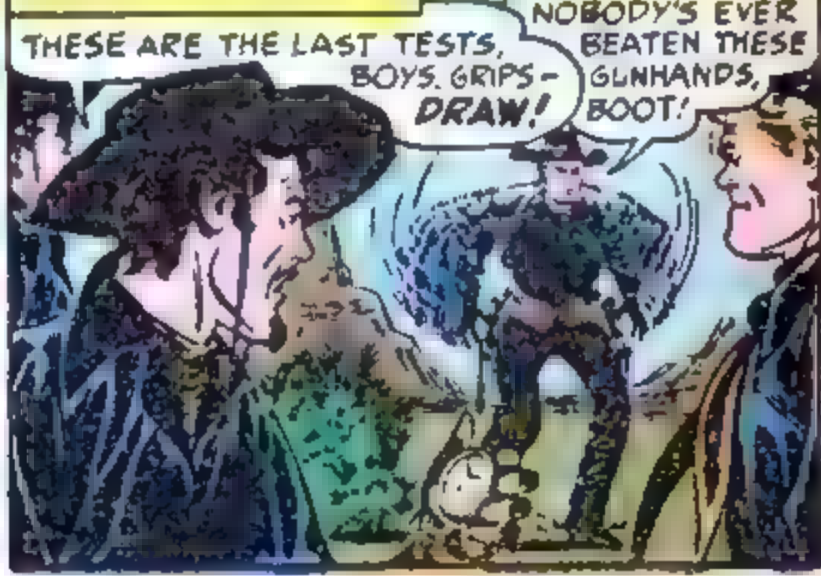
VIGILANTE



DAN
BARRY

THEY RODE TOGETHER OUT OF THE NIGHT, FOUR SILENT SHAPES OF BLACKNESS. EACH MAN BOASTED A RARE GIFT: ONE OWNED THE FASTEST GUNHANDS IN THE WEST. ANOTHER THREW A LOOP THAT NEVER MISSED. THE THIRD HAD FISTS THAT COULD BATTER A PATH THROUGH AN OAK DOOR. THE FOURTH COULD RIDE LIKE THE WIND! STIRRUP TO STIRRUP THEY THUNDERED ON TO MEET THE VIGILANTE - ONE MAN TO STAND ALONE AGAINST...
"THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF VILLAINY!"

SOMEWHERE WEST OF THE COLORADO RIVER, FOUR MEN CAME FACE TO FACE ON THE SAGE FLAT. ONE OF THEM, STOPWATCH IN HAND, CRIES OUT HARSHLY...



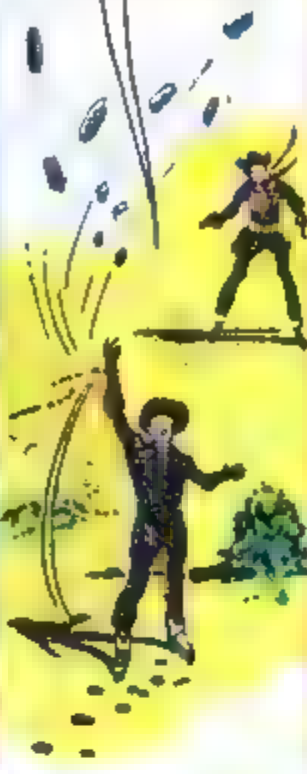
THESE ARE THE LAST TESTS, BOYS. GRIPS - DRAW!

NOBODY'S EVER BEATEN THESE GUNHANDS, BOOT!

GREAT! YUH DID THAT IN LESS'N A SECOND! TO BEAT YUH, AN HOMBRE'D HAFTA PULL HIS IRONS IN **NO TIME AT ALL!** EVEN THE **VIGILANTE** COULDN'T DO THAT!



NOW TO TEST YORE AIM, GRIPS. **SHOOT!**

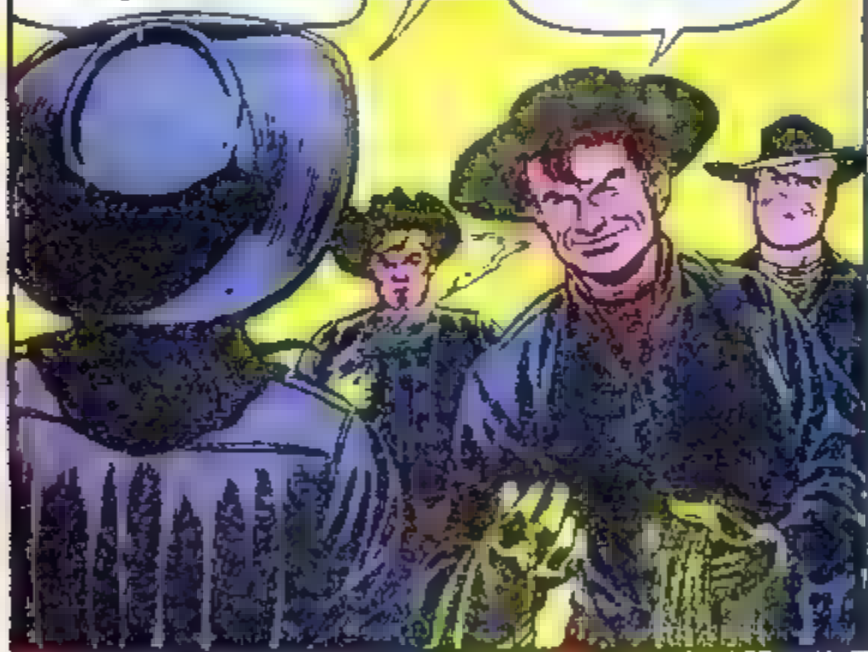


THE ROLLING THUNDER OF CRASHING SIXGUNS IS HIGHLIGHTED BY THE SHARP **PING** OF BULLETS MEETING COINS.

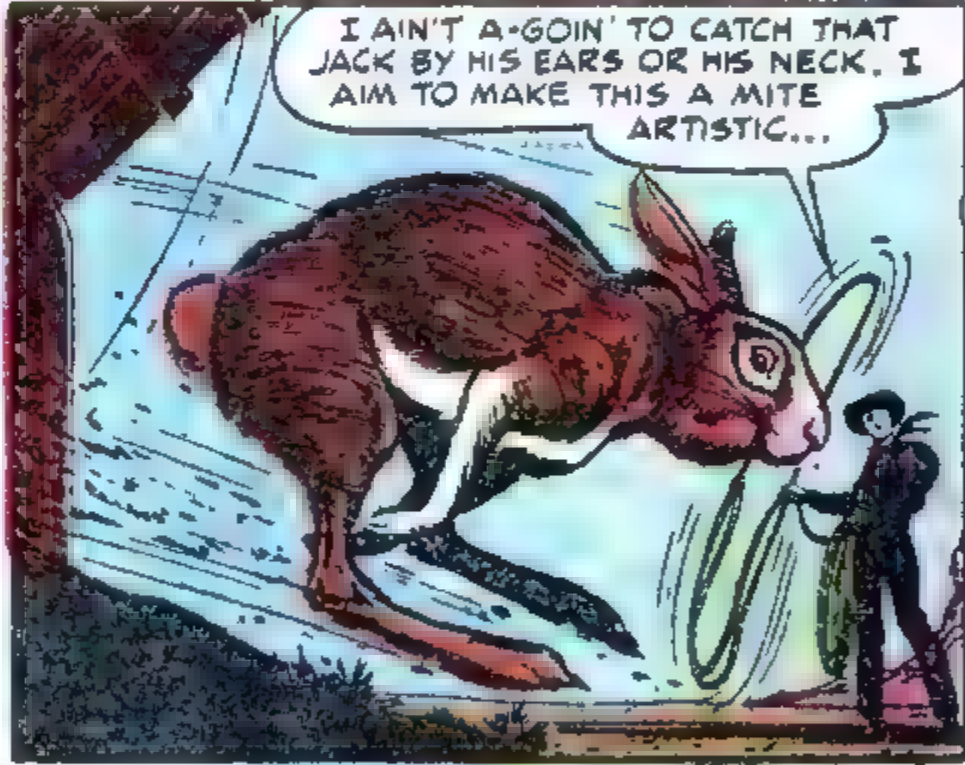


TWELVE COINS. TWELVE HITS! NOW, JOHNNY ROPER, IT'S **YORE** TURN!

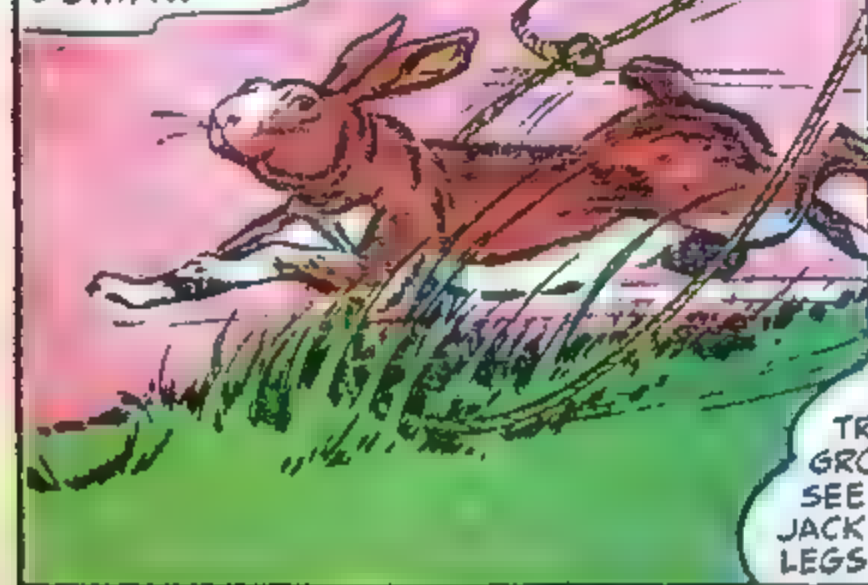
TURN LOOSE THE JACKRABBIT! I'M READY!



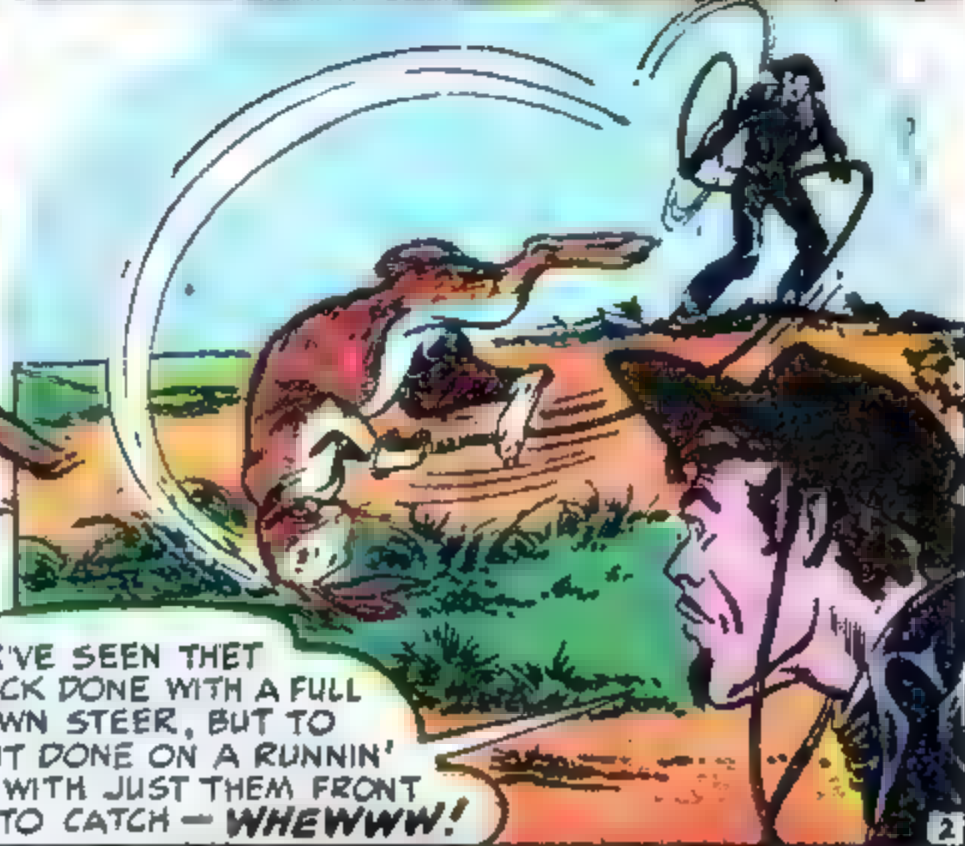
I AIN'T A-GOIN' TO CATCH THAT JACK BY HIS EARS OR HIS NECK. I AIM TO MAKE THIS A MITE ARTISTIC...

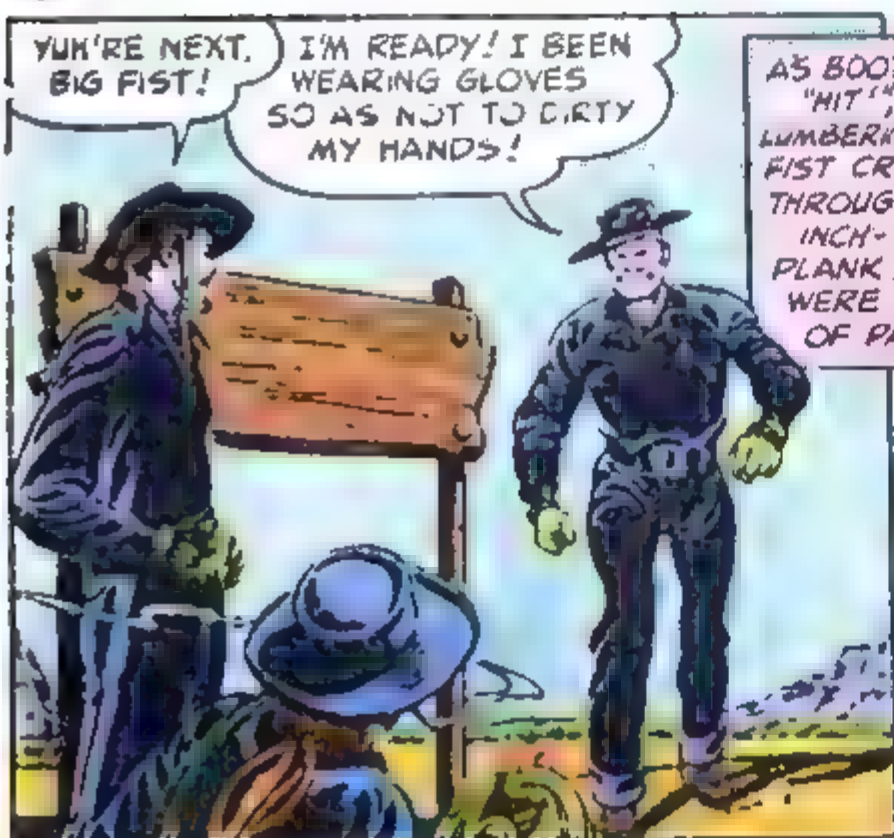


LIKE A LIVING THING, THE FORTY-FOOT ROPE SLIDES FORWARD AT TERRIFIC SPEED! IT CURLS UP UNDER THE BOUNDING JACK AND CLOSES DOWN...



I'VE SEEN THET TRICK DONE WITH A FULL GROWN STEER, BUT TO SEE IT DONE ON A RUNNIN' JACK, WITH JUST THEM FRONT LEGS TO CATCH — **WHEWWW!**

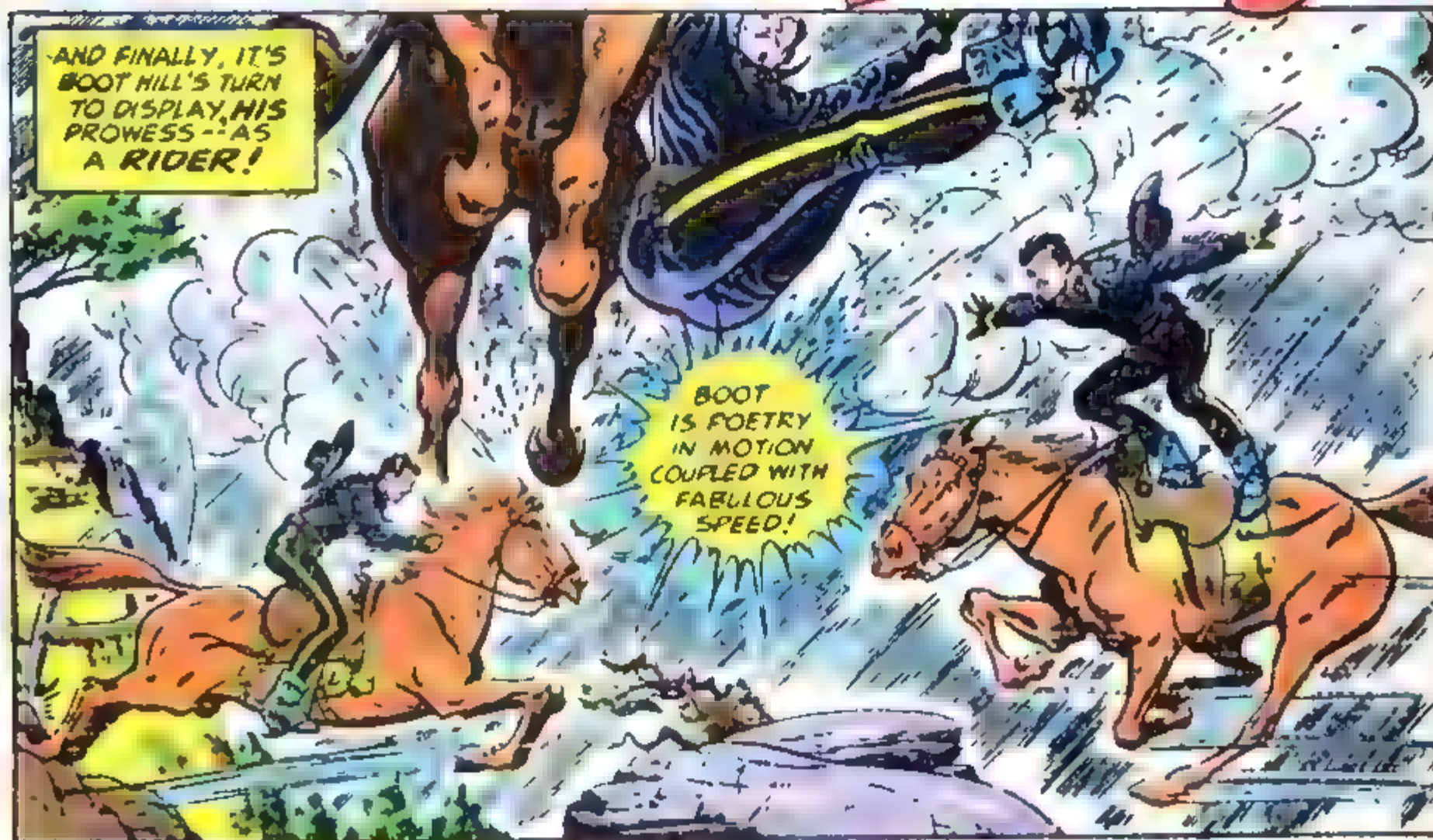
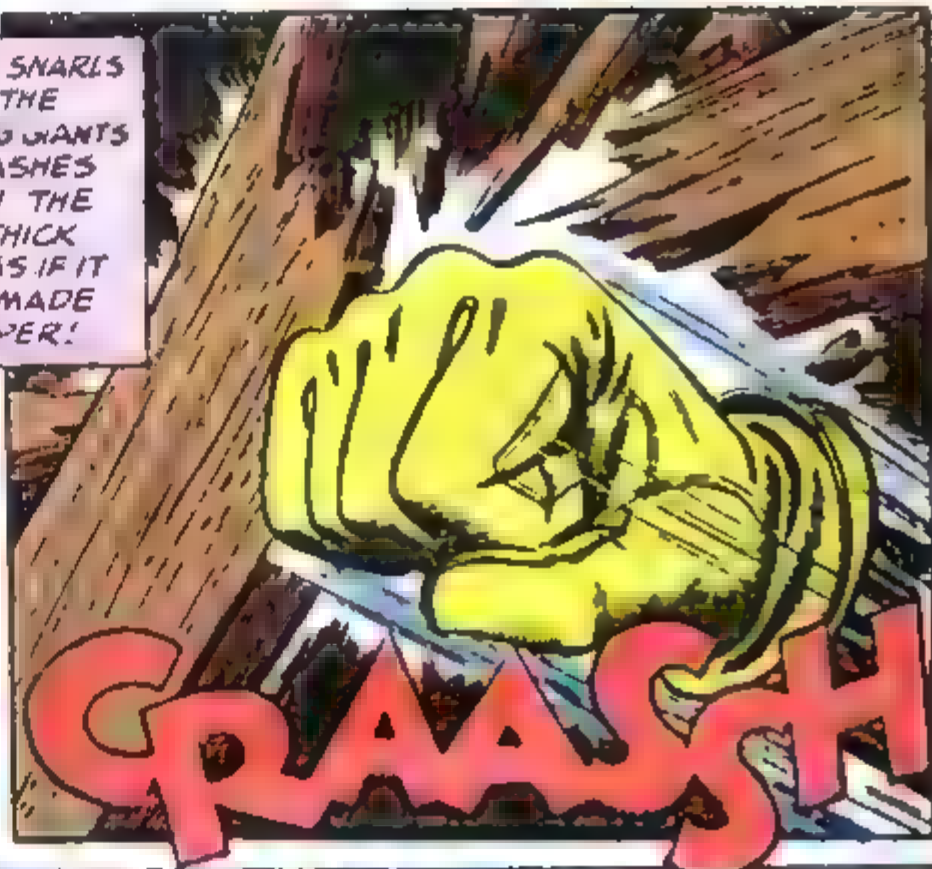




YUH'RE NEXT,
BIG FIST!

I'M READY! I BEEN
WEARING GLOVES
SO AS NOT TO DIRTY
MY HANDS!

AS BOOT SNARLS
"HIT!", THE
LUMBERING GIANT'S
FIST CRASHES
THROUGH THE
INCH-THICK
PLANK AS IF IT
WERE MADE
OF PAPER!

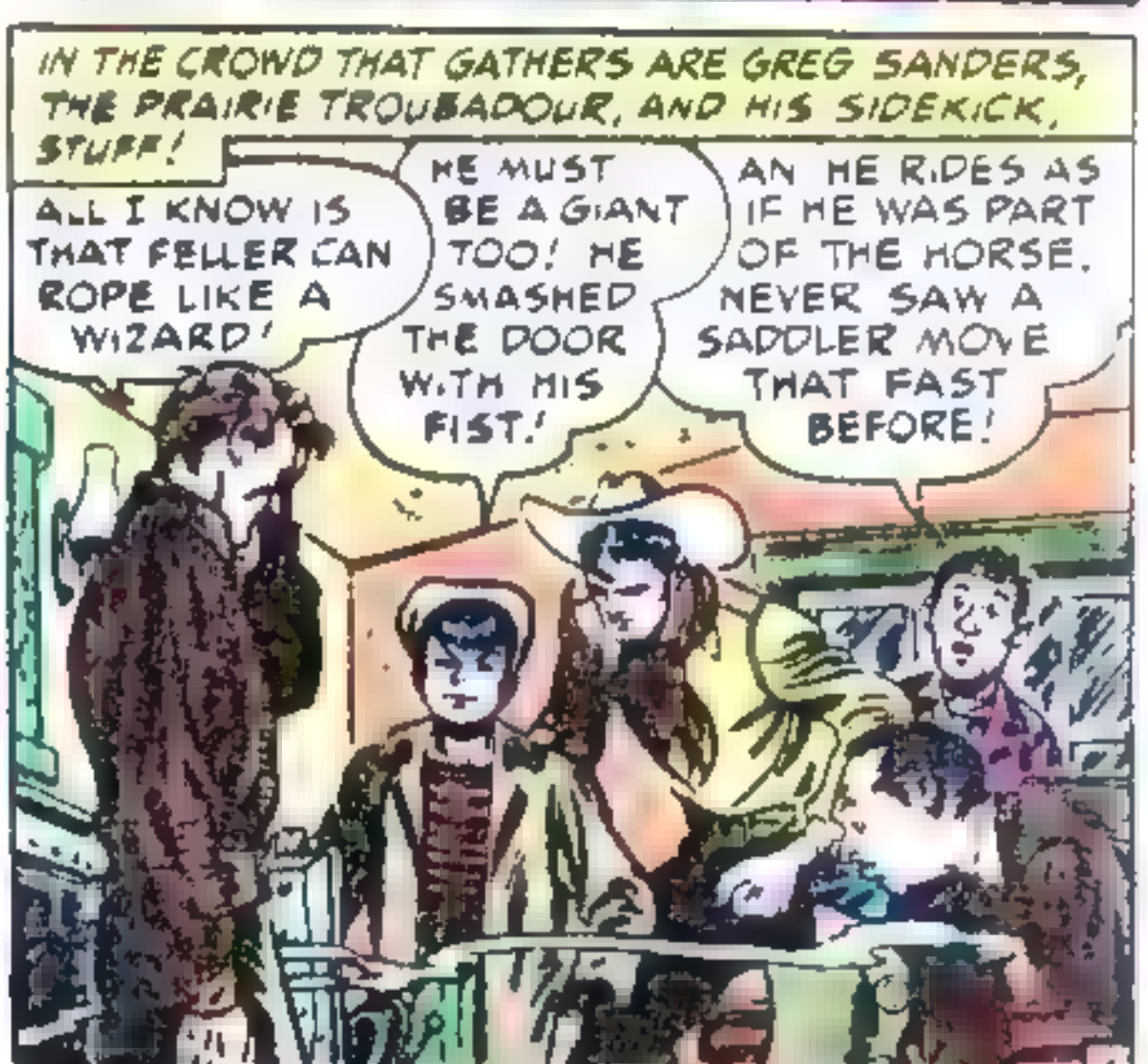
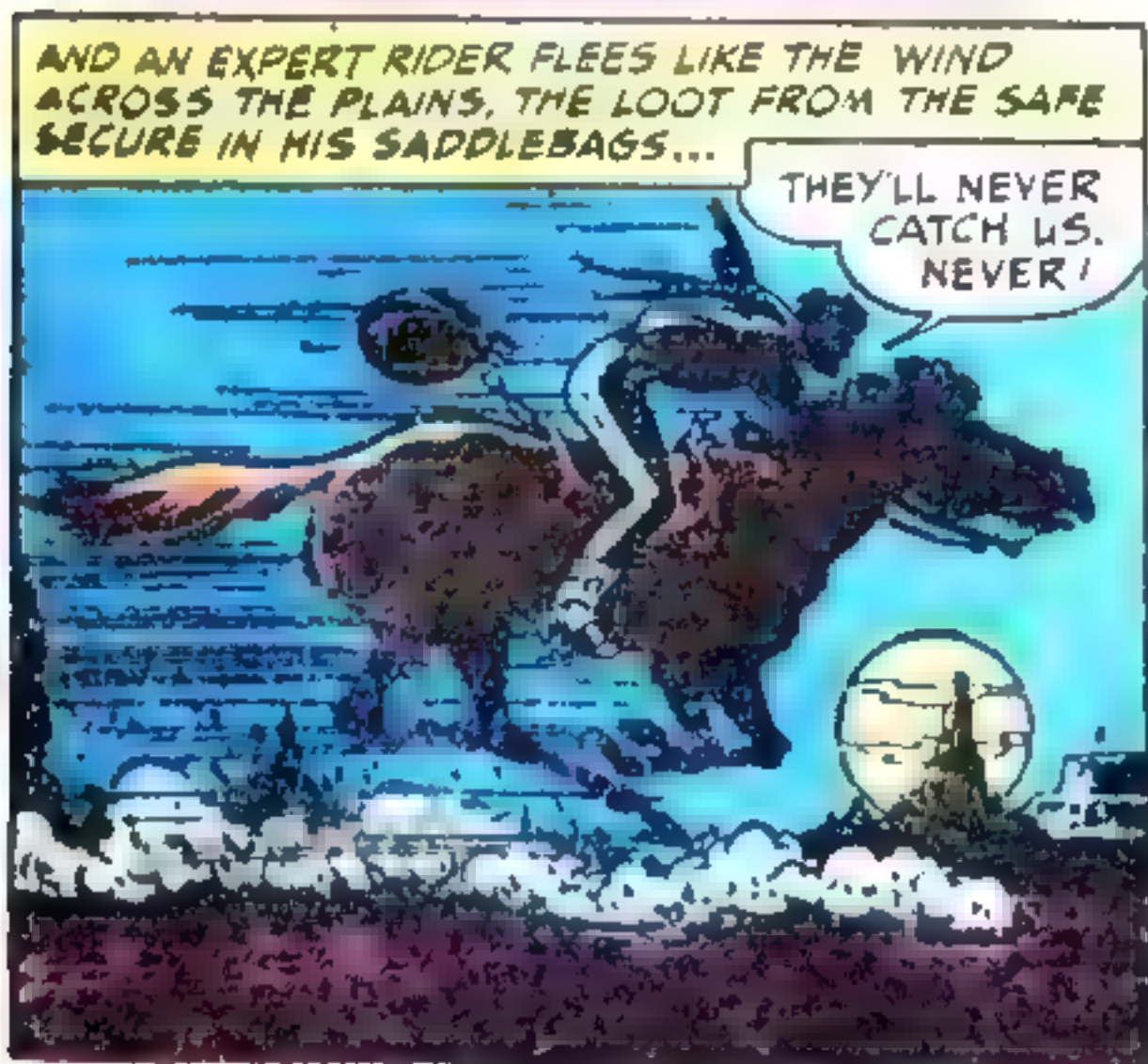
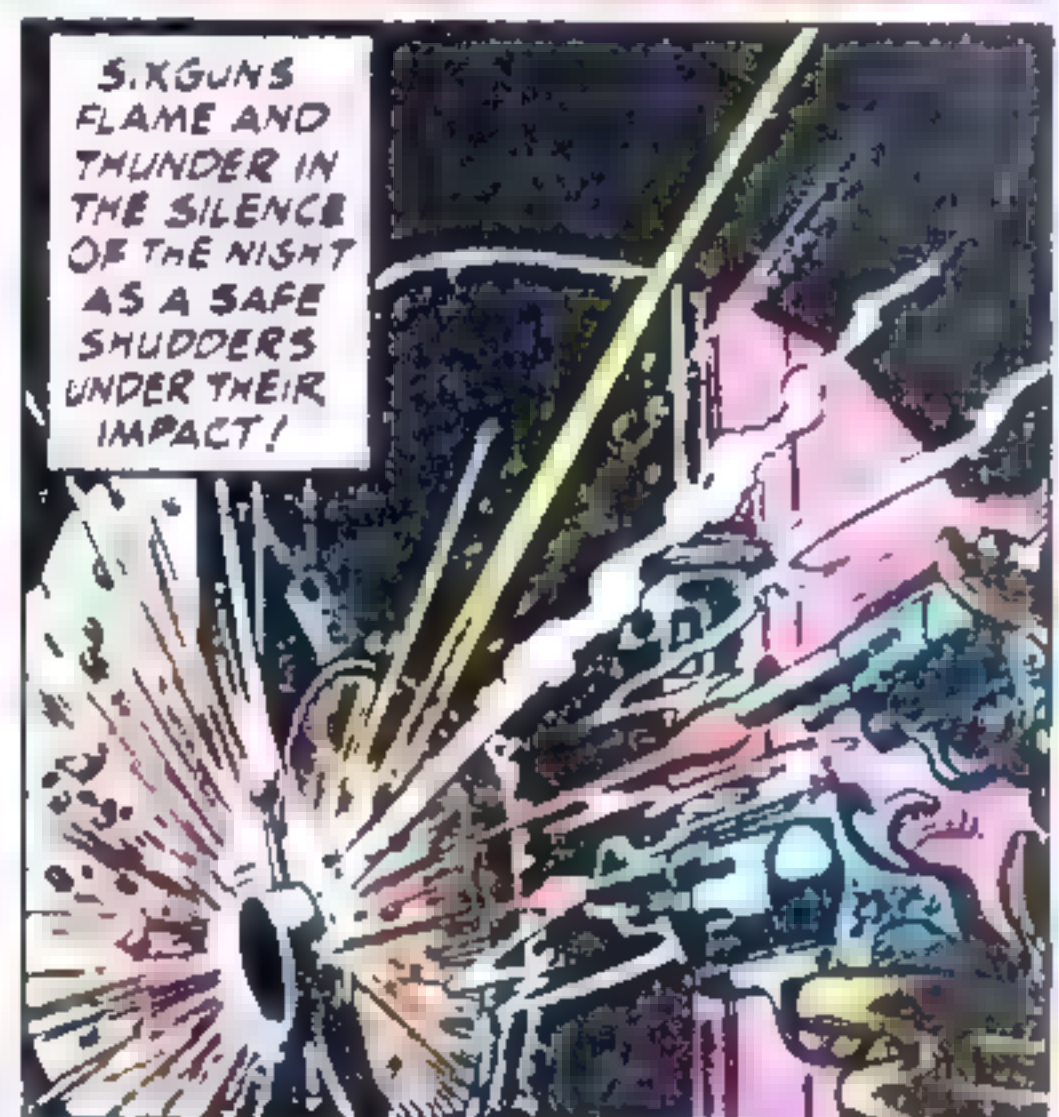
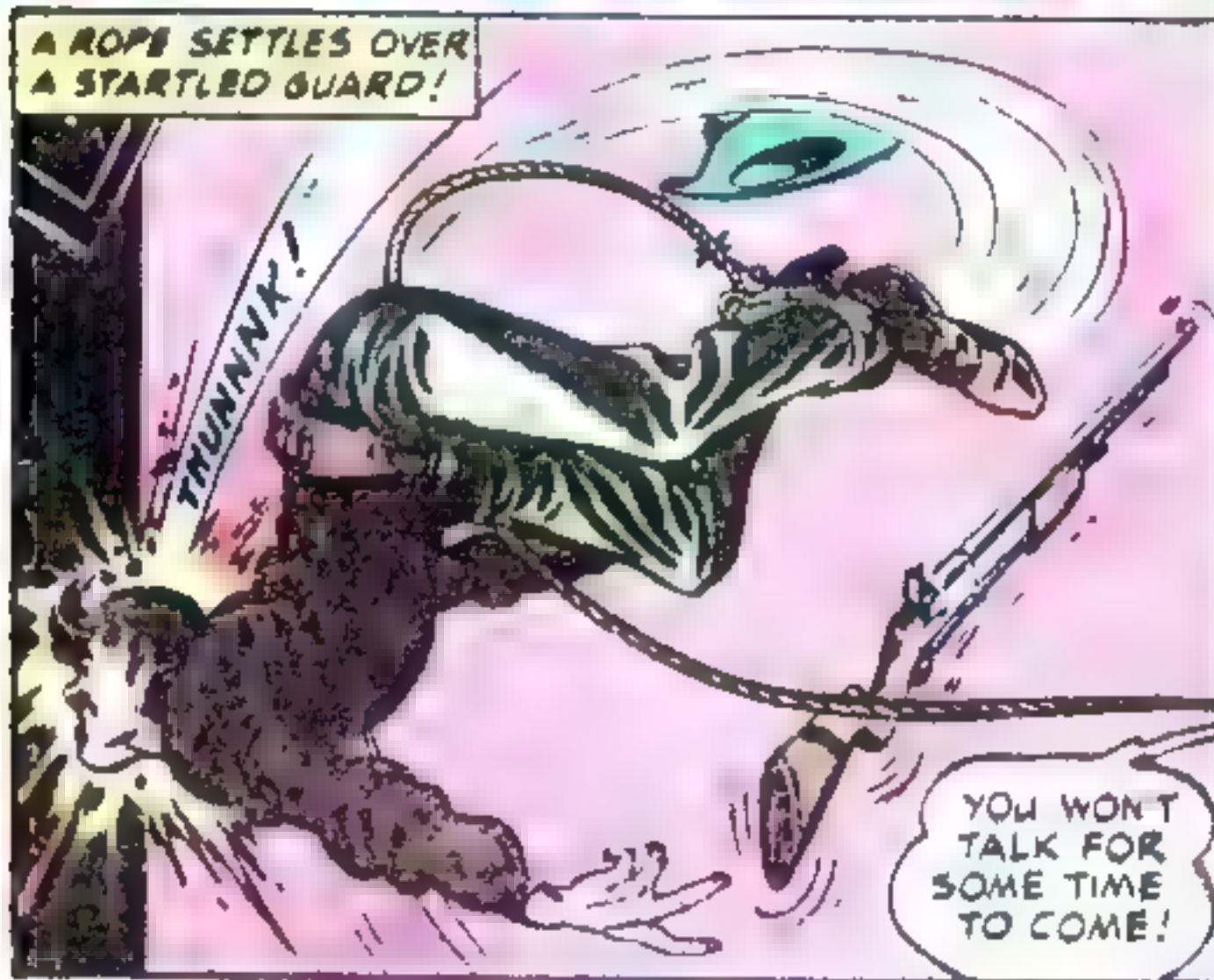
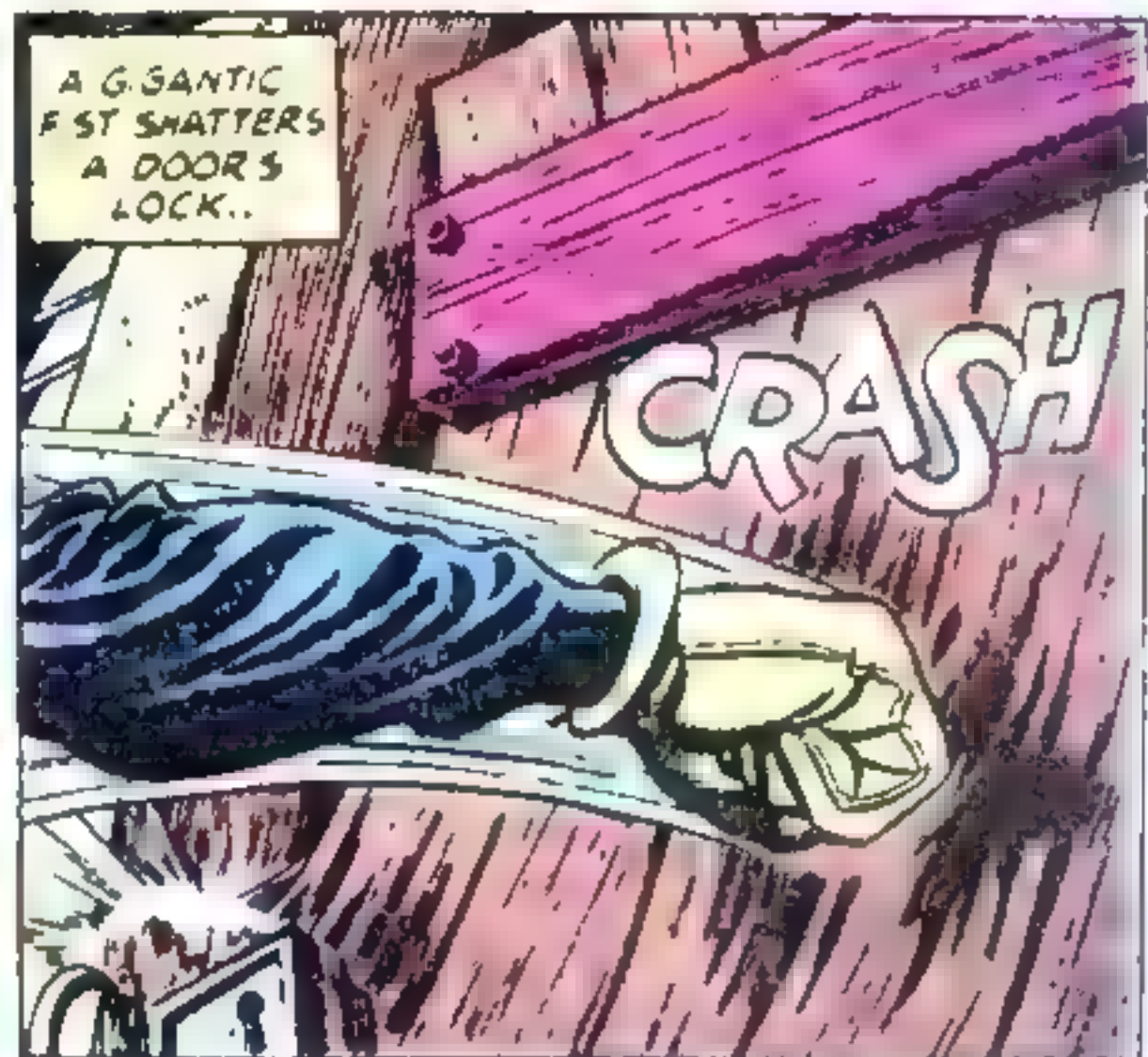
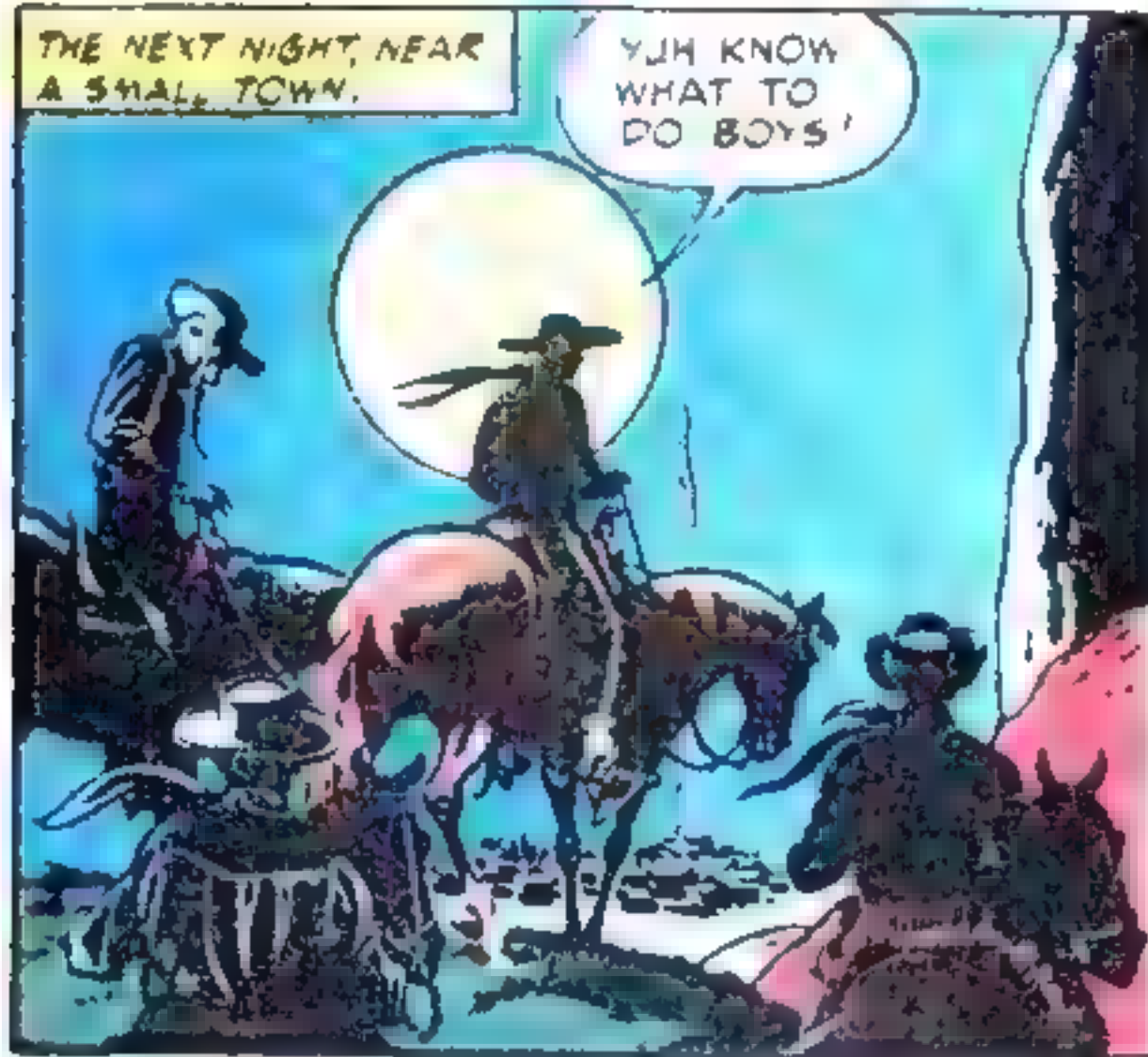


AND FINALLY, IT'S
BOOT HILL'S TURN
TO DISPLAY HIS
PROWESS--AS
A RIDER!

BOOT
IS POETRY
IN MOTION
COUPLED WITH
FABULOUS
SPEED!



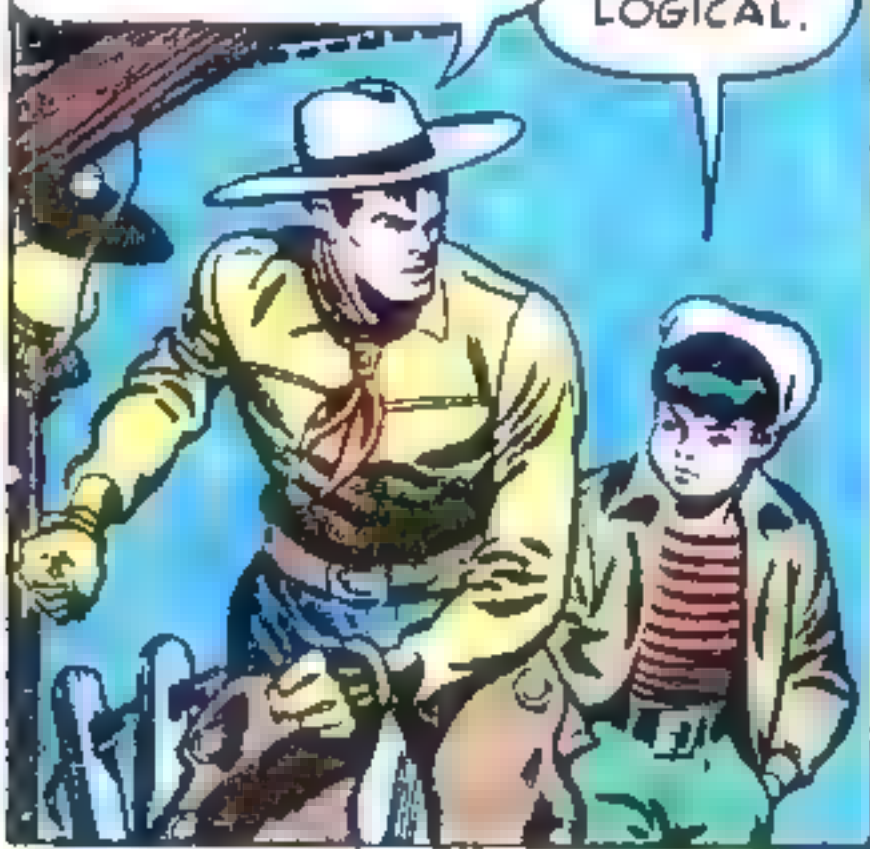
WE'RE READY! THERE
AIN'T ANOTHER FOUR MEN
IN THE COUNTRY WHO CAN
MATCH US! NOW WE'LL CASH
IN ON OUR ABILITIES! WE'RE
**THE FOUR HORSEMEN
OF VILLAINY!**





I DON'T THINK IT WAS JUST **ONE** MAN STUFF. IF THE MAN WHO HIT THAT DOOR IS A GIANT, NO HORSE COULD CARRY SUCH A BIG MAN SO FAST! IT'S AT LEAST TWO MEN - AND MAYBE MORE!

SOUNDS LOGICAL.



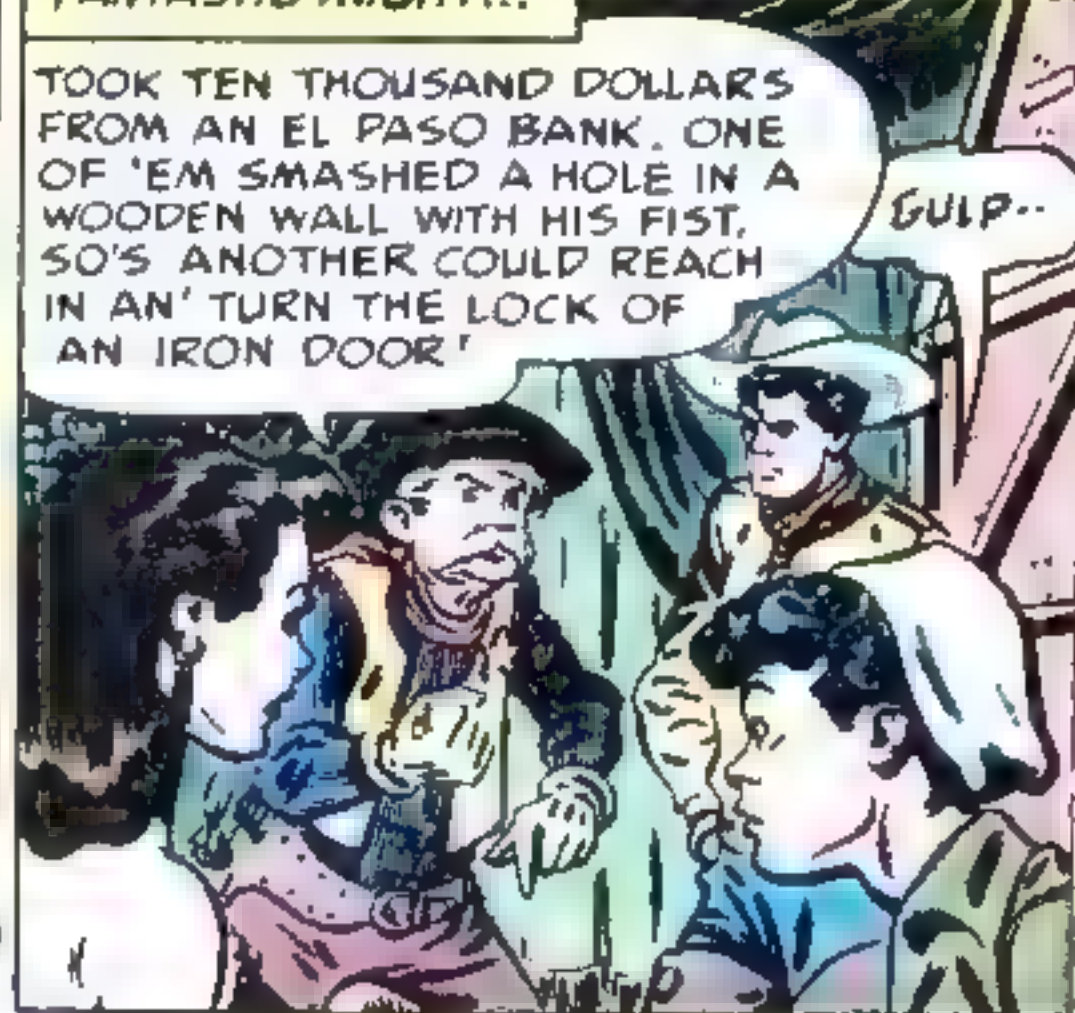
I'D LIKE TO STAY AND HAVE A TRY AT THOSE CROOKS, STUFF, BUT SINCE WE'RE APPEARING IN THESE BENEFIT PERFORMANCES AROUND THE STATE, WE HAVE TO KEEP TO A SCHEDULE.



THE RAIDS OF THE NIGHT RIDERS CONTINUE -- IN TOWN AFTER TOWN, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR RUNS INTO TALES OF THEIR FANTASTIC MIGHT...

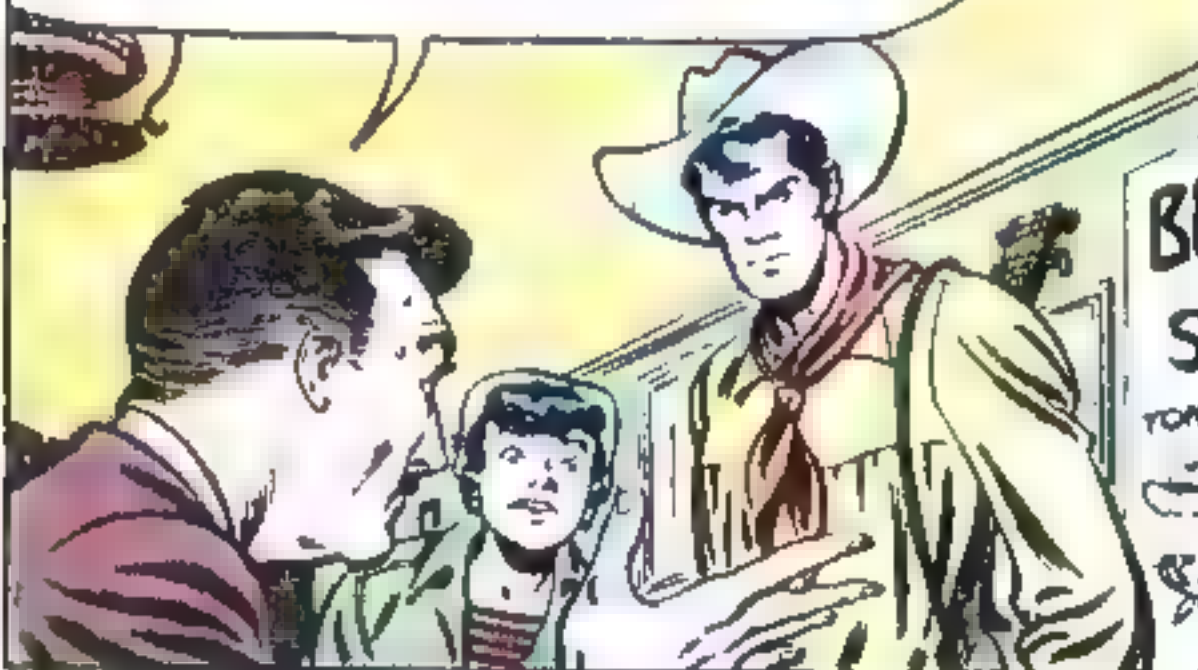
TOOK TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM AN EL PASO BANK. ONE OF 'EM SMASHED A HOLE IN A WOODEN WALL WITH HIS FIST, SO'S ANOTHER COULD REACH IN AN' TURN THE LOCK OF AN IRON DOOR!

GULP...



AND THEN ONE AFTERNOON...

I'M SORRY SANDERS. THE **FOUR HORSEMEN** ARE RIDING IN THIS TERRITORY, I DON'T DARE GIVE THAT BENEFIT PERFORMANCE UNTIL THEY LEAVE ' THEY'D STEAL THE MONEY!



STUFF AND I HAVE RIDDEN TWO THOUSAND MILES OUT HERE TO SING AND PLAY MUSIC, ANDERSON! WE SHOW-FOLKS HAVE A SAYING - "THE SHOW MUST GO ON!" GIVE THAT PERFORMANCE - AND IF THESE FOUR HORSEMEN SHOW UP --

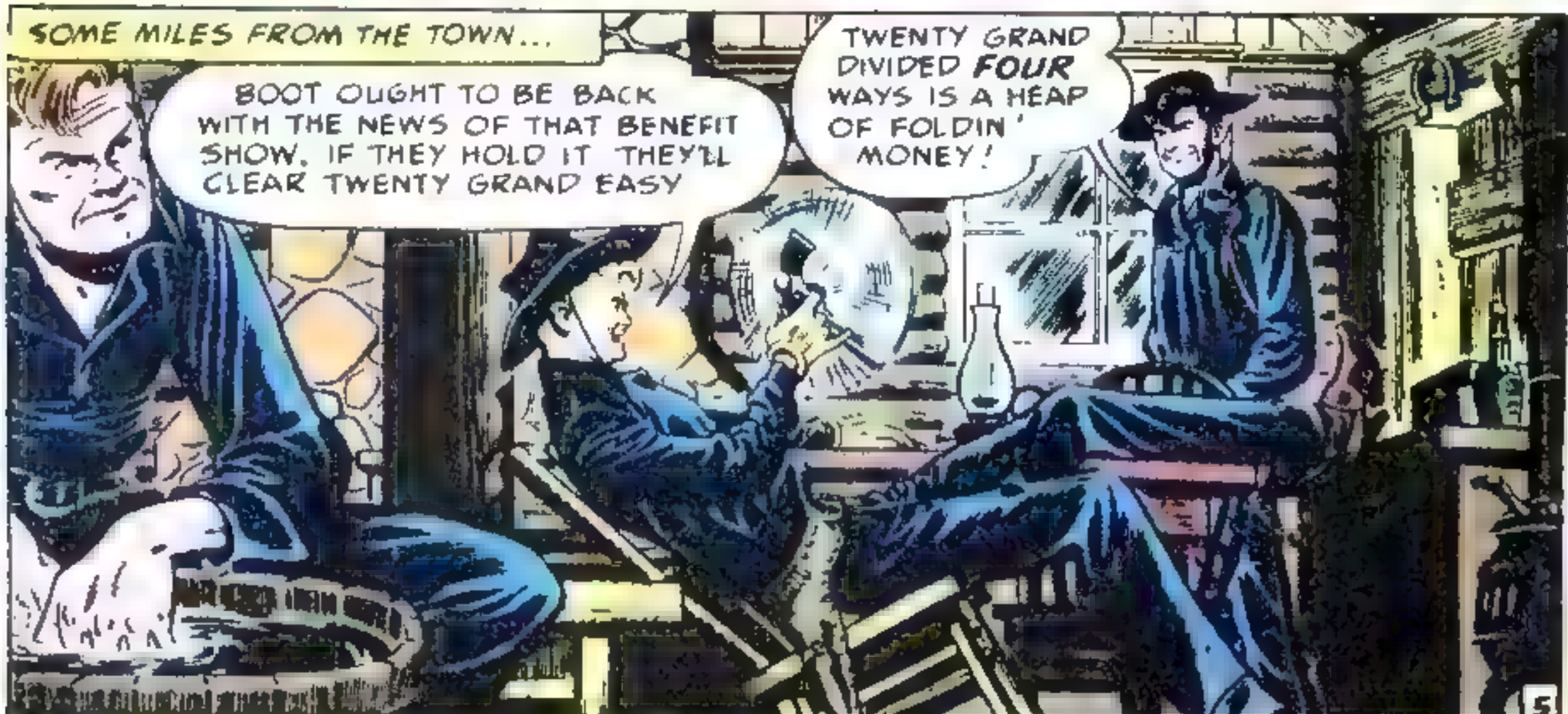
-- THE VIGILANTE AN' I WILL HANDLE 'EM!



SOME MILES FROM THE TOWN...

BOOT OUGHT TO BE BACK WITH THE NEWS OF THAT BENEFIT SHOW. IF THEY HOLD IT THEY'LL CLEAR TWENTY GRAND EASY

TWENTY GRAND DIVIDED **FOUR** WAYS IS A HEAP OF FOLDIN' MONEY!



ANDERSON CHANGED HIS MIND. HE'S GOING AHEAD WITH THE BENEFIT. WE RIDE IN TWO HOURS.

THAT NIGHT, AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR THRILLS PACKED THOUSANDS FROM THE STAGE OF THE OPERA HOUSE...

GOT THE RECEIPTS, BOYS! QUICK! DON'T WASTE TIME HERE!

GNNNGGG!

I'LL COVER YOUR GETAWAY!

MINUTES LATER...

I TOLD YOU, SANDERS! I WARNED YOU! THE FOUR HORSEMEN WERE JUST HERE. THEY KNOCKED OUT MY CASHIERS AND RAN OFF WITH THE MONEY!

HUH? SORRY, ANDERSON, BUT I'M IN A HURRY TO GET DRESSED!

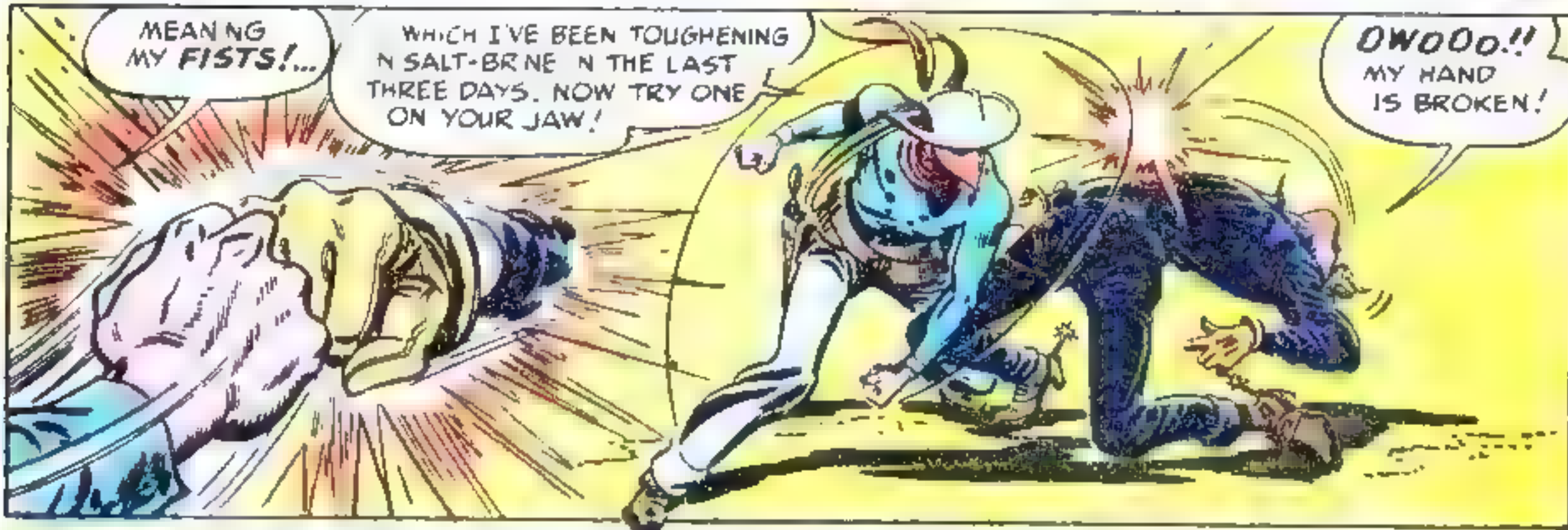
— TO GET DRESSED AS THE VIGILANTE - BUT I WOULDN'T TELL HIM THAT! THOSE BANDITS CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD AND NO HORSE ALIVE CAN OUTFRAN MY MOTORCYCLE!

IN THE RIM OF THE HILLS NORTH OF TOWN...

MY HORSE IS TIRED. YOU FELLERS GO ON. I'LL STAY HERE AN' TAKE CARE OF THAT VIGILANTE... WITH MY FIST!

YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO SMASH DOORS WITH THAT FIST - BUT THIS TIME YOU'VE RUN INTO SOMETHING TOUGHER THAN THAT.

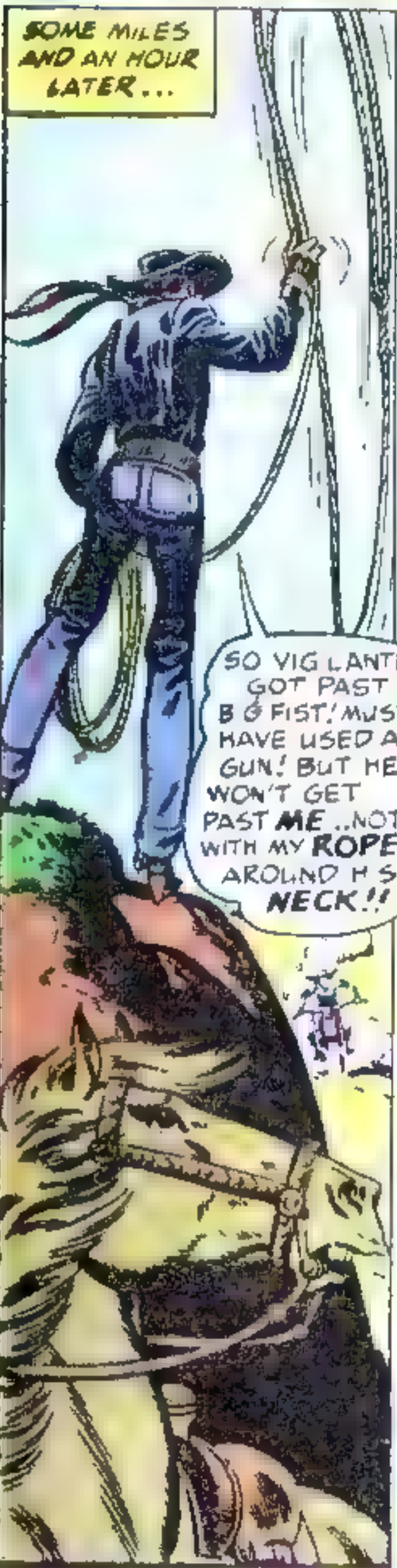
MEANING YOU, VIGILANTE?



MEANING MY **FISTS!**...

WHICH I'VE BEEN TOUGHENING IN SALT-BRINE IN THE LAST THREE DAYS. NOW TRY ONE ON YOUR JAW!

OWOOO!!
MY HAND IS BROKEN!



SOME MILES AND AN HOUR LATER...

SO VIGILANTE GOT PAST BIG FIST! MUST HAVE USED A GUN! BUT HE WON'T GET PAST ME...NOT WITH MY **ROPE** AROUND HIS **NECK!!**

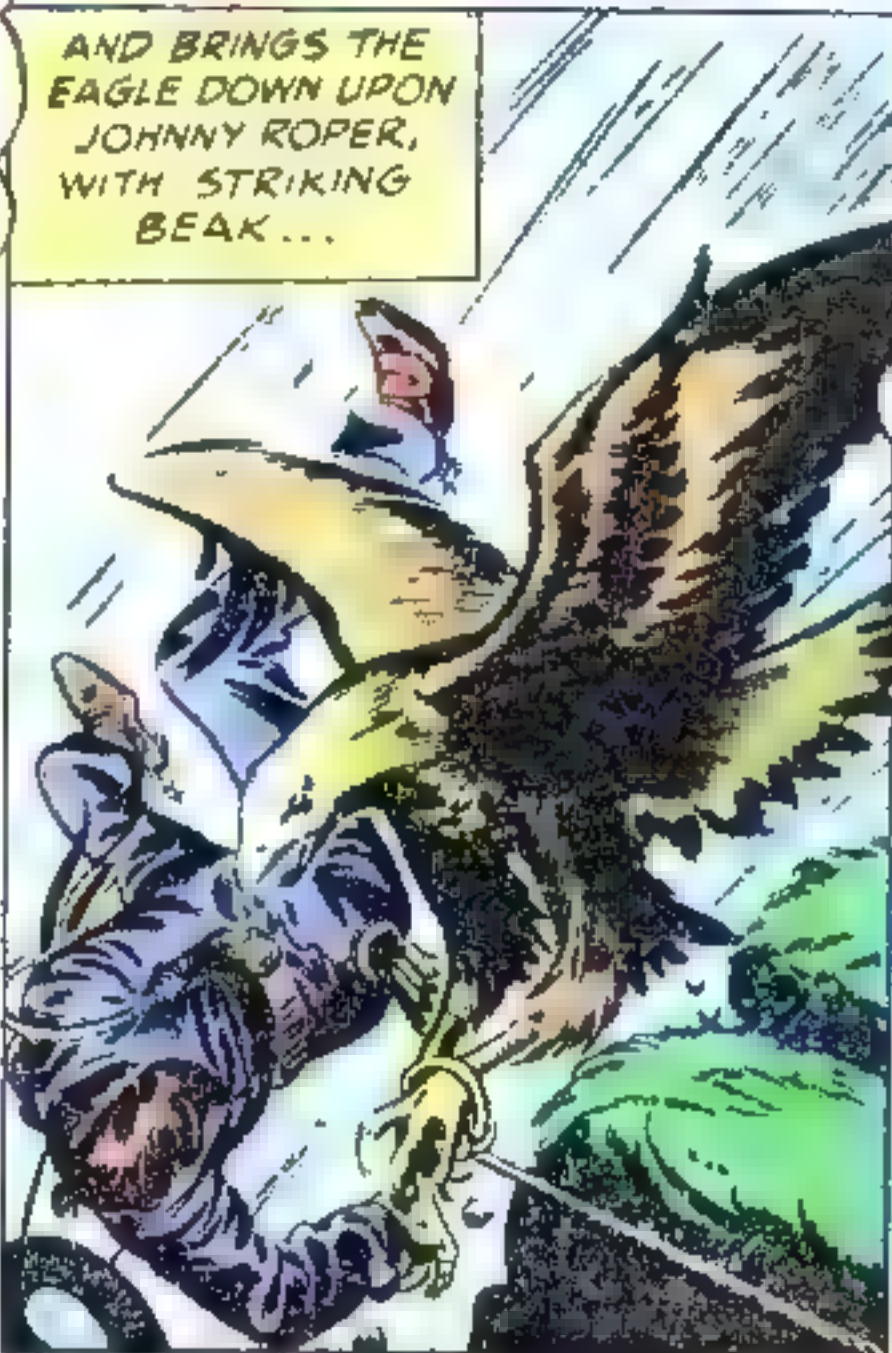


AS HIS MOTORCYCLE HURTTLES FORWARD, VIGILANTE SHAKES FREE HIS LASSO...

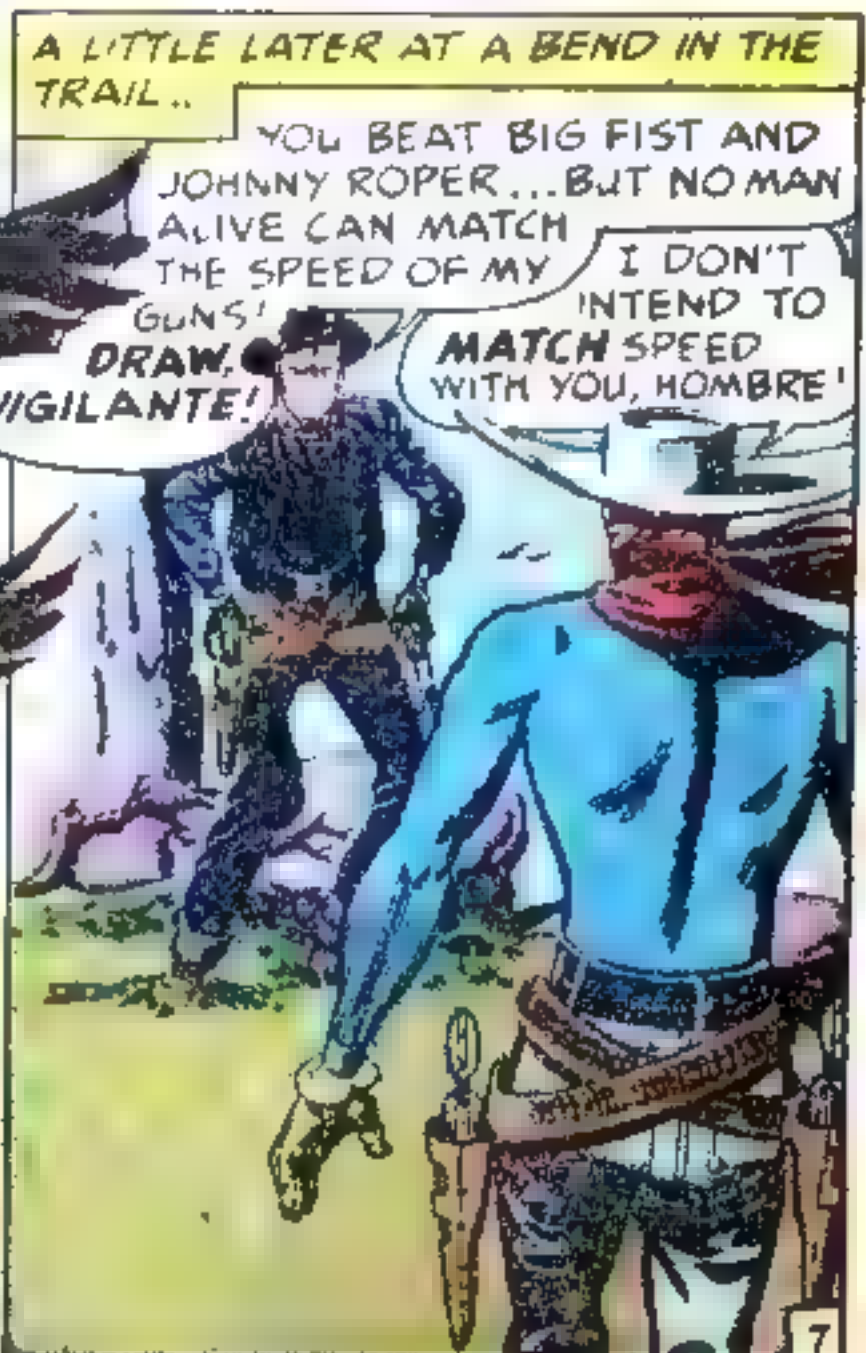
I SEE MY CHANCE TO BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN SPECIALTY!



THE VIG'S LOOP SOARS SKYWARD...



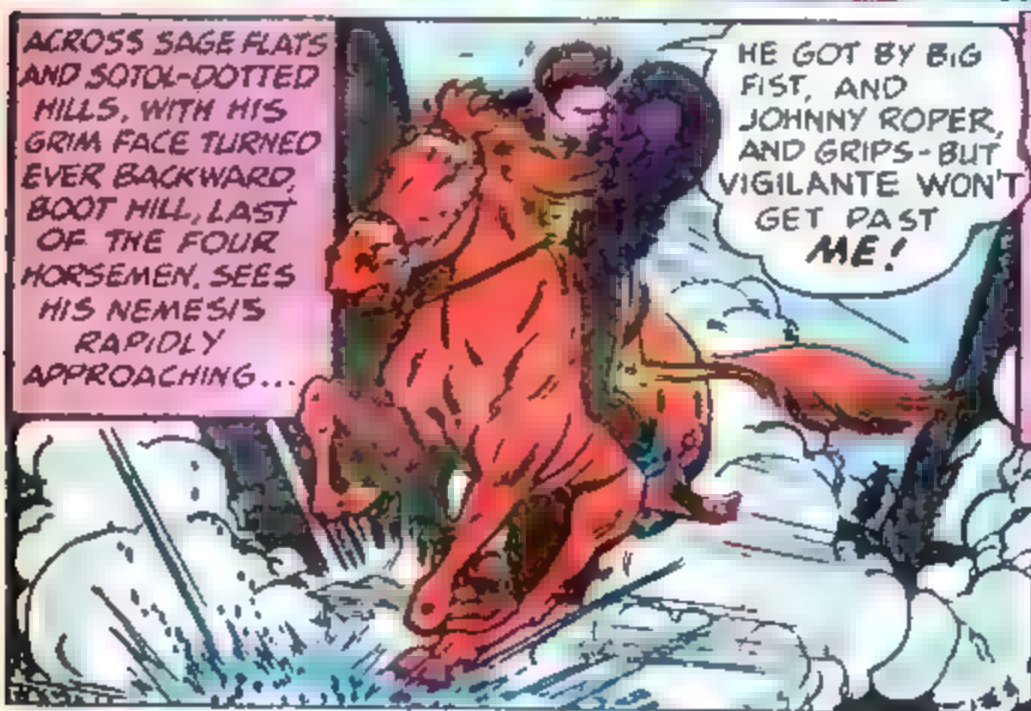
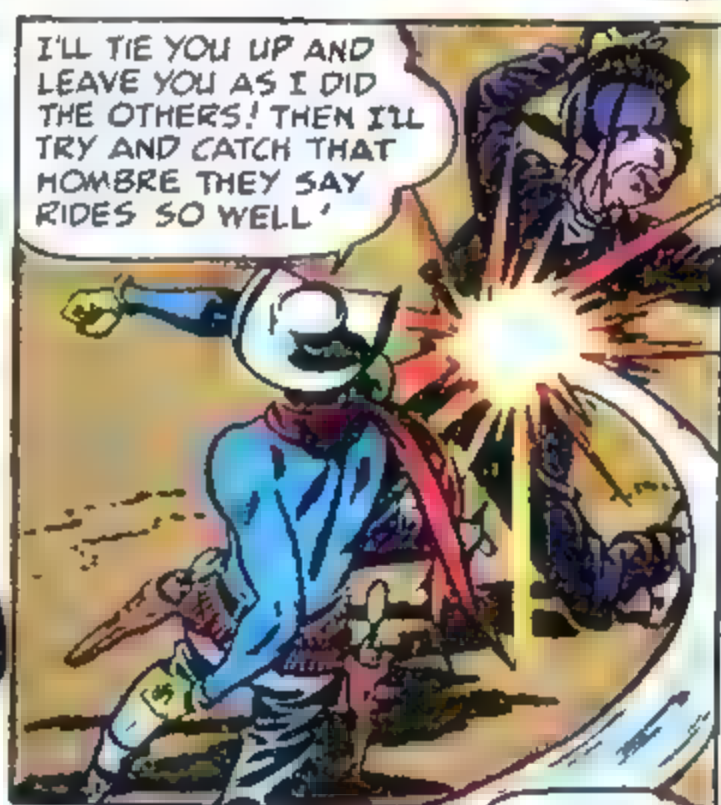
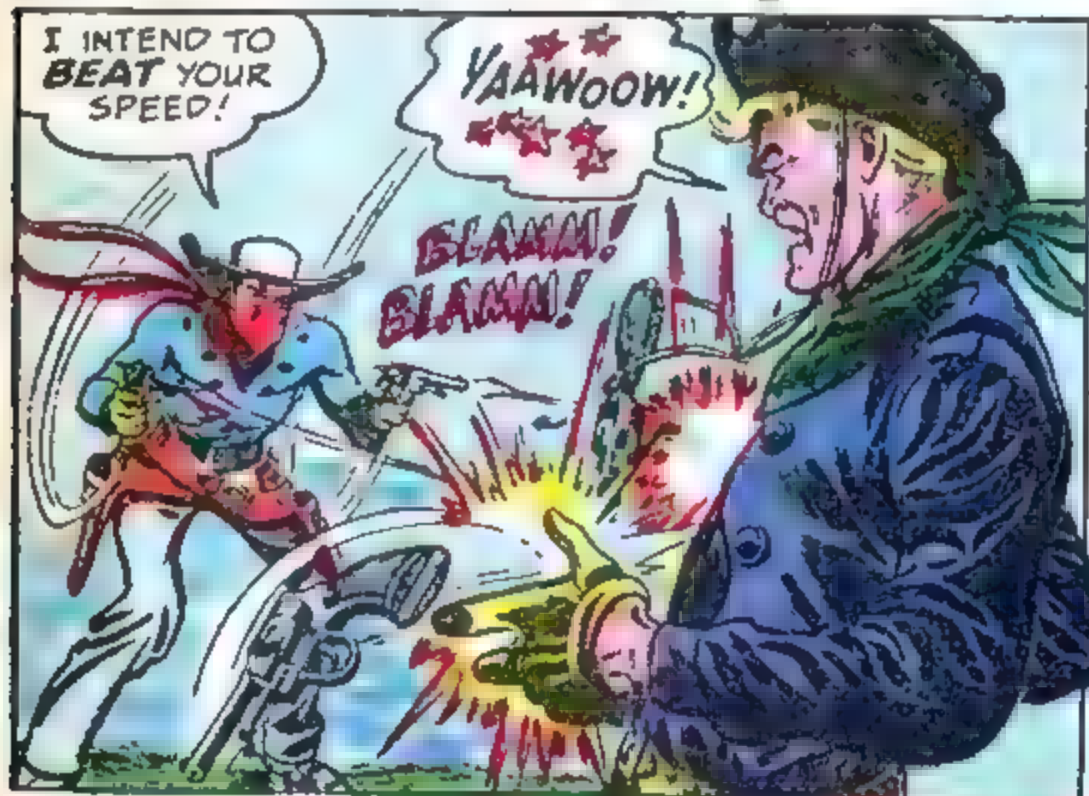
AND BRINGS THE EAGLE DOWN UPON JOHNNY ROPER, WITH STRIKING BEAK...



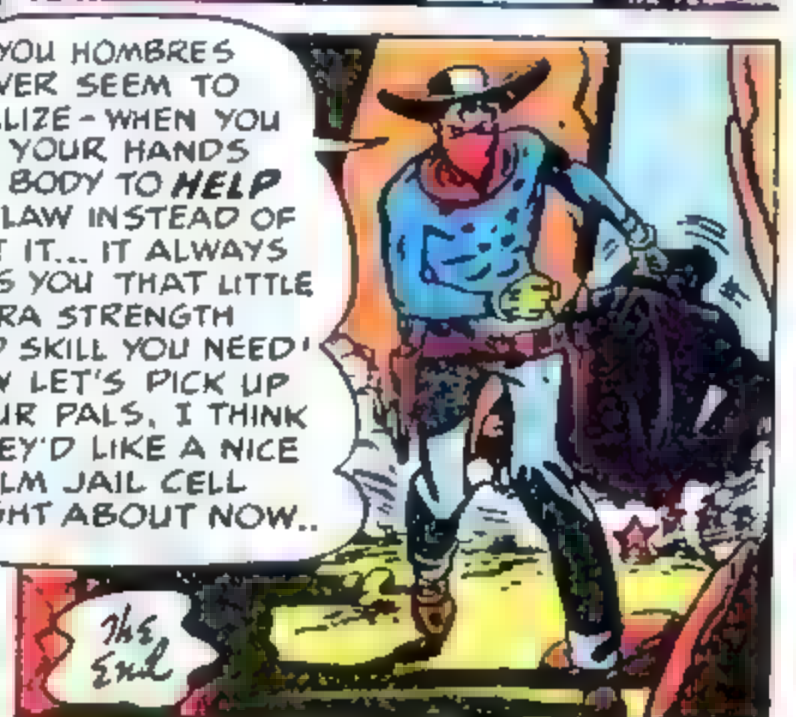
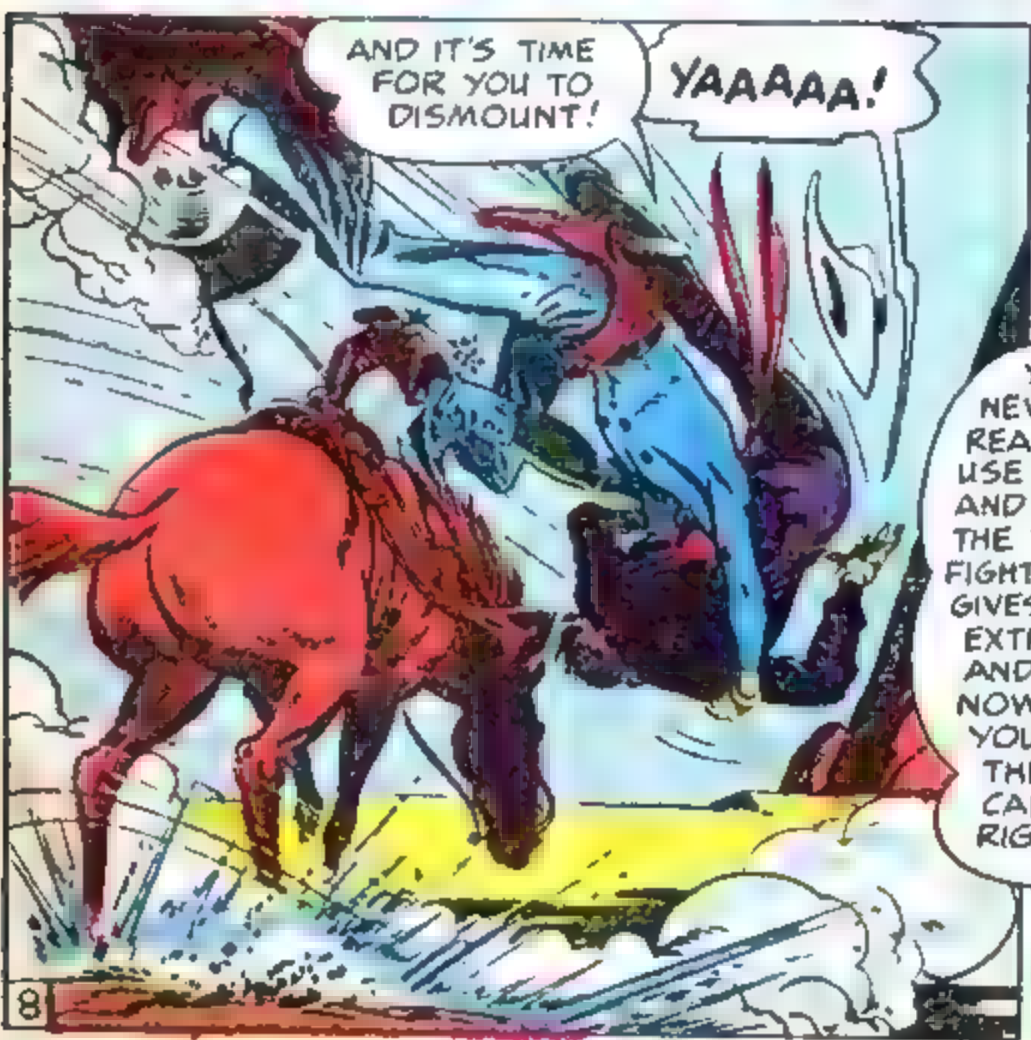
A LITTLE LATER AT A BEND IN THE TRAIL...

YOU BEAT BIG FIST AND JOHNNY ROPER...BUT NO MAN ALIVE CAN MATCH THE SPEED OF MY GUNS! **DRAW, VIGILANTE!**

I DON'T INTEND TO MATCH SPEED WITH YOU, HOMBRE!



HE GOT BY BIG FIST, AND JOHNNY ROPER, AND GRIPS - BUT VIGILANTE WON'T GET PAST ME!



UP INTO ROCK-DOTTED CLIFFS MOVES THE REMAINING HORSEMAN, BUT THE PRAIRIE PALADIN GUNS HIS STEEL MOUNT TO FOLLOW WHEREVER BOOT HILL LEADS...

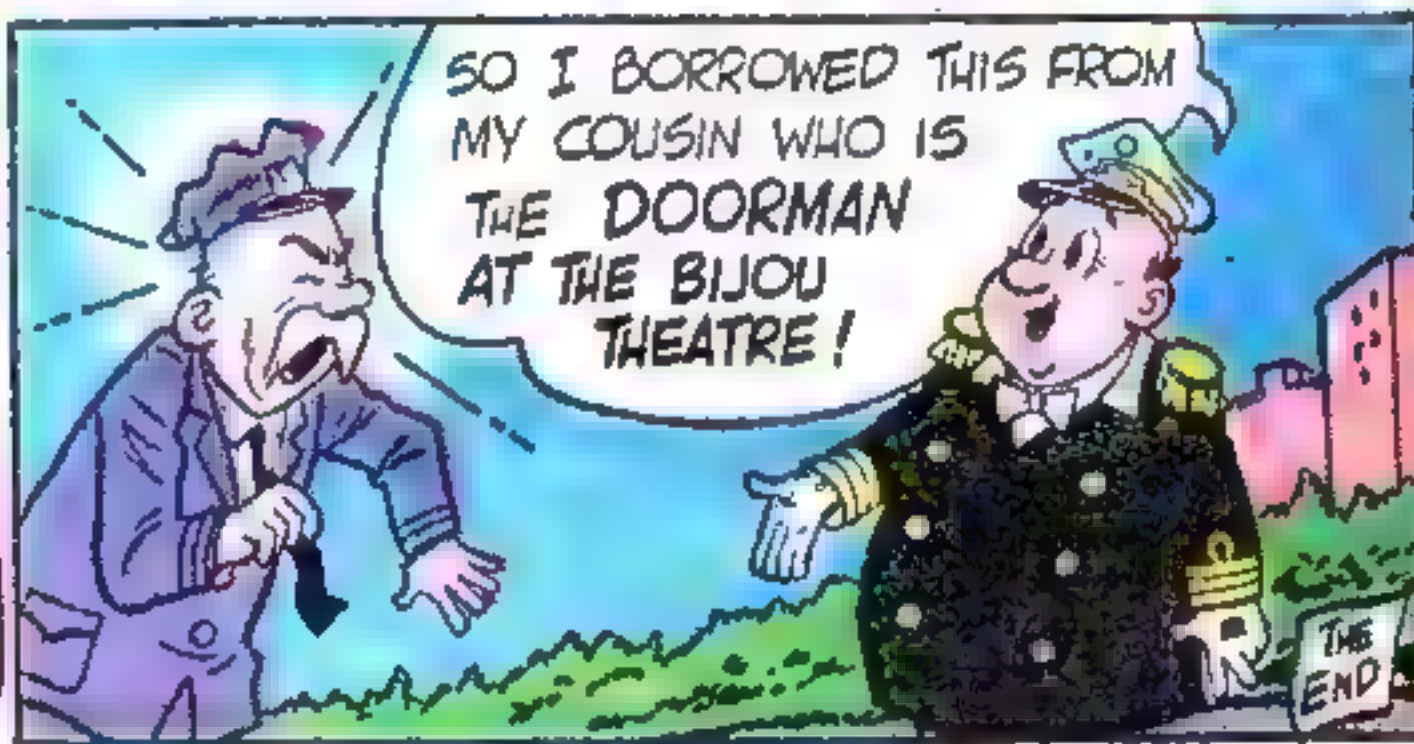
YOU HOMBRES NEVER SEEM TO REALIZE - WHEN YOU USE YOUR HANDS AND BODY TO HELP THE LAW INSTEAD OF FIGHT IT... IT ALWAYS GIVES YOU THAT LITTLE EXTRA STRENGTH AND SKILL YOU NEED! NOW LET'S PICK UP YOUR PALS, I THINK THEY'D LIKE A NICE CALM JAIL CELL RIGHT ABOUT NOW..

The End

CASEY

THE COP

1957
D.C. 1955



THE
END

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

ANVNVKNA, XDA RWM-
RJWB JAN CQN XWUH
URERWP JVNARLJWB
FQXBN JWLNBXCAB FN-
AN WXC OXANRPWNAB!

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

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Quiz on
Back

Photo
Gives
Answer



ADVENTURES OF
"POPSICLE PETE"
 IN HOLLYWOOD
 RODDY McDOWALL
 at MONOGRAM PICTURES
 STUDIO

SAY, THIS MOVIE SET IS NEAT, RODDY. IT LOOKS LIKE A REAL SHIP.

IT IS REAL, PETE. YOU CAN'T POOL A MOVIE AUDIENCE.

THIS INSTRUMENT PANEL IS CALLED A "MIXER" AND CONTROLS THE SOUND AND VOICES ON THE FILM, PETE.

SURE A LOT OF DIALS... HEY, RODDY, IS THAT THE CAMERA MAN?

YES, HE'S SHOOTING NOW.

ACTION, LIGHTS, CAMERA!

IT'S A FIGHT—C'MON RODDY, LET'S BREAK IT UP.

HOLD IT, PETE, IT'S A "TAKE"...

GOSH, RODDY—I THOUGHT IT WAS A REAL FIGHT—FORGOT THIS IS A MOVIE STUDIO.

NO—IT'S ALL IN MOVIE MAKING, PETE, AND NOW WE'RE ALL PALS TOGETHER WITH A "POPSICLE".

See RODDY McDOWALL starring in Lindsay Warren's production "TUNE CLIPPERS" a Monogram release

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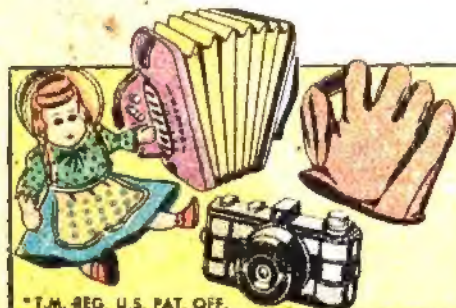
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**5 BAGS
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